★ Dec. 14, 1940

# THE NEW YORKER

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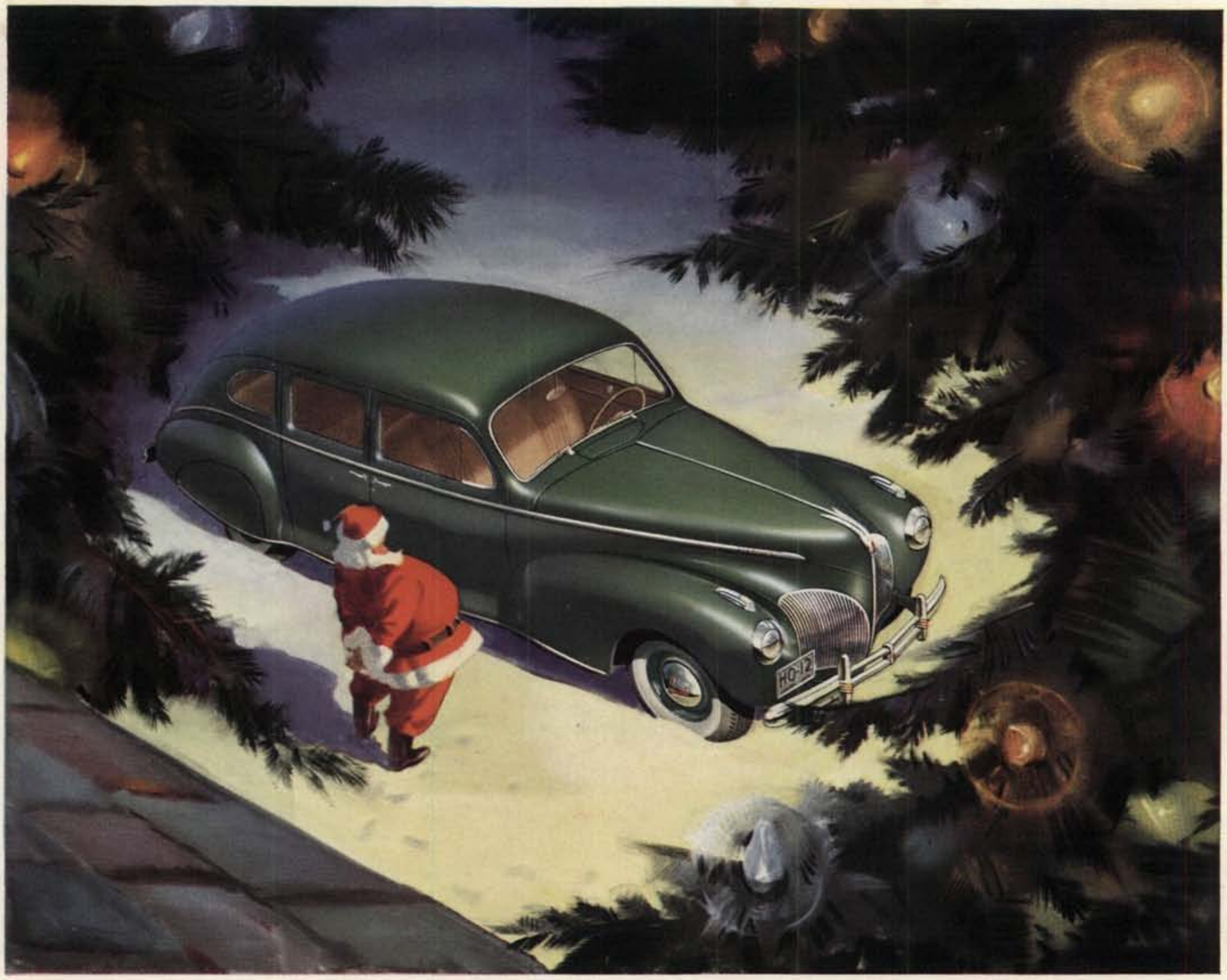

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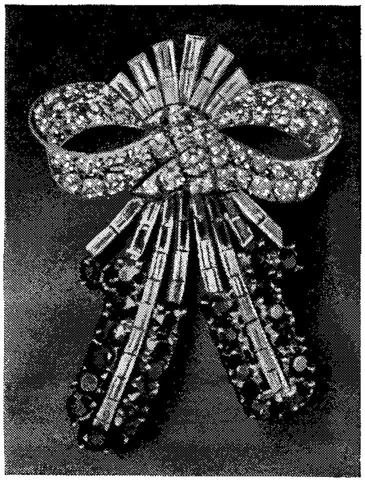

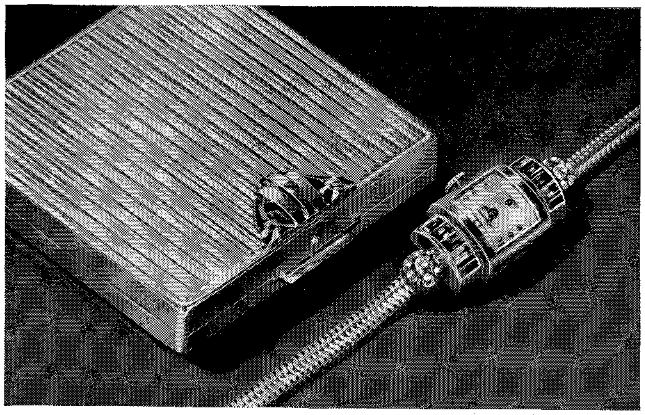

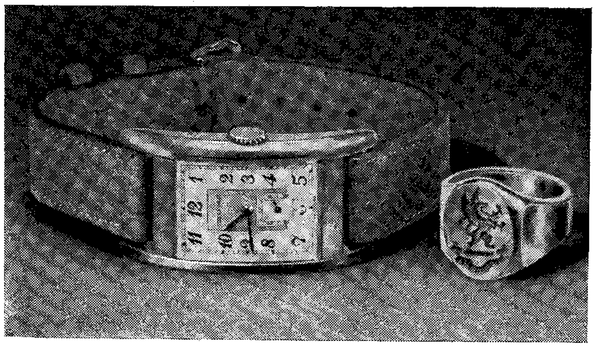

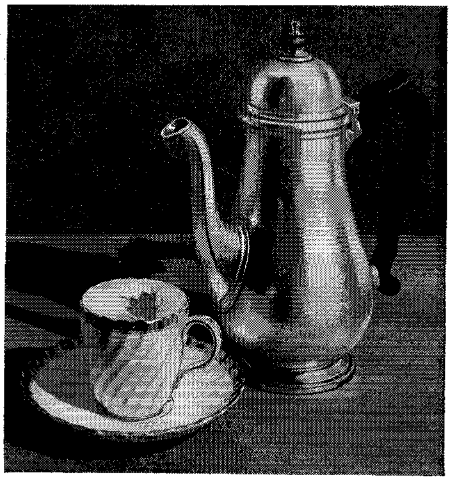

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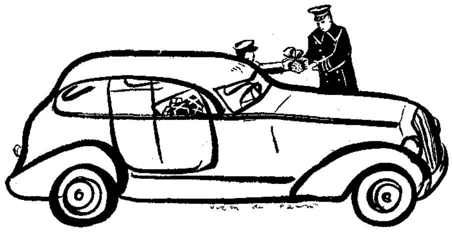
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21.**

## THE THEATRE

(As noted below, some managers are substituting Sunday-night performances for their Monday ones, and some aren't. There may be changes of mind in either direction, so, before making definite plans for those evenings, you'd do well to phone the box office. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Charley's Aunt**—Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance make this old chestnut one of the pleasantest things around town. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**The Corn Is Green**—Ethel Barrymore triumphant as the teacher who discovers a genius. The cast of Emlyn Williams' play also includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Delicate Story**—Very fragile piece by Ferenc Molnár about a delicatessen storekeeper who almost lost his wife to a soldier. Handsome performances by Edna Best, Jay Fassett, and John Craven help a good deal. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

**George Washington Slept Here**—Life in the country discussed by Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart in a way to make your blood run cold. Ernest Truex and Jean Dixon head a superlative cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Life with Father**—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are very fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**The Man Who Came to Dinner**—This is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and very funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

**Separate Rooms**—Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot in an old-fashioned bedroom roughhouse. Heartily endorsed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., if that's any help to you. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Tobacco Road**—Now in its eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Sun. at 8:30, and Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

**Twelfth Night**—A very touching performance by Helen Hayes and a very subtle one by Maurice Evans in the Theatre Guild's first production of the season. They are supported by Wesley Addy, June Walker, and Mark Smith, among others. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**Every Man for Himself**—Lee Tracy in a comedy by Milton Lazarus. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

### WITH MUSIC

**Boys and Girls Together**—Ed Wynn as Ed Wynn in a very engaging and handsome revue. He is helped along from time to time by Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, the De Marcos, and two wonderful acrobats. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Cabin in the Sky**—Ethel Waters in an all-colored musical fantasy which combines some of the qualities of "The Green Pastures" and "Liliom." Her strong and beautiful performance probably makes it seem better than it is. With Katherine Dunham, Todd Duncan, and Rex Ingram. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Hellz-a-Poppin**—This free-for-all is now in its third year and may well go on forever. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Every night, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**Hold On to Your Hats**—Al Jolson back singing all the old songs, and a lot of new ones, too. The plot isn't much, but who cares? Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and many other industrious people help to keep things moving. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**It Happens on Ice**—Sonja Henie, who doesn't appear personally, has got together some of the greatest skaters in the world and turned them loose on one of the biggest stages. Joe Cook has been employed to supply a little comic relief, but not enough. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Every night, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Louisiana Purchase**—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. A superior musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Panama Hattie**—Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. A fine musical comedy, with Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. Cole Porter wrote the music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

### OPENINGS

**Retreat to Pleasure**—A play by Irwin Shaw, with Leif Erickson, Edith Atwater, and John Emery. The Group Theatre's first production of the season. Opens Tues., Dec. 17. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

**Cue for Passion**—A play by Edward Chodorov and H. S. Kraft, with Gale Sondergaard. Staged by Otto L. Preminger and produced by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers. Opens Thurs., Dec. 19. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**All in Fun**—A revue by Virginia Faulkner, Will Irwin, and several others, with Imogene Coca, Wynn Murray, and Bill Robinson. Produced by Leonard Sillman. Opens Fri., Dec. 20. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**The Old Foolishness**—A comedy by Paul Vincent Carroll, with Sally O'Neill. Produced by John Golden and directed by Rachel Crothers. Opens Fri., Dec. 20. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

### MISCELLANY

**Mask and Wig Show**—The University of Pennsylvania's theatrical society presents "High as a Kite," its fifty-third annual production: Sat. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114.)

**Mum's the Word**—Jimmy Savo in ten acts of pantomime, seven of which are very good indeed. Hiram Sherman explains things urbanely between the scenes. (Belmont, 48, E. BR 9-0156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Children's Entertainment**—"Hänsel and Gretel," adapted for the stage by Terry Morgan and Jeanne Elgart, and produced by the Hilltop Theatre: Fri. Afts. at 4, Sat. Morns. and Afts. at 11:30 and 2:30, and Sun. Afts. at 3. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal. GR 5-8515.) . . . The Sue Hastings Marionettes presenting "The Laughing Donkey": Sat. Aft., Dec. 21, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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## BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

**Original Ballet Russe**—Colonel W. de Basil's company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Les Sylphides," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12. . . . "Good-Humored Ladies," "The Prodigal Son," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Dec. 13. . . . "Swan Lake," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Dec. 14. . . . "Swan Lake," "Destiny," and "Schéhérazade," Sat. Eve., Dec. 14. . . . "Carnaval," "Cinderella," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Prince Igor," Sun. Aft., Dec. 15. . . . "Swan Lake," "Paganini," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Eve., Dec. 15. . . . "Good-Humored Ladies," "The Prodigal Son," and "Le Coq d'Or," Mon. Eve., Dec. 16. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Paganini," and "Graduation Ball," Tues. Eve., Dec. 17. No further performances until after Christmas. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

**Devi Dja**—Assisted by her East Indian dancers and a gamelan orchestra: Fri. through Sun. Eves., Dec. 13-15, at 8:45. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

**Ambassador,** Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra are in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

**Café Pierre,** 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things here, which should give you an idea. Carmen D'Antonio will be replaced by Carol Bruce on Tues., Dec. 17. Bob Knight's orchestra provides the music at the supper hour.

**El Morocco,** 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Every night for the every-nighters. Jack Towne's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

**Féfé's Monte Carlo,** 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—A big and handsome setting for de-luxe outings, with Ted Straeter's orchestra. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

**Larue,** 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Favored by folk who interpret dinner dancing literally and like to take their time about it. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

**Park Lane,** Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—The Tapestry Room reopened recently, with Herbert Hagenor's orchestra playing for dinner dancing.

**Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul Haakon is in the Persian Room at the dinner hour and the De Marcos and Chiquito's rumba band are there at supper. Dick Gasparre's orchestra is around all evening. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

**Rainbow Room,** R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Way, way up there, you'll find Eddie Le Baron's orchestra and a show which includes Elvira Rios and Gali Gali. *Formal dress required on the dance floor.* . . . Barry Winton's orchestra is now in its second year at the informal Rainbow Grill.

**St. Regis,** 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a brief but charming ice show in the Iridium Room, with Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin. Hal Saunders' orchestra plays for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

**Savoy-Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde will replace Dwight Fiske in the Café Lounge on Fri., Dec. 13. Bob Grant's orchestra will stay on.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

**Versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones, with Mitzi Mayfair and music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra and a team of Spanish dancers called Los Chavalillos are in the informal Empire Room. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Sert Room, which now is informal, too.

**Supper Clubs**—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Casper Reardon, Paula Laurence, and a new little stage over in the corner. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): the entertainment here includes old-fashioned movies and, of course, songs by Spivy. . . . **algonquin,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Olga Baclanova has just taken over as mistress of ceremonies here. . . . **brevoort,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): the Virginia Morley-Livingston Gearhart piano team, Hope Emerson, and some others. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the inci-

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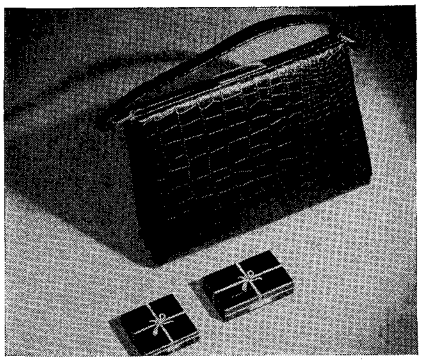

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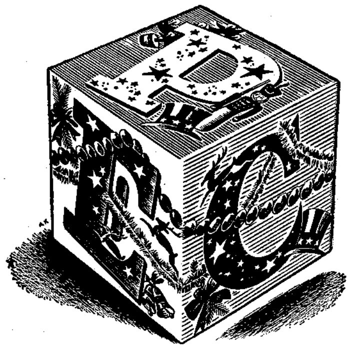
Add a note of individuality to your gift of stockings by sending them in our festive Christmas Play Blocks. 3 pairs of famous "Bread and Butter" hose . $3.25



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21.**

dental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

**Miscellaneous**—At the COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): a new and excellent tropical one, all done up with mirrors and white palm trees. Pancho's orchestra will be replaced by Nat Brandwynne's on Tues., Dec. 17. Fausto Curbello's orchestra will stay on. . . . MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. . . . LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with Val Ernie's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra and songs by Adelaide Moffett. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Leo Reisman's orchestra and, of course, a rumba band. . . . CLUB CUBA, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): full of lively young people trying out their conga ideas. Charlie Wright's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a good place to drop into after a concert. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): with a good many of those Negro entertainers who used to be down in the Village—Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band. . . . BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Will Bradley's orchestra. . . . COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Abe Lyman's orchestra (to be replaced by Woody Herman's on Fri., Dec. 20) and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

●

**Broadway Atmosphere**—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . . BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): torridzonish, with two orchestras and a show. . . . HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): still another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American entertainment, and a rumba band, too. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers are also active.

**Mostly for Music**—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is on hand with her harp, and the Spirits of Rhythm are there, too. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's new band, which includes J. C. Higginbotham. Closed Mon. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday, Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, and Coleman Hawkins' band are all on the bill now. . . . FAMOUS DOOR, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Joe Sullivan's band is the principal attraction. Fill-in orchestra Mon. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): a downtown place, with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

**Foreign Flavor**—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

## ART

**Andreu**—Skillful, fantastic paintings, surrealistically ominous and full of rococo symbols: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

**Corcos**—Miniature-like, semi-naïve paintings, done with fresh and witty observation: Schneider-Gabriel, 71 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 14.

**Curry and Taylor**—Rather undistinguished water colors by the first; eerily ironic wash drawings by the second: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

**Davidson**—A noted sculptor turns to water color, with pleasant if conventional results: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 14.

**De Creeft**—New sculptures, ranging in treatment from the archaic to a somewhat startling rococo: Passedoit, 121 E. 57; 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 12.

**Emptage**—Paintings, bold in color though a little stiff in design: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 14.

**Europeans**—At the NIERENDORF, 18 E. 57: arresting early paintings by James Ensor and Kandinsky in a collection mainly of moderns, chosen for color and contrast. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28. . . . KOETSER, 71 E. 57: flower paintings by such seventeenth-century artists as Jan Breughel and Jan van Huysum, from the Eugene Slatter collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: twenty-eight oils by Italian, Flemish, and French painters of the Fontainebleau school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 21. . . . BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by Klee, Kollwitz, Picasso, Rouault, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

**French**—Landscapes by Boudin, Courbet, Corot, and other nineteenth-century painters: French Art, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

**Groups**—At the FINE ARTS, 215 W. 57: an agreeable large oil by Ernest Lawson in a generally academic exhibition—the annual of the New York Society of Painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 18. . . . NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, 15 Gramercy Pk., at 4 Ave.: twenty-fifth annual showing of the Society of American Etchers. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28. . . . JULIEN LEVY, 15 E. 57: constructions by Joseph Cornell head a show that includes works by Ludwig Bemelmans, Milton Caniff, and David Hare. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 26.

**Lehman**—Boldly patterned water colors, including some attractive marines: Uptown, 249 West End Ave., at 72; 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 12.

**MacIver**—Wittily whimsical paintings, somewhat Kleelike in manner but enhanced by a brilliant personal fantasy: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 14.

**Marin**—New oils and water colors, together with some drawings: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 21.

**Maufra**—Graceful, easy, though unexciting oils by one of the lesser-known French Impressionists: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53—Selected paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 12.

**Museum of Non-Objective Painting**, 24 E. 54—Works by a group of American abstractionists, including Charles G. Shaw, I. Rice Pereira, and Penrod Centurion. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 15.

**Riverside Museum**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104: the collection of contemporary art shown at the World's Fair French Pavilion has been moved over here, and is worth seeing again. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 12.

**Schwartz**—First one-man show of oils by an artist who goes in for broad effects and usually brings them off: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 20.

**Sheeler**—New paintings, industrial in theme and impeccable in style: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 21.

**Simkhovitch**—Some excellent landscapes and some rather too monumental figure studies in his first exhibition in ten years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 21.

**Whitney Museum**, 10 W. 8—The big, annual exhibition of contemporary American painting—as always, an important affair. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

**Young**—Retrospective of paintings, drawings, and sculptures, in which the honesty of intention makes up for the slightly dated manner of most of the pieces: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 21.

**Here and There**—At the CLAY CLUB, 4 W. 8: group show of sculptures in stone. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . 460 PARK AVENUE, at 57: recent paintings by Robert T. Francis. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 14. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors and oils by Joseph Margulies. Tues. and Thurs., 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 9 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.; through Dec. 24. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: oils and water colors by modern French artists; also, semi-abstract gouaches by Saul Schary. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . NEWHOUSE, 15 E. 57: paintings by Angna Enters. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 23. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: recent works by Douglas W. Gorsline. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 28. . . . ARDEN, 460 Park, at 57: paintings by John Pratt. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 3. . . . BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: paintings by Garreau-Dombasle. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 14. . . . HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: oils by Patsy Santo and water colors by O. A. Renne. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

## MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—Carnegie Hall: Barbirolli conducting, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 13, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 14, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Dec. 15, at 3. (Soloists: Benny Goodman, Dec. 12-13; Corigliano, Dec. 14; Schuster, Dec. 15.) . . . Mitropoulos conducting, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 20, at 2:30. . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., Dec. 14, at 11.

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 17, at 8:45. (Soloist: Robeson.)

**N.Y.U. Glee Club**—Greenfield conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 14, at 8:30. (Soloist: Tinayre.)

**Trapp Family Singers**—Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 15, at 3.

**New Friends of Music Orchestra**—Stiedry conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 15, at 5:30.

**People's Chorus of New York**—Camilieri conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 16, at 8:45.

**Down Town Glee Club**—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 18, at 8:30.

**Mt. Holyoke College Glee Club**—Douglass conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 20, at 8:45.

**National Orchestral Association**—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 21, at 3.

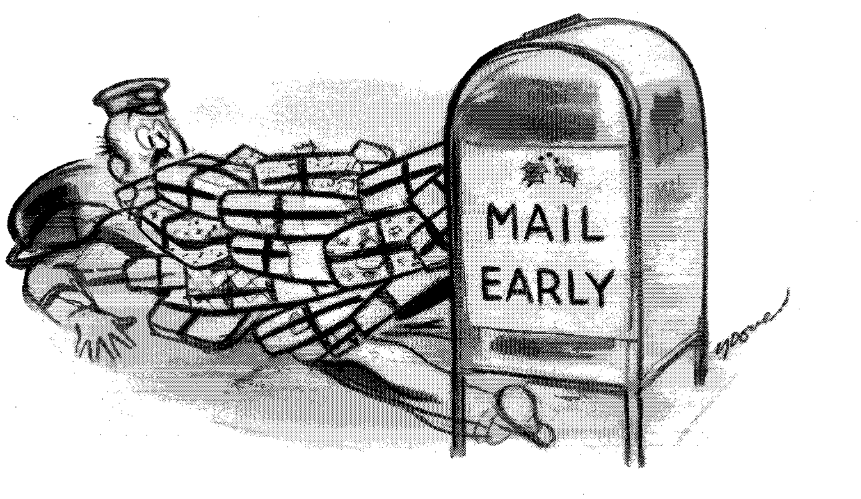
**Oratorio Society**—Stoessel conducting the "Messiah": Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 21, at 8:30.

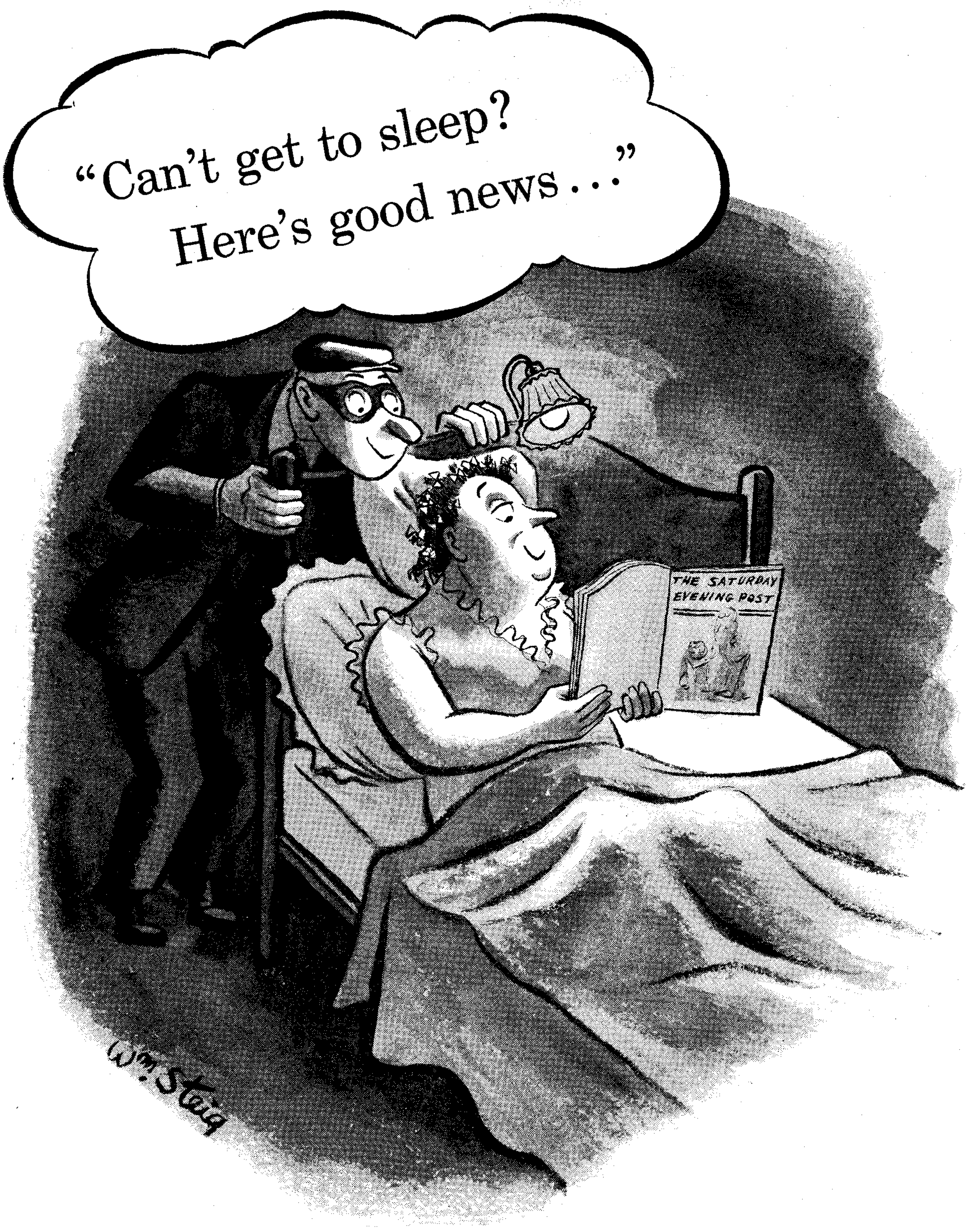
### RECITALS

**Carnegie Hall**—Marjorie Lawrence, assisted by Percy Grainger and the Durieux String Ensemble (a Bundles for Britain benefit), Fri. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8:30; Fritz Kreisler, Sun. Eve., Dec. 15, at 8:30. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Sergei Radamsky, Mon. Eve., Dec. 16, at 8:30.

**Town Hall**—Arthur Loesser, Fri. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8:30; Guy and Lois Maier, Sat. Aft., Dec. 14, at 3.

**Elsewhere**—Ezio Pinza: Kaufmann Auditorium,

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92, Sun. Eve., Dec. 15, at 9. (AT 9-2400.)

## OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—"Tristan und Isolde," Thurs. Aft., Dec. 12; "Il Trovatore," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Fri. Eve., Dec. 13; "Un Ballo in Maschera," Sat. Aft., Dec. 14; "Lakmé," Sat. Eve., Dec. 14; "Die Walküre," Mon. Eve., Dec. 16; "Carmen," Wed. Aft., Dec. 18; "Der Rosenkavalier," Wed. Eve., Dec. 18; "Tristan und Isolde," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19; "Pelléas et Mélisande," Fri. Eve., Dec. 20; "Don Pasquale," Sat. Aft., Dec. 21; "Un Ballo in Maschera," Sat. Eve., Dec. 21. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

## SPORTS

**Basketball**—Madison Square Garden, at 8:15 P.M.: City College vs. Oklahoma A. & M., and L.I.U. vs. Oregon, Sat., Dec. 14; N.Y.U. vs. Syracuse, and St. John's vs. Oklahoma, Sat., Dec. 21.

**Boxing**—Madison Square Garden: Ken Overlin vs. Steve Belloise, for the middleweight title, Fri. Eve., Dec. 13; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10. . . . Fritzie Zivic vs. Lew Jenkins, Fri. Eve., Dec. 20; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (12 rounds) at about 10.

**Hockey**—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., Dec. 12; Rangers vs. Americans, Sun., Dec. 15; Americans vs. Detroit, Tues., Dec. 17; Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs., Dec. 19. . . . Amateur series games, Sun., Dec. 15, at 1:30 P.M. . . . St. Paul's vs. Harvard, Thurs., Dec. 19, at 3 P.M.

## OTHER EVENTS

**Morgan Library**—An exhibition of animals and birds in art, with illuminated manuscripts, woodcuts, and drawings from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

**Fashions**—Sketches, costumes, and photographs in a retrospective of the Paris openings from 1932 to 1940: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

**Planetarium**—"The Wise Men's Star" is the topic of the December lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

**Benefits**—Dinner dance, for the Greek War Relief Association: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8. . . . Star Spangled Ball, for the William Allen White committee: Hotel Astor, Fri. Eve., Dec. 20, at 10:30.

**Photography**—"War Comes to the People," an exhibition of pictures taken in France, Belgium, and Finland by Therese Bonney: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 5.

**Sports Exhibition**—One hundred and fifty books and manuscripts dealing with sports, from 1340 to the present day: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English, European, and American furniture, paintings, porcelains, jewelry, silver, linens, and Oriental rugs, belonging to Mrs. Robert L. Dodge, Mrs. James H. McGraw, Jr., and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Dec. 12-14, at 2.

**Note**—The city's efforts to do something about Sixth Avenue will be climaxed on Sun., Dec. 15, when the new subway starts running there.

## ON THE AIR

**Boxing**—Ken Overlin vs. Steve Belloise, middleweight title bout: Fri. Eve., Dec. 13, at 10, WJZ. . . . Joe Louis vs. Al McCoy (in Boston), for the heavyweight title: Mon. Eve., Dec. 16, at 10, WJZ.

**Metropolitan Opera**—"Un Ballo in Maschera," with Thorborg and Bjoerling: Sat. Aft., Dec. 14, at 2, WJZ.

**Symphony Orchestras**—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Afts. at 3:15, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, *Toscanini conducting*, Sat. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC; Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., Dec. 14, at 11:05, WABC. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21.

**Dance Bands**—Bob Crosby, Thurs. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Tommy Dorsey, Thurs. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC, and Wed. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC. . . . Jimmy Dorsey, Wed. Eves. at 8:45, WOR.

**This and That**—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC. . . . André Kostelanetz and Albert Spalding, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

**News Commentators**—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. Eves. at 8:45, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

## MOTION PICTURES

**Arise, My Love**—Lovers (Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland) in Europe, and even the war doesn't discourage their liveliness. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Dec. 12. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Fri., Dec. 13. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 14-16. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 17-19.)

**The Baker's Wife**—A Rabelaisian and droll French film of peasant life, with Raimu. (World, 153 W. 49.)

**Escape**—An adaptation of Ethel Vance's novel of Nazi Germany, retaining much of the excitement of the book. With Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., Dec. 17. . . . State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Dec. 18. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; starting Wed., Dec. 18.)

**Fantasia**—Don't be scared off by what you hear of it. There are beautiful moments for all, except Dorothy Thompson, and even the simplest Mickey Mouse-ite has his chance. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

**The Great Dictator**—Charlie Chaplin and the dictators—the film everybody talks and talks about. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

**The Letter**—A distinguished rendering of this classic Somerset Maugham drama of a Singapore scandal. Bette Davis in one of her very best rôles, notably assisted by Herbert Marshall and James Stephenson. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Dec. 19.)

**The Long Voyage Home**—Eugene O'Neill's early one-act plays of the sea and ships, in a fine, pictorially magnificent film. Directed by John Ford. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Tues., Dec. 17. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 13-15. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 13-16. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., Dec. 18.)

**Seven Sinners**—Marlene Dietrich let loose on a South Sea Island with no one to entertain her but the U.S. Navy. The combination leads to scenes of considerable activity. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Dec. 16. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; through Tues., Dec. 17.)

**They Knew What They Wanted**—Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton in the old drama of California ranches which once brought Sidney Howard the Pulitzer Prize. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Dec. 12. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 13-16. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 14-16.)

**The Thief of Bagdad**—Lots of pretty views, Technicolored, of "Arabian Nights" landscapes, architecture, flying carpets, and a djinni. With Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

**The Westerner**—Gary Cooper's very bright sketch of life on the plains in the days when Lillie Langtry went on tour there. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., Dec. 17. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 13-16. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 17-19. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Fri., Dec. 17-20.)

### REVIVALS

**The Big Broadcast of 1938**—Kirsten Flagstad and W. C. Fields in a musical. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 17-18.)

**The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari** (1919)—The fantastic classic of the early era. Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Wed., Dec. 18.)

**The Great Waltz** (1938)—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, "The Blue Danube," and old Vienna. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Dec. 13. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 14-16.)

**Holiday** (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 17-18.)

**The Informer** (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 15-16.)

**M** (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Wed., Dec. 18.)

**The Man Who Knew Too Much** (1935)—Hitchcock melodrama. Peter Lorre and Edna Best. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 12.)

**A Midsummer Night's Dream** (1935)—Yes, Shakespeare. James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, and Mickey Rooney. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Mon., Dec. 16.)

**Nine Days a Queen** (1936)—About Lady Jane Grey. Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Dec. 13.)

**Pearls of the Crown** (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky sketch of some famous pearls. French. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Dec. 14.)

**Secret Agent** (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 17-18.)

**Stand-In** (1937)—Hollywood satire. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 15-16.)

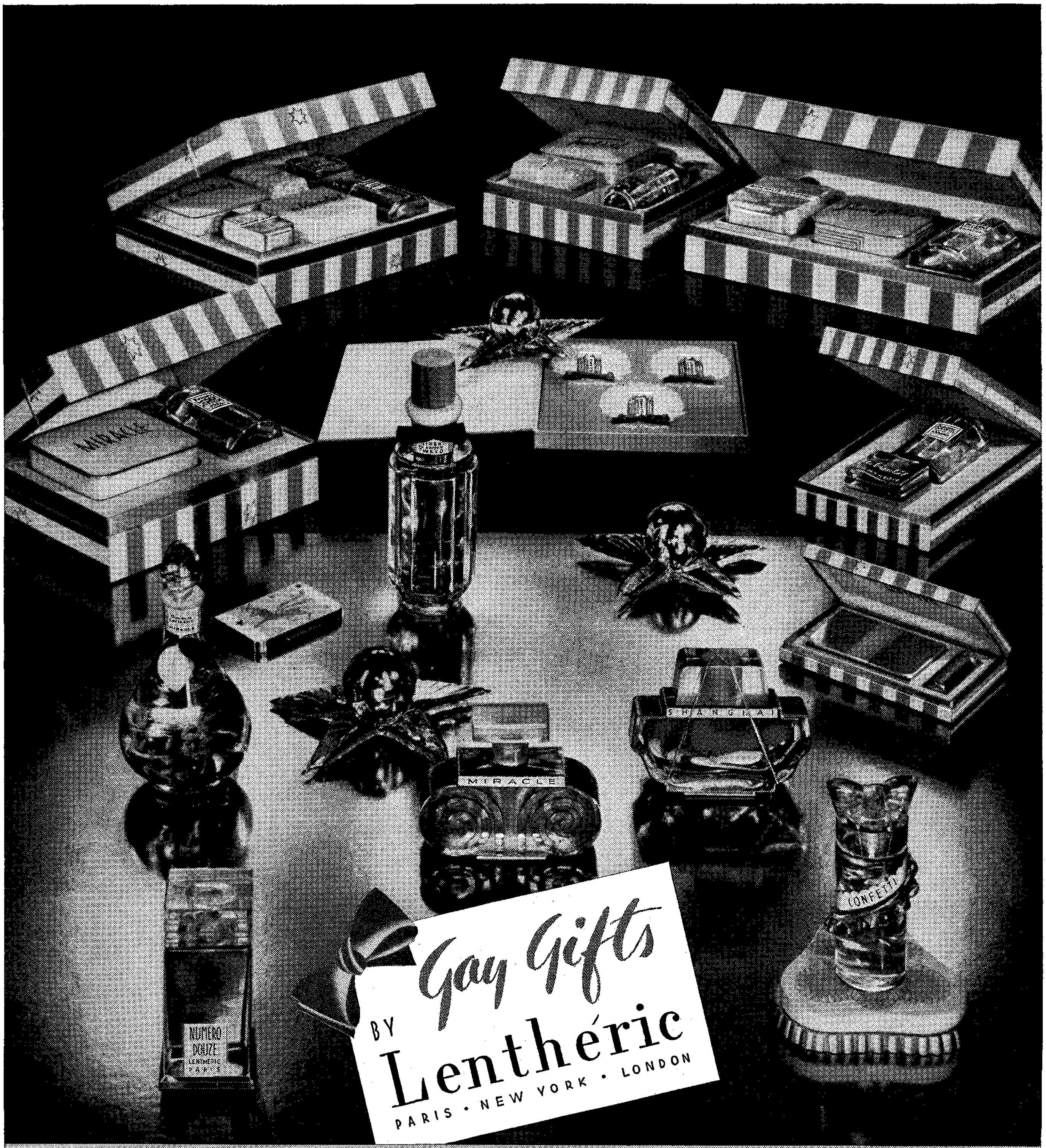
**The Story of Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet** (1940)—Edward G. Robinson discovering salvarsan. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Dec. 13.)

**Theodora Goes Wild** (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 18-20.)

**The 39 Steps** (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Dec. 14.)

**The Women** (1939)—The Clare Boothe play. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Dec. 16-17.)

**Note**—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of D. W. Griffith films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. On **THURS., DEC. 12:** "Isn't Life Wonderful." **FRI., DEC. 13:** "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest" and "At the Crossroads of Life," both with Griffith; "The Lonely Villa," with Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood; "Edgar Allan Poe;" "A Drunkard's Reformation;" and "Resurrection." **SAT., DEC. 14:** "1776, or The Hessian Renegades," with Mary Pickford; "A Corner in Wheat," with Henry B. Walthall, Mack Sennett, and James Kirkwood; "The Lonedale Operator," with Blanche Sweet; "The Musketeers of Pig Alley," with Lillian Gish and Lionel Barrymore; "The Unchanging Sea;" and "Enoch Arden." **SUN., DEC. 15:** "The New York Hat," with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish; and "Home, Sweet Home," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Jack Pickford. **MON., DEC. 16:** "The Birth of a Nation," with Lillian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, and Mae Marsh. **TUES., DEC. 17:** "Intolerance," with Lillian Gish, Constance Talmadge, and Eric von Stroheim. **WED., DEC. 18:** "Hearts of the World," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Eric von Stroheim. **THURS., DEC. 19:** "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **FRI., DEC. 20:** "Way Down East," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **SAT., DEC. 21:** "Orphans of the Storm," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, and Louis Wolheim.



TOP ROW—*Left to Right:*

***Gift Presentation,*** Face Powder (Beige), Bath Powder, Sachet, Soap, 4-oz. flacon of Bouquet Lenthéric, and ½-oz. Perfume. A Bientôt or Shanghai . . . . . **$10.50.** Tweed or Miracle . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . **$9.50**

***Tweed Presentation,*** Bouquet in new 4-oz. Tweed Decanter presentation, Bath Powder, and Soap. Also in Miracle, Shanghai, or A Bientôt, with etched decanter . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . **$4.25**

***Gift Presentation,*** Bouquet in new 8-oz. Atomizer presentation, Bath Salts, and Bath Powder, in Shanghai. Also in Tweed, Miracle or A Bientôt . . . . . . . . . . . . **$5.00**

SECOND ROW—*Left to Right:*

***Gift Presentation,*** Bath Powder and 4-oz. flacon of Bouquet, Miracle. Also in Tweed, A Bientôt, or Shanghai . . . . **$2.50**

***"Family Album,"*** Perfume trio in A Bientôt, Tweed, and Confetti . . . . . **$4.00**

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A Bientôt or Shanghai . . . . . . . . . . . **$6.00**
Tweed or Miracle . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . **$5.00**

THIRD ROW—*Left to Right:*

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***New Decanter Presentation,*** Tweed Bouquet . . . . . . . . . . . . . **$2.25** and **$3.50**

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***Perfume Numéro Douze,*** **$4.00** to **$30.00**

***Perfume Miracle*** . . . . . . **$4.00** to **$40.00**

***Perfume Shanghai*** . . . . **$5.00** to **$55.00**

***Perfume Confetti*** . . . . . . **$5.00** to **$55.00**

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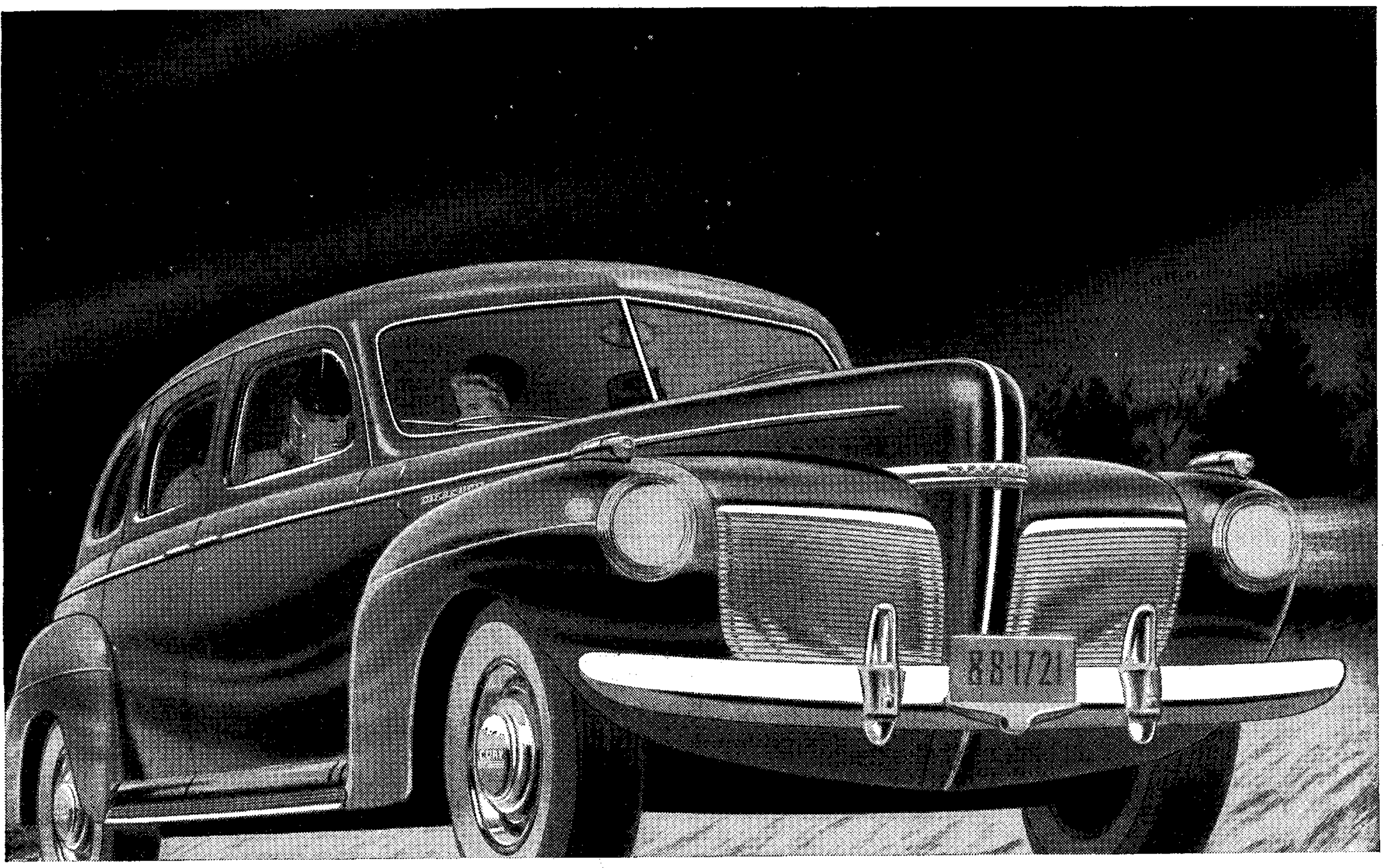
**Luxurious Interiors.** Harmonizing colors. Wide seats. Resilient cushion pads of foam rubber.

**Ease of Control.** Finger-Tip Gearshift. Velvet-action clutch and hydraulic brakes. Newly-designed, perfected stabilizer.

**New Riding Comfort.** Long, easy-action springs. Improved shock absorbers. New longer wheelbase with center-poise ride.



THE BIG CAR THAT STANDS ALONE IN ECONOMY

It's the thought behind it!
UNISTEEL TURRET TOP
BODY BY Fisher
GM
GENERAL MOTORS

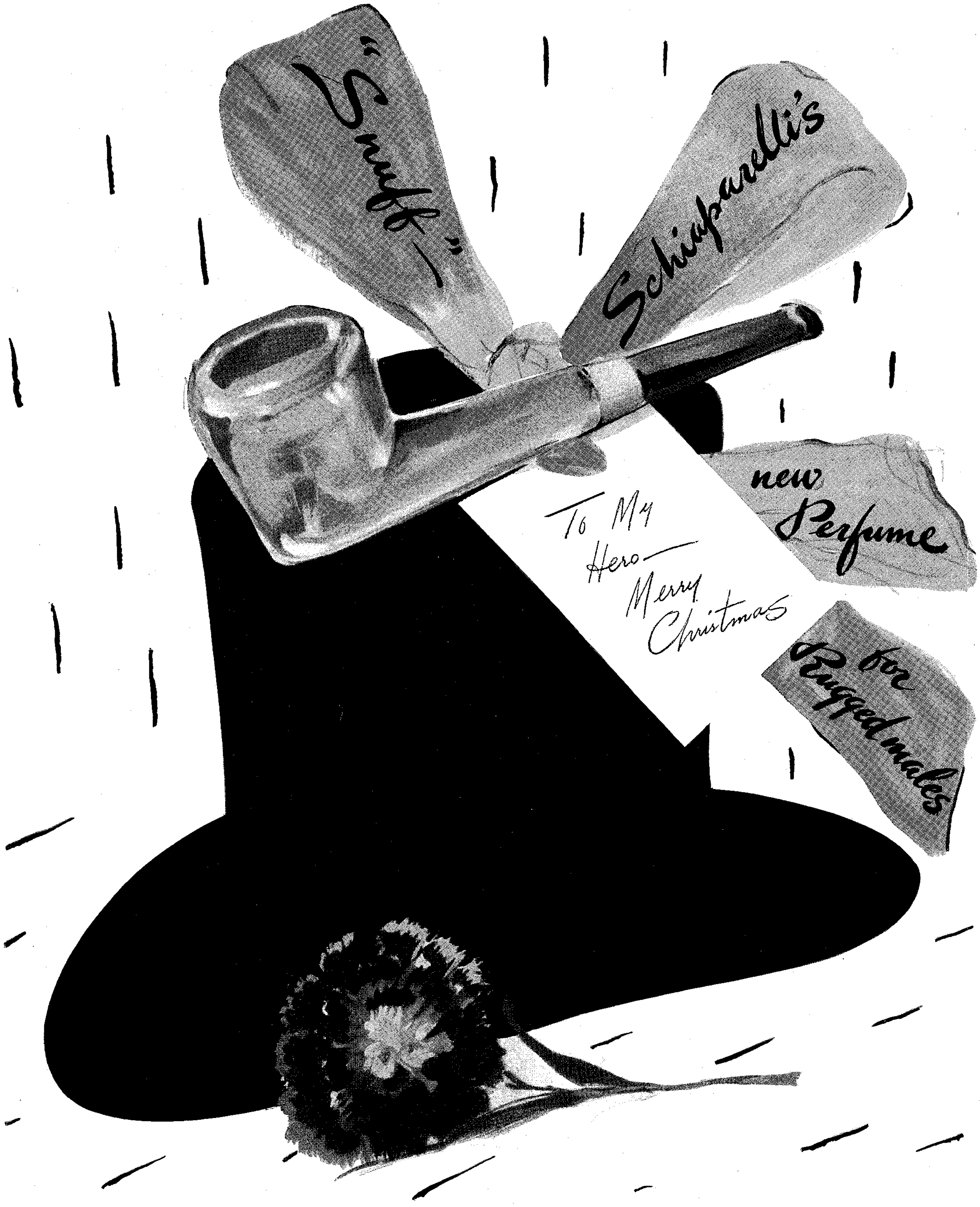
WHAT matters most is the care one takes in selecting the family Christmas gift—especially when it's a motorcar. So consider well the craftsmanship behind the styling of its body. There's no doubt what Fisher craftsmanship amounts to. You've seen how high its beauty rates in any company. You know that Body by Fisher luxuries mean more comfort. And you're doubly sure of your security—thanks to its famed Unisteel Turret Top construction. That's what started folks saying, "Body by Fisher is '41's guide to better value"—which leads you, of course, to a General Motors car.

PONTIAC'S "THE FINE CAR WITH A LOW PRICE!"—*And here you see how fine looking the new Body by Fisher makes the 1941 Pontiac Streamliner Torpedo 8 Sedan. It's sleeker yet roomier than ever; with foam rubber seat pads, more spacious luggage compartment, a 2½" wider front seat. And remember:*

***Only the New 1941 Body by Fisher Has All These Features:***

**New "Flair-flow" streamlining with slanted windshield; double-curved back window. Doors hinged at front for greater safety. Crank-controlled Fisher No Draft Ventilation. Planned Vision with Safety *Plate* Glass all around.**

**ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:**
**CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC**


"Snuff"
Schiaparelli's
new Perfume
for Rugged males
To My Hero—
Merry Christmas

**AN INSPIRED GIFT FOR "HIM"...** The bottle—a pipe. The perfume—"SNUFF," fresh as a mountain breeze. The package—true Schiaparelli.

THE NEW YORKER

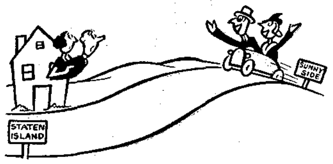
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

THE Sixth Avenue subway opens this Sunday. On that day, if all goes according to schedule, it will suddenly become miraculously possible to walk underground without getting on a train or leaving a well-lighted pavement from Thirty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue to Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue. We record this fascinating fact for the benefit of our nervous out-of-town friends who have been planning to stay as far as possible away from New York until the last threat of invasion has blown over. Hell, after Sunday, you can stroll from the lobby of the Hotel New Yorker to the basement of Stern's and back again without hearing the scream of a single bomb.

READING a catalogue of Christmas suggestions sent out by Black, Starr & Gorham, we were pleased to see how many things there were that we didn't really need: a little compass to fit the end of our door key ($15); a pencil that can be extended to a foot in length and be used in measuring inches, picas, and agate lines ($13.50); a clock that tells the time in all parts of the world simultaneously ($100), or one with five dials—time, calendar, thermometer, barometer, hygrometer ($65); a pair of miniature riding boots, made by a regular bootmaker, to be used as bookends ($15). We're sure that there are many men—sporting and scientific types—to whom all these objects would appear interesting and valuable, but they are not for us. We can still find our front door without a compass; we don't especially care how many picas there are in a sonnet, how much moisture in the air, or even what time it is in Bombay; bookends that look like riding boots might easily seem affected in a man who fears and avoids horses. As we've said, however, we're grateful to Black, Starr & Gorham. It is one of the small but genuine pleasures of life to read an advertisement for something fashionable and strange, and realize that you don't want it at all.

EVERY time we open a paper, Commissioner Moses is bringing one part of town closer to another. Having practically choked the life out of us with belt parkways, shore parkways, cross parkways, interborough, triborough, and quadborough parkways, now he wants to make Eastern Boulevard one with the Boston Post Road and join both of them somehow or other with the Whitestone and Triborough Bridges. Occasionally we wonder if all this connective activity is a good thing. We are fast becoming a city with no hiatuses, every last inch linked to every other, each remote suburb too accessible to the opposite horizon. People who emigrated to Staten Island to escape former neighbors in Sunnyside will soon find them once more parked outside the door, after a short spin down an eight-laner. Everywhere you turn you'll run into men and women you've been trying to avoid. We submit that as soon as it gets to be a cinch for everybody in town to get at everybody else, nobody will want to see anybody, and the grass this time really will grow in the streets. If Mr. Moses sincerely wants to do something for New York, he will draw up plans for a few centrally located cowpaths and Indian trails. One lane each.



NATURALLY, your grandchildren aren't just going to take your word for the fact that you and your contemporaries were the wildest lot since Uncle Ned was hanged for piracy, so why don't you clip out this paragraph and put it away till the time for showing it comes? Here you are: A hang-over clinic on Times Square now offers a free Turkish bath on Sunday mornings to every son who brings in a paying father. ("Many's the time your great-grandfather was sober as a fish. I shall never forget *those* Sundays!") A new perfume, called Zombie, makes a lady smell like one. ("In your grandmother's day, if a girl didn't smell like a rummy, the fellows wouldn't even look at her.") Tear the paragraph off just about here. You wouldn't want to tell them about those other new perfumes, Pinx, Deviltry, and Mimzy.

RALPH DE SOLA, a naturalist, testified before the Coudert committee that he joined the Communist Party because his zoo in Miami had failed; Dr. Bernard Grebanier, an assistant professor of English, testified that he had contributed a good part of his salary to something called the Red Front Fund, although he never quite knew what it was supposed to be; Dr. Grebanier also testified that when he was expelled from the Party—nobody is allowed to resign—he got a letter from the Comrades saying that anybody who spoke to him after that was not a "conscious and politically minded revolutionist;" other evidence told of informal parties given so that the Communists could spy on Party members suspected of not having the right spirit, and mysterious pamphlets that mustn't be left lying around the campus. We have been alarmed by the idea of Communism from time to time, but we feel better about it after this latest investigation. The movement to overthrow the government, it appears, is going to be in charge of a bunch of dreamers who can't even run a small zoo, have no idea what they're spending their money for, and conduct their affairs generally with the same kind of girlish hocus-pocus you find in a high-school sorority.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: *Esquire's* Christmas Fair, in Radio City, includes in its display of gifts an altimeter which gives the altitude of *Esquire's* Christmas Fair as four hundred feet below sea level.

The United Radio Company, of Newark, recently advertised a sale of U.S. Army trench periscopes, "Ideal for Espionage."

Takitapart, Inc., a Connecticut corporation, has filed papers for its own dissolution.

### *Santa's Helper*

WHEN Superman, the comic-strip character who can catch cannon balls with his bare hands, moved in on Santa Claus in Macy's toy department, we knew that he was a success. Macy's paid Detective Comics, Inc., a newspaper syndicate, which owns Superman, a substantial licence fee for the use of Superman's name and likeness. The biggest figure in their Thanksgiving parade this year was a Superman balloon filled with $1,000 worth of helium. Santa Claus is in the public domain, and consequently not so highly regarded. Matter of fact, you'd probably stand a better chance of getting something you wanted if you asked Superman instead of Santa Claus. To describe him briefly, he's an upstanding fellow who wears what the theatrical profession calls "strip tights," covered with a cloak, and he can do anything—*anything*: lift ocean liners with one hand, outrun bullets, put up folding deck chairs, even. He hails from the planet Krypton, where such feats are commonplace. His father sent him to this planet in a rocket ship three years ago, when it became apparent that life on Krypton was doomed. Superman has settled down under the name of Clark Kent. He wears horn-rimmed glasses and a double-breasted blue suit, and earns food and lodging by working as a reporter. But if he gets wind of any criminal skulduggery—and you'd be surprised how often he does—he magically sheds his store clothes and zips off to see justice done.

As a sponsor of merchandise, Superman has moved right into the upper bracket, along with Mickey Mouse, the Lone Ranger, Popeye the Sailor, and Shirley Temple. Twenty-nine licencees are now manufacturing various things bearing the Superman imprint and aimed at the juvenile trade: play suits, masquerade costumes, dungarees, sweat shirts, sports shirts, underwear, bubble gum, jigsaw puzzles, cut-out dolls, paint books, scrapbooks, toy tanks, toy airplanes, schoolbags, badges, pins, bracelets, dolls, moccasins, jackets, slacks, mufflers, neckties, handkerchiefs, belts, suspenders, raincoats, and milk-bottle covers. You can also get Superman greeting cards, including a valentine (strictly without lace) which reads:

The champ of the helpless
That is Superman's creed;
I wish he would help me
Get the attention I need.

Superman's creators are two twenty-five-year-old Cleveland, Ohio, boys, Jerry Siegal and Joe Schuster. Schuster is the artist, Siegal the idea man. From all the ramifications of Superman—comic magazines, newspaper strips, a radio program featuring their character, and the licencing of merchandise—they get only about $1,000 a week between them. They are not the owners of Superman, having sold out to Detective Comics. Siegal and Schuster have been described to us as a pair of mild, surprised fellows who have had to get used to a lot of public responsibility. At the request of a worried mother, they once made Superman deliver a brief lecture about how Mother knows best what's good for small boys and girls to eat; this went over so big that now Superman gets fan mail from mothers.

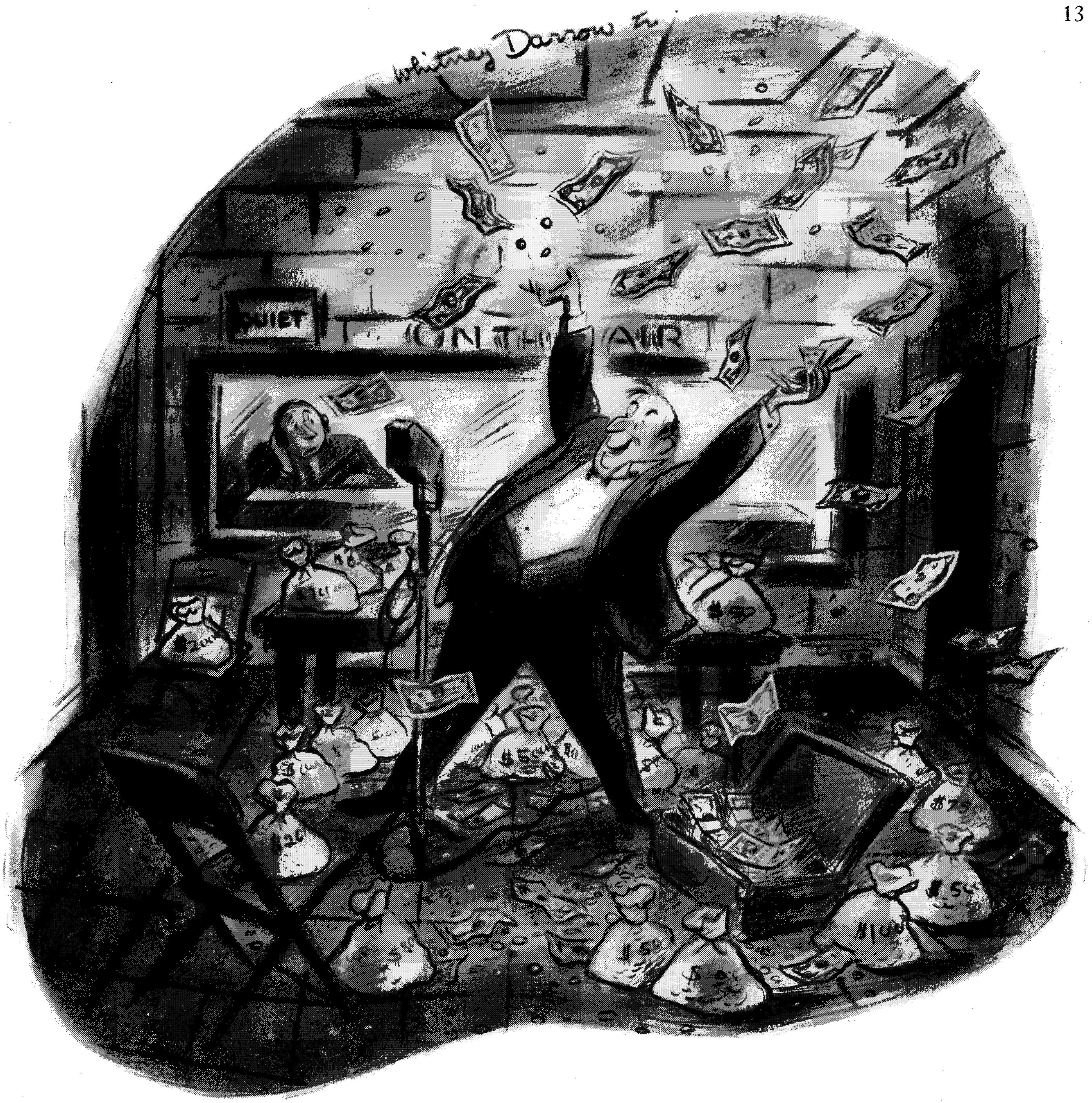
### *Souvenir of Mexico*

TWO earnest, pretty young school teachers decided to go to Mexico on their vacation last summer. Naturally, they avoided all the tourist places, desiring only the real flavor of Mexico. They got it, too. Arriving in a highly flavored little inland city, they had a meal and a bath at the hotel, then set out to explore. Coming to a street mellifluously named the Avenue of the Beautiful Springs and the Waterfall and the Bridge That Is Music in Stone, they turned into it, only to be pounced upon by a policeman, who haled them off to the police station. There the captain explained that their offence was trespassing on the section reserved for licenced prostitutes. There was a fine of three hundred pesos for any girl caught without a licence on the Avenue of the Beautiful Springs and the Waterfall and the Bridge That Is Music in Stone. The girls protested that they were simply sightseeing and had no idea of muscling in, but the captain said the fine remained. Then he had an inspiration. "The fine is three hundred pesos, but the licence costs only twenty-five. Why don't you apply for licences?" he asked. The girls thought this was a fine idea. For the Mexican equivalent of five dollars each, they received handsomely engraved documents giving them access to the Avenue of the Beautiful Springs, etc.

### *Slender, Bold Bridge*

LAST week we talked to or called up practically all the engineers we know, to see what repercussions, if any, had been caused in engineering circles by the collapse of the Tacoma Narrows Bridge. Engineers are normally close-mouthed fellows, not given to professional gossip, but they all freely admitted that this grotesque disaster had completely broken down their reticence. It's the sole topic of luncheon conversation among local engineers, one of them told us. "They don't even bother to eat any more," he said. "Just talk about Tacoma." Mr. O. H. Ammann, chief engineer of the Triborough Bridge Authority, told us that while he might have a few theories of his own, he could not express them, having just been appointed chairman of a committee of experts who have since gone out to Tacoma to investigate the matter for the federal government. None of the local engineering societies have as yet held any formal meetings to talk about the dead bridge, he told us. "But informal discussions—many, many, many!" he said.

There are, we gathered, almost as many theories about the failure of the bridge as there are engineers. "Too limber," one of them told us, "entirely too limber." Others think that the supporting girders offered too much wind resistance. Most engineers agree that the answer somehow involves the relatively obscure laws of aerodynamics. In fact, at the very moment the bridge fell, a model of it was being tested in a wind tunnel by engineers connected with the University of Washington. A popular theory is that the Tacoma Bridge was the victim of a "wind flutter," such as occasionally shakes air-



"Do you need cash? Do you need money to pay those old bills of yours."

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planes apart. One wing of a plane starts to vibrate out of rhythm with the other—"out of phase" is the technical term—and you just have a handful of airplane parts. This could have happened to the bridge, one side getting out of phase with the other. Or so we were told. One of our informants thought that in future aeronautical engineers should be consultants in designing bridges.

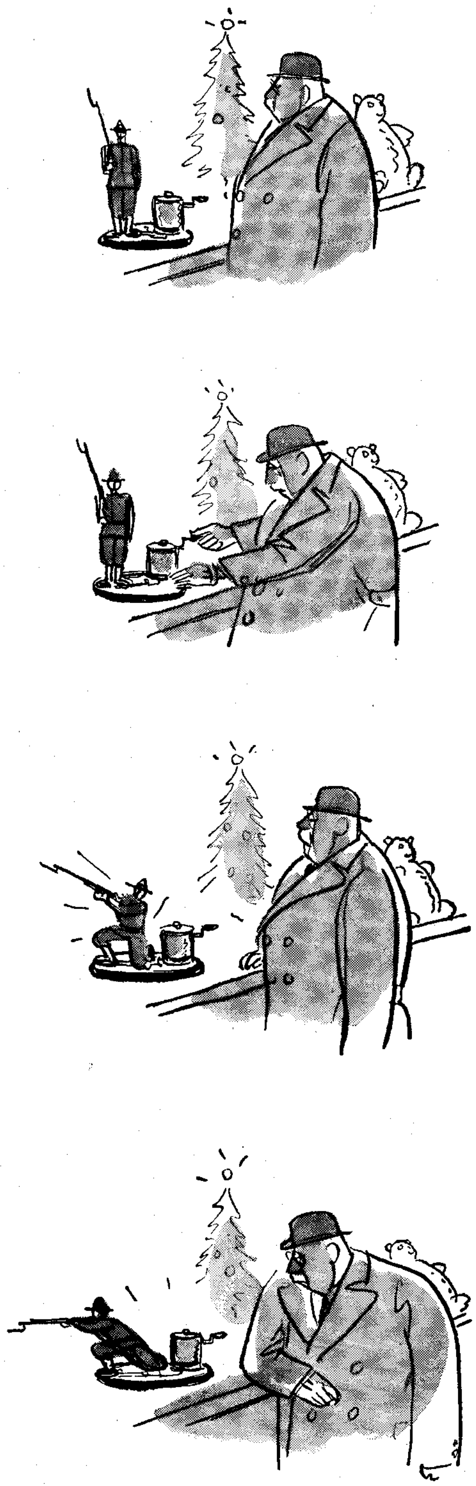
As your newspaper has already told you, our Whitestone Bridge is of the same general design and has had some small oscillations of its own. It has recently been fortified with diagonal stays running from the tower tops to the deck of the bridge. Not that there was ever any real danger; the Whitestone Bridge is heavier and more rigid. The Tacoma Bridge was never very muscular—had a length-to-width ratio of 72 to 1. "Tacoma was a slender, bold bridge," a poetic engineer told us. We'll take a fat, cautious bridge.

## *Lesson*

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, in his recent recital in Carnegie Hall, did an appealing job, we're told by a man who was there, with Stephen Foster's "Gentle Annie." As the last note died away, a stout lady sitting beside our informant remarked, to nobody in particular, "Now, *there's* a lesson for your Don Ameche!"

## *Arms and the Man*

IF you want to have your crest or coat of arms put on your car by the same man who puts J. P. Morgan's crest on his car, the thing to do is go over to 1819 Broadway, to the office of L. Proudfoot & Son, and see Mr. Lewis Proudfoot, a tall, blond young man who represents the third generation of his family to specialize in heraldry. Mr.



Proudfoot remembers that his grandfather once gloomily prophesied that the arrival of the automobile would mean the passing of the carriage trade—by which he meant, literally, the profitable business of painting coats of arms on people's carriages. Didn't work out that way, though; Mr. Proudfoot averages a hundred and thirty orders a year for automobiles. At $100 a car, this is fairly profitable. He also does panels bearing coats of arms, for the libraries of wealthy aristocrats. A panel might cost as much as $280. The cheapest work Mr. Proudfoot ever did was crests for the baby carriages of a little Astor: $15 each for two carriages.

Mr. Proudfoot says that he sends *arrivistes* away, and has confined his heraldic chores to people entitled to coat armor, like Mr. Morgan, the President of Venezuela, Gloria Swanson, Warren G. Harding, and Major Bowes. The Bowes coat of arms, which is based on the fact that a member of another branch of his family was, in fifteen-something, Lord Mayor of London, features three red bows (archers' bows) and six arrows. Mr. Proudfoot designed this and painted it on the Major's famous automobile, the one with Venetian blinds, a writing desk, a bar, and an electric razor. It appears also on the Major's piano. Mr. Morgan's crest is a caribou's head with a red ribbon beneath and the encouraging motto "Onward and Upward." Mr. Proudfoot has painted the Roosevelt arms—three roses and three plumes—on the President's private motorcar. Archduke Franz Josef gave Mr. Proudfoot a proudfoot of an order this summer—wanted the Hapsburg arms on one door of his car and the Bourbon arms on the other; unfortunately, somebody stole the car, or at least the Archduke lost track of it, and the deal fell through.

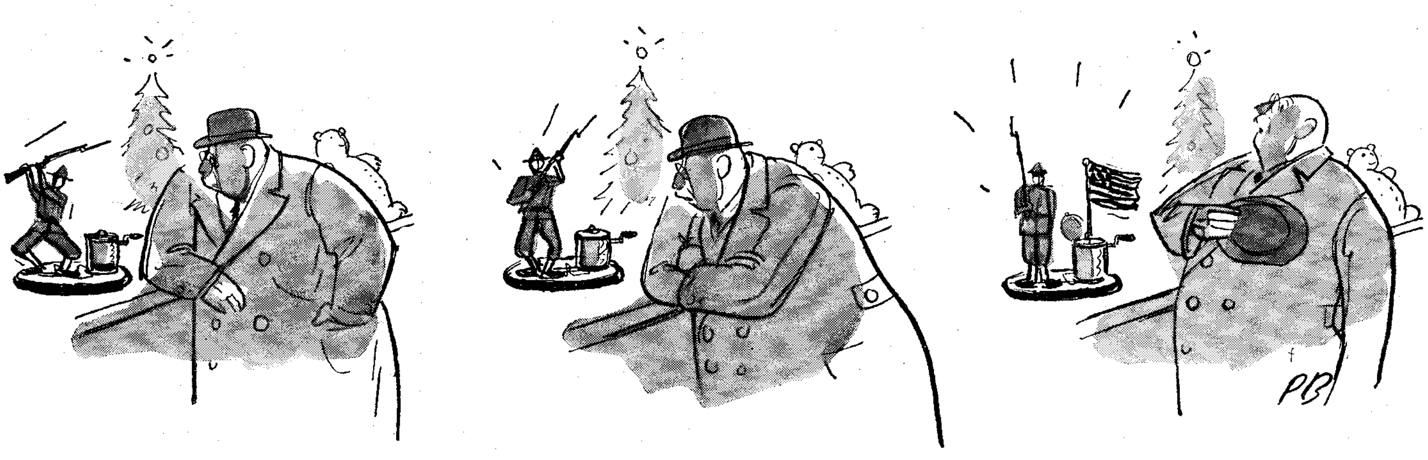
Mr. Proudfoot says nothing marks one so plainly an innocent in heraldic matters as insisting that a coat of arms be copied exactly from a design already executed. Traditionally, the designs may be interpreted freely, as fancy dictates. Among the esoterica we picked up while chatting with Mr. Proudfoot is the fact that when a horse appears in heraldry, it must be unmistakably a stallion, and the fact that the English College of Heralds exists on a sort of royalty-payment system under which, for example, using arms on your silverware costs you £5 a year. The national coat of arms of Bolivia is our favorite of all the designs Mr. Proudfoot showed us. It includes mountains, the sun, a stream meandering through a meadow, an oil well, a sheaf of wheat, a condor, a stack of muskets, and six Bolivian flags. "Bolivia, they got everything," Mr. Proudfoot told us, with a wry smile.

### *Away We Go*

SHOP early, shop late, Christmas shopping will always be a considerable physical and mental strain. Slightly more noticeable, but fundamentally no more disorganized, than most of this town's female population was a sad woman who got into an elevator at Saks-Fifth Avenue last Monday and, after consulting a shopping list, said to the operator, "Bonwit Teller's, please."

### *Yo-Ho-Hum*

FOR the past five or six years, we have heard hair-raising stories about the Wine and Food Society shindigs—stories of crowds elbowing their way wildly to the Lanson, '28, table at champagne-tastings, of ladies convulsively clutching the last half-dozen oysters with their bare hands while members standing in line behind them trembled with despair. Well, we attended the Society's holiday tasting of rums, rum punches, rum cakes, rum pies, and plum puddings at the Waldorf last



week, and must in all honesty report that except for a considerable crush in front of Table No. 4—Hot Buttered Rum, presented by Bellows & Co.—the scene was a decorous one. We buttonholed Crosby Gaige, the theatrical producer, who helped found the Society in 1934, and asked him for a statement. "The scene is a decorous one," said Mr. Gaige, who was wearing a black Willkie mourning button, a brown tweed coat, and gray flannel pants, "because it is taking place in the ballroom, which is too large for indecorous scenes. You should have seen us on the Starlight Roof." Mr. Gaige is chairman of the Society's executive committee, and, assisted by Richardson Wright and Mrs. Jeanne Owen, the Society's president and secretary, he annually tests, or tastes, hundreds of wines, rums, and oysters. "If you have a lot of wine to taste, you spit it out," he told us, "but oysters you have to swallow. Between oysters, you clean your palate with a cracker."

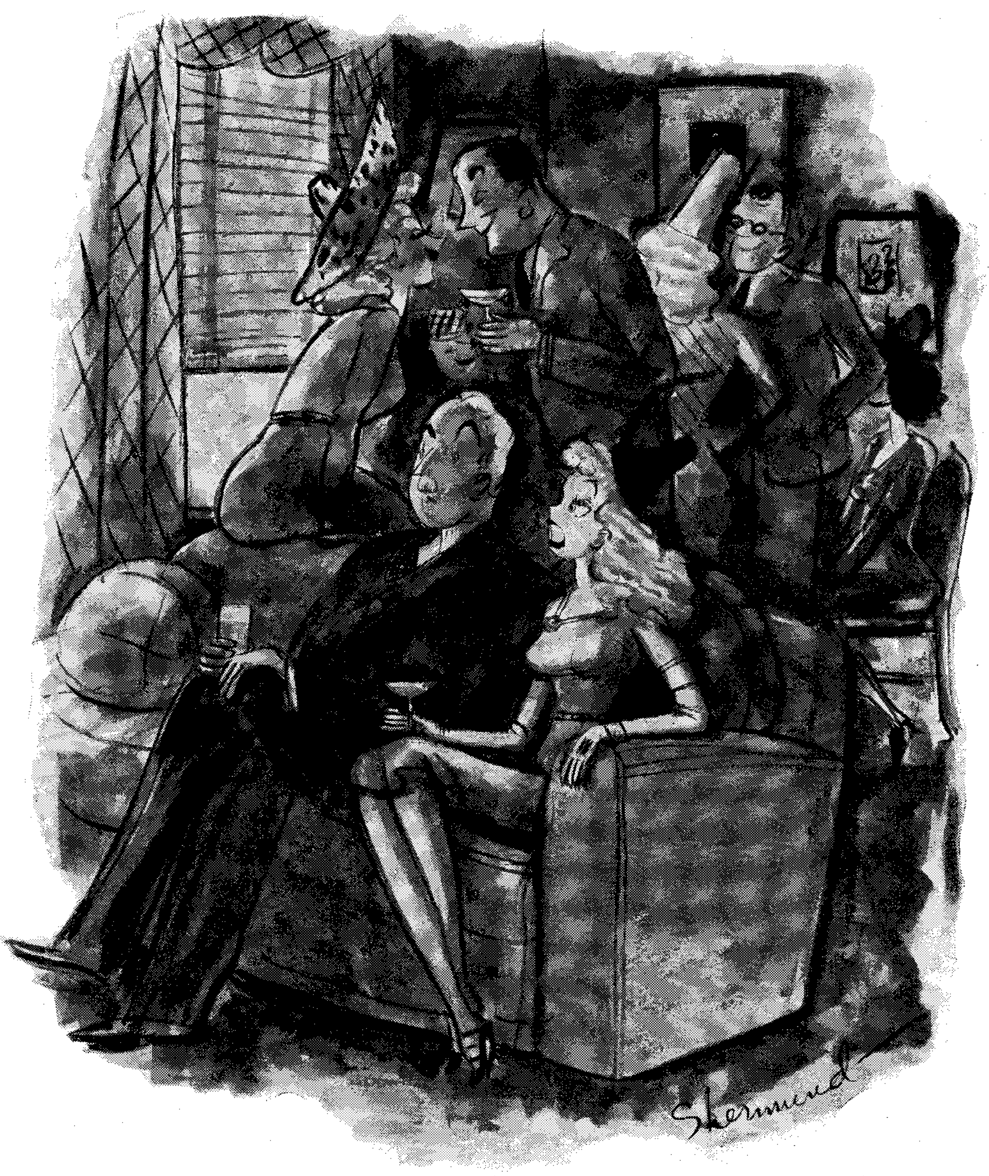
Mr. Gaige presented us to Mr. John O'Hara Cosgrave, a member of the executive council, who said he doubted that most of the four hundred members had really developed their palates properly, and to Mrs. Owen, who, he said, dominated the tasting committee and actually ran the whole Society. Mrs. Owen is a comely Frenchwoman who once was an actress in Paris. She started us off on a tasting tour at Table No. 1, Mrs. Sophie Kerr Underwood serving, where we had a Red Rummie Punch, made with Vanti Pa-Pi-A and Ronrico Red Rum, and a Charlotte Charles Napoleon Rum Cake doused with Lightbourn's Barbados Rum. "Mrs. Underwood is a famous novelist and a grand woman," Mrs. Owen told us. She also told us at our instigation that Vanti Pa-Pi-A is the juice of the papaya, bottled in Florida by a corporation of that name. They spell it that way so people will know how to pronounce it. "Vanti" is a trademarked name; it means "good health" in Seminole Indian.

Guided by Secretary Owen, we worked our way around the ballroom, pausing for Blazing Christmas Rum Punch, York House Plum Pudding, Fresh Dates Flambés, and other delicacies, and running into such members at large as M. Lincoln Schuster, Jules Glaenzer, Thyra Samter Winslow, and Elmer Leterman, the insurance man. Mr. Leterman pressed a stick of chewing gum on us. Mrs. Owen informed us that she has just written "A Wine Lover's Cookbook" and that it is as readable as a sex novel. Mrs. Owen is rather indignant about certain excisions her publishers forced her to make, in the interest of the cooking-sherry and marshmallow businesses. "I wrote that cooking sherry was something not even a research chemist would take an interest in, and they made me cut it out," she said. "Richardson Wright, in the introduction," she continued, "said I would tell how to cook sweet potatoes without the vicious device of marshmallows, and we had to cut out 'vicious device' because of the marshmallow trust."

We stopped to say goodbye to Mr. Gaige, who was standing empty-handed in front of Table No. 5—Fresh Pineapple in Rum, Miss Dale Polzine serving—talking to a girl in a mink coat. He told us that he wasn't drinking because of all the preliminary tasting he had done earlier in the week, and that in founding the Society, he had been assisted by Henry W. Taft, the lawyer. We asked whether Mr. Taft was present, and Mr. Gaige replied briefly that he was no longer a member. "He resigned when it looked as though his nephew was going to run for President. It wouldn't have looked well to have his uncle connected with spirits," said the girl in the mink coat. "Have another *baba au rhum*," said Mr. Gaige nervously.

## *Ivory Tower*

DURING last week's cold snap, a girl we know nipped out of her office building and into a heated taxicab. "Pretty cold, huh?" the driver said. The girl said it certainly was. "Yup, that's what they tell me," the fellow said. "Myself, I ain't been out since early this morning."



*"I think men over thirty-six are very distinguished."*

# THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

THE third time Unhock called me into his candy store on Bedford Avenue to write a letter to his wife I told him I didn't see much sense in doing it. Twice before he had had me write her angry ultimatums and had sent them to her at her mother's house by a man called Ancil, who always hung around in the candy store. Mrs. Unhock read the first letter. The second one she tore up unopened and then shut the door in Ancil's face.

"No! No!" Unhock said impatiently. "This letter's going to be entirely different. Not an ultimatum that'll only get her sore. We'll put it all down, the real thing, everything just the way it really is, and you'll have to write it out for me. I can't. When I got the pen in my hand, I'm all twisted up and dopey-headed and I don't know what the hell I'm writing."

"Well, I won't take it to her this time," Ancil said. He was in a corner, looking at the Sunday papers out of the previous week's returns. "I'm not a messenger boy, and I don't see why I should get insulted for nothing."

Unhock glared at him. The storekeeper was a big man with a behind on him as wide as a wagon. He always needed a shave, and he didn't have a normal speaking voice because he was constantly belligerent and suspicious. Ancil held a newspaper in front of his face.

"Intellectual!" Unhock said. "You read the papers all the time, don't you? You're a great student of ladies' silk stockings, corsets, undergarments, things like that." He turned to me. "Come," he said. "Let's go to work. He'll take the letter and he'll like it."

We went into the little room behind the store and sat down at the table. Pen and paper were waiting for me there.

"All right," Unhock said. "Make up some kind of an introduction and then say, 'Reba, your husband didn't use physical force against you.' "

I looked up. "What? Hey, Unhock, you didn't really hit her?"

"You don't have to do any talking!" the storekeeper said. "I'm not talking to you. Just write it down, what I tell you." His tone changed. "That's what she thinks, but I didn't use physical force against her, not exactly, and put that down in the letter. Say, 'Reba, you're only twisting the facts of the situation to make out a better case against your husband, and you know it damn well.' "

"You don't want me to write in 'damn well,' do you?"

"Put it in. Leave it out. I don't care." Unhock hesitated. "Leave it out. All right, leave it out," he said, more quietly. "I said I wouldn't get her sore. Say, 'Reba, your husband was going to explain it all out to you in the morning when he got up and things calmed down a little, but he overslept, it was late, he had to hurry and open up the store, and so it had to wait.' See, that's the way it was. Say, 'Reba, it's not an easy thing to explain if you won't go more than halfway to understand.' "

AT this point we heard somebody enter the store. Unhock went to see who it was, and I trailed after him. Mr. Gambelle, the landlord, had come to get the rent. He looked neat as a pin in his Chesterfield topcoat with a handkerchief showing at the breast pocket. He was a man near fifty, with gentle manners, and his movements were quick and alert, like a sparrow's. Now he hemmed and hawed as he pointed out that the rent was long overdue and so on. Unhock listened without interrupting once. After a while, Mr. Gambelle began to realize he was getting nowhere, and suddenly he stopped.

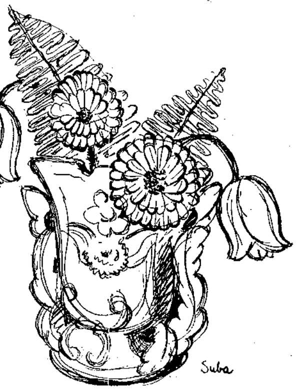
"What is the matter?" he asked, looking around at Ancil and at me.

"Don't nobody tell him!" Unhock said. "It's not his business, and besides, all he wants is the rent. That's all he cares about."

The landlord looked puzzled and hurt.

"Poor Mr. Gambelle!" Unhock said. "You're in a hell of a fix. Here I don't pay the rent, so you throw me out in the street, and then you're stuck for good. Because what's the good of a place if it stands empty and don't produce?"

The landlord swallowed. "Listen," he said, "you want to see my books? I'll show you my books that I don't make a one-per-cent return on the investment here."



"Joe Midas," Unhock said.

"Who—who is Joe Midas?" Mr. Gambelle said.

"Don't tell him! Don't nobody talk to him."

Ancil knew the answer and couldn't keep it in. "A man—everything he touched, it turned into solid gold."

"I told you to shut up, didn't I?" Unhock yelled.

Ancil hid behind the paper.

"Dopey kiyoodle," Unhock said, turning toward the back room. "That idiot's secretly in love with ballet dancers. Now, how do you like that for a fact? He thinks they're very dainty and ethereal. If he had one of them, he thinks he'd be the happiest man in the world. The damn fool! They're only ordinary broads same as everybody else, ain't they?"

"People are unfair," Mr. Gambelle said. "People are unfriendly. I help them out with the rent when they're behind. For a landlord, I'm sure I show every possible consideration. I even lend them money that they never pay me back."

"Come!" Unhock called out to me, and stepped into the back room.

Mr. Gambelle caught my elbow and smiled. "Maybe," he said, "maybe you might put in a good word edgewise and help me out in the matter of the rent. You see, I come all the way from Mount Vernon and I have to make a train. I can't kill the day just waiting to catch him in a good humor. Therefore I would make it worth your while. You know. In a small way, of course."

I shrugged my shoulders to indicate I could do nothing, and joined Unhock in the back room. He began to dictate again.

"Say, 'Reba, all right, maybe it's not your fault. Your husband admits it. Maybe it's his own fault. Maybe it's nobody's fault, but just the way things work out in this lousy life. Because when you get right down to the bottom of it, it had nothing to do with the radio-phonograph. That was just an incident and it brought the final blowoff, but by itself the radio-phonograph wasn't actually the basic issue—' "

Mr. Gambelle appeared at the door. "Mr. Unhock," he said, "what's the matter? Don't you feel good?"

The storekeeper didn't look at him and didn't answer.

"If you don't feel good," Mr. Gambelle said, "pay no attention to it. Don't listen to what the doctors tell you and don't go to the hospital for any operations. Whenever it's something the matter with me, I always try to ignore it and gradually I forget about it and then it goes away by itself."

"It is not a physical sickness!" Unhock shouted. "You wouldn't understand. Not you, with your rent and one-per-cent return."

I felt sorry for Mr. Gambelle. "Mr. and Mrs. Unhock aren't living together," I told him.

"No fooling?" the landlord said. "For good?" He nodded his head thoughtfully and then said, "Well, it'll all blow over soon."

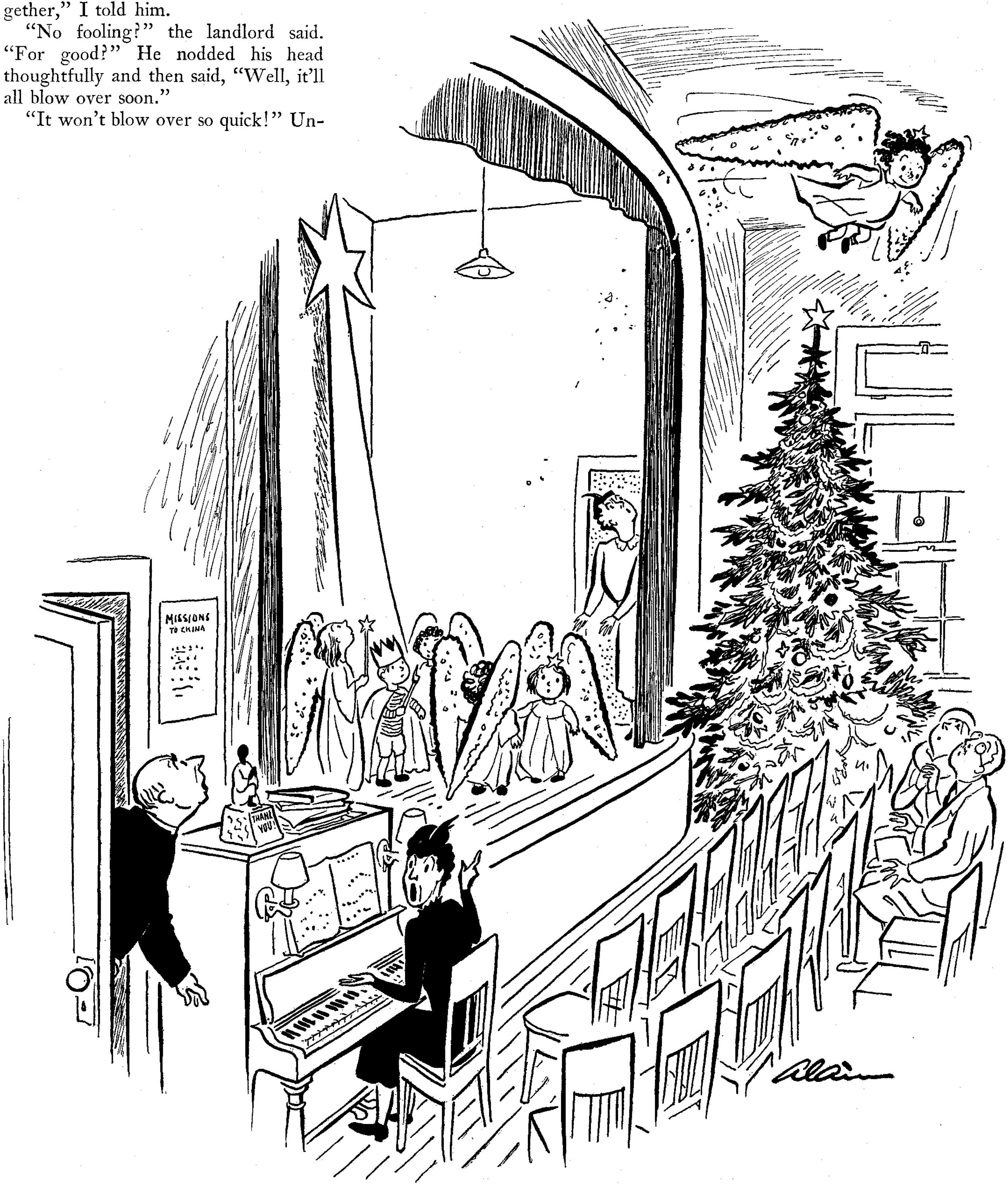
"It won't blow over so quick!" Unhock said, and slammed the table with his hand.

"Well, what I mean—the reason I say this is—well, after all, you take most married couples and you will find there a certain amount of bickering no matter—"

"Shut up!" Unhock roared.

"All right. All right. Naturally, you're under a nervous strain." There was a high stool in the room and Mr. Gambelle touched it with his finger to see how thick the dust was. His nose wrinkled in distaste, but he climbed up, fixed the ends of his topcoat over his knees, and then sat quietly. His eyes were worried and he looked more like a sparrow than ever.

" 'Your husband says,' " I read from the sheet of paper, " 'that it wasn't the radio-phonograph alone that caused all



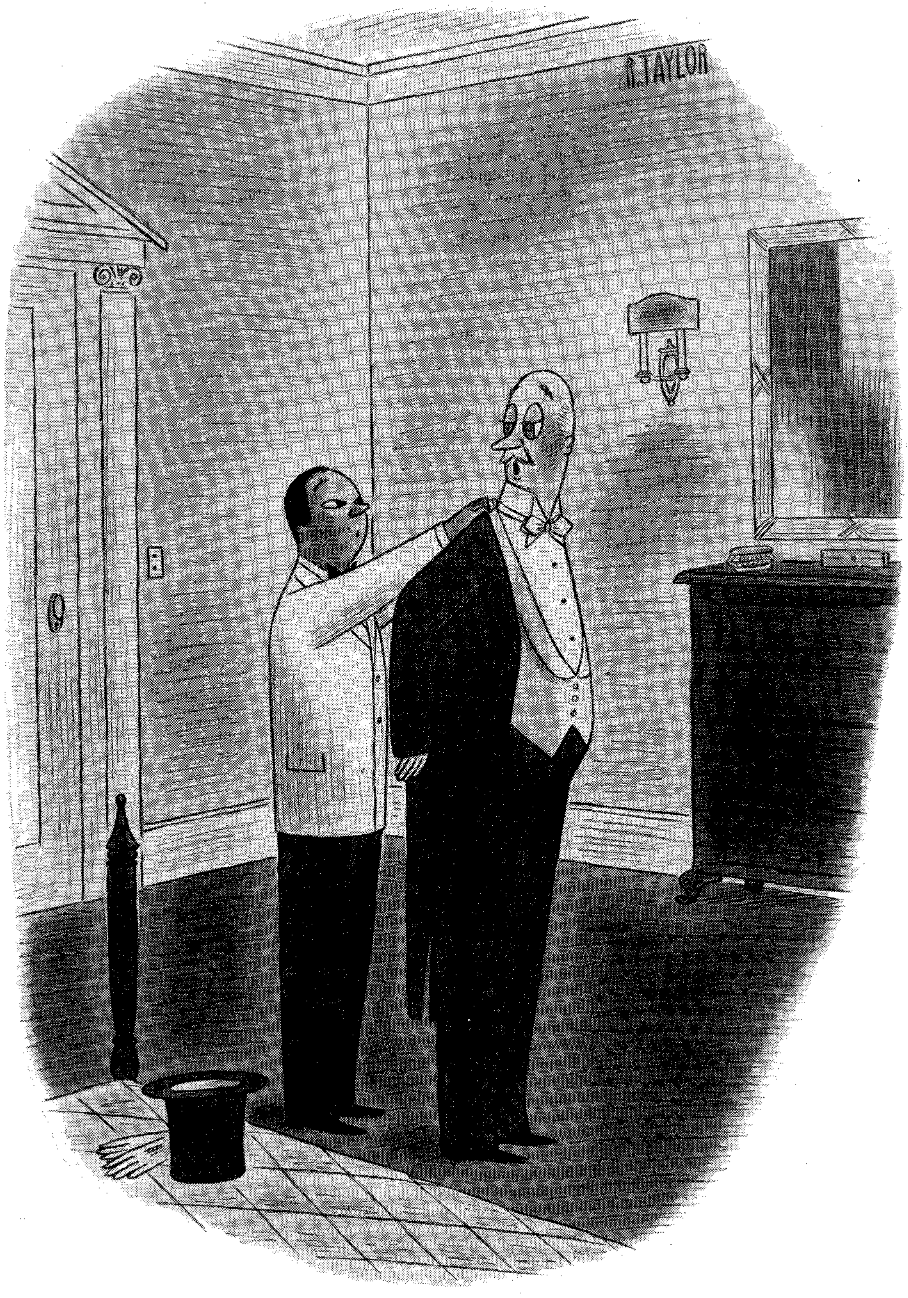
*"She started flapping them—and they* ***worked****!"*

the trouble. Actually, it was the accumulation of many things that had gone before.’ ”

“Yes,” Unhock said. “That’s right.” He scowled at Mr. Gambelle. “A man goes down, so he don’t blame himself. Everything else. The times. The place. The people he associates with. The line of business he’s in. He figures if he went some place far away and started out all over again in a new business, he’d be satisfied. Of course, it probably wouldn’t work out so easy. It’s the same damn thing all over, but he don’t know it and he can’t run away anyhow, so if he has a wife, a man takes it out on her. Everything is wrong and he fights around with her all the time. So tell her, ‘Reba, your husband admits it, all right. It’s his fault more than yours, but he can’t exactly help himself.’ ”

“Just a minute. Beg pardon,” said Mr. Gambelle, his finger held timidly in the air. “To make a reconciliation a letter by itself is not so good. The way to do it, you see—first, you call up for an appointment. You take her out to some nice, quiet place for dinner and then, over the coffee, you talk things over and make up. It’s better. It’s quicker. Everything gets settled without too much fuss.”

Unhock stared at the landlord and then at me. “What the hell does he keep butting in for all the time?” he asked. “What does he want out of me? Why don’t he go away and leave me alone?”



*“It’s hard to believe, Suki, that we may soon be at swords’ points.”*

“All right,” Mr. Gambelle said. “Just a suggestion. Ignore it.”

I could see that the storekeeper was working himself up for a lengthy outburst and decided to do something to cool him down. “Unhock,” I said, “I’ll need another sheet of paper. Go get it out of stock.”

He rose slowly and walked out.

Mr. Gambelle had been wearing his hat, but now he took it off and dabbed his forehead with his handkerchief. “Gee whizz!” he said. “Gee whizz! If a person has an incurable disease. If he don’t make out in his business. If a relative dies. But this—what kind of a trouble do you call this?” He wanted to go on, but we could hear Unhock returning. “All right,” Mr. Gambelle said.

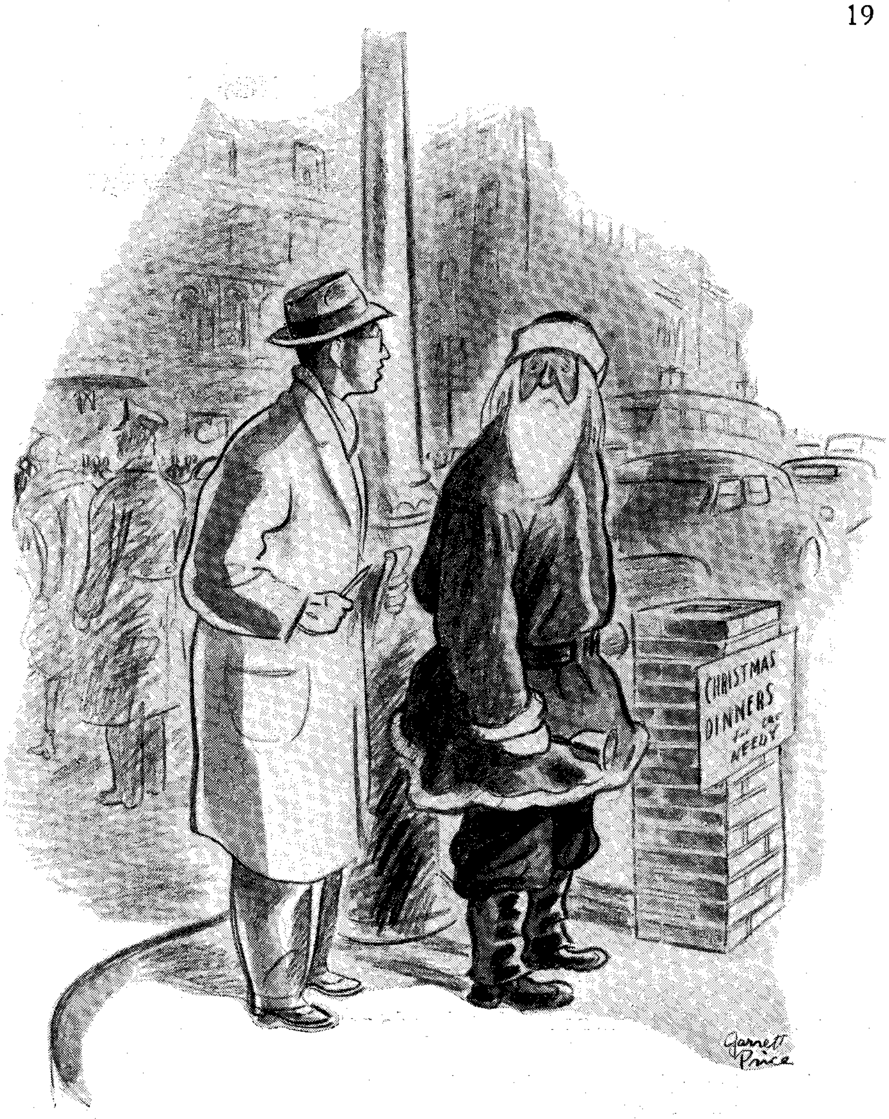
Along with Unhock came Ancil. He made himself comfortable on a tied-up bundle of magazines and rested his face against his palm, prepared to listen.

“ ‘YOUR husband,’ ” I read, “ ‘admits it’s his fault but hopes you’ll understand his side of it.’ ”

“Yes,” Unhock said, and then continued. “ ‘You must remember the kind of a life your husband leads. It’s not exactly inspiring. You call him gross. You say he meets up with bums, and that he takes his rough language from them with the swearwords, and that he ain’t got a decent feeling left in him, and, Reba, maybe it ain’t a lie. But you have to keep in mind that his business is a fifteen-, sixteen-hour proposition without too much relief. You got to take into account he has to deal with crooks and cheap stinkers who hang around the phone booth waiting for a call from racetrack bookies. He has to fight with delivery boys off the newspaper trucks that they shouldn’t cheat him. He has to watch the candy-robbers like a hawk, and, Reba, there are whole hours that go by without a customer entering the store.’

“Say, ‘Reba, your husband is not a man who can afford to walk around with rosy dreams in his head.’ Say, ‘Reba, you got to understand this thing first of all. So on that night, when he came home from work all tired out and dirty and depressed, ready to fall in bed and sleep like dead—so on that night when he walked up the stairs, naturally he blew up and hit the ceiling when he opened the door and saw you playing a brand-new radio-phonograph. Reba, your husband is not a superman. Reba, he’s only human, flesh and blood. And it wasn’t the sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents. It wasn’t only the money. It was the whole general layout. It was insane! Because after all, what the hell, to play classical records—Reba, it just didn't make sense! It was just plain idiotic! After all, Reba, you got to take his feelings into consideration and try to understand!'

"And say, 'Reba, he didn't use physical force against you. He didn't mean it for physical force, no matter how it looked. You were screaming, worse than him. You were out of your mind. And then you suddenly got stiff and tight all over, making fists with your hands, and then you suddenly started jumping up and down and screaming out at the top of your lungs that you couldn't stand it no more, you couldn't stand it no more. And so your husband didn't know what to do. He got frightened. He got worried. He didn't go crazy and lose his temper altogether and start hitting you. No! It was something he must've read somewhere or seen in a movie picture—that when you want to calm down a hysterical woman, you have to rush her immediately under a cold shower. That was why he pushed you into the bathroom. That was why he turned on the cold water and forced you to stand there while it poured down over you. He didn't mean to do something bad to you or hurt you in a physical way. He didn't think and remember it was your only decent dress you had on. He only wanted to calm you down the quickest way he could, and that was all there was to it. It's the true explanation, not what you say.' " Unhock stopped talking and began to scratch his head. His whole face was screwed up. For a minute I thought he was going to cry, but he didn't.


CHRISTMAS DINNERS for the NEEDY
Garrett Price

*"Pardon me, sir. I'm writing a thesis on seasonal employment."*

• •

It was Ancil who finally spoke up. "Look," he said, "not that I don't want to be a messenger boy or get insulted, but seriously, what's the good if I go and take the letter? She'll only tear it up and throw me out again."

"This is something people should talk over quietly," Mr. Gambelle said, "especially since she refuses to read a letter."

"Who am I got to send?" Unhock asked hopelessly. "Who do I know that could talk?"

"But she won't read the letter," Mr. Gambelle said. "She'll tear it up, won't she?" He looked at me for help.

"I can't go," I said. "I'd be the same as Ancil. She wouldn't take it from me, either."

Mr. Gambelle remained deeply troubled, and after a while he said, "How far is it to where she stays?"

"It's not so far," Ancil said. "It's only ten minutes on the bus."

"Ten minutes?" the landlord said. "Well, then—very well, I'll take the letter, and since I'm there, I'll also put in a word or two."

Unhock sadly nodded his head and accepted the offer. I addressed the envelope and, before folding the letter, I asked Unhock if there was anything he wanted to add.

"Yes," he said. He put his fat hands flat on the table before him, spreading the fingers wide apart. His voice was low and shy. "Say, 'Reba, it really hit him terrible when he came home and found you gone, with the house all dark and empty and the dishes still laying in the sink.' Say, 'Reba, he never realized. You call him a gross person and it ain't a lie, but he remembers the way you sat all huddled up on the couch in your bathrobe when you were busy sewing something or fixing your nails, and from time to time you gave him a smile. He remembers the way, when you were getting dressed, you would look over your shoulder, bending your body to see if the seams on your stockings were straight.' Say, 'Reba, he didn't realize. He didn't realize.' Dammit, say, straight out, 'Reba, he loves you. Reba, he can't get along at all without you and he wants you back right away—' "

Unhock stopped abruptly. "That's all," he told me. He looked at our faces and then suddenly he jumped up from the table and hurried into the washroom, closing the door behind him with a bang.

"A man has to try and make his own wife," Ancil said in a tone of wonder. "What do you think of that? And a guy like Unhock, too—two hundred and twenty pounds, I bet."

"Well, it happens," Mr. Gambelle said. He didn't stir from the stool. "People are peculiar, underneath and in spite of everything. Take me. When I was still a boy I used to sit by the window and watch a lady across the street when she combed out her hair after she washed it. She had long hair and she was very beautiful, so what did I do? I didn't even know her, but I made up crazy dreams in my head that she was fall-

# MINOR LITANY

This being a time confused and with few clear stars,
Either private ones or public,
Out of its darkness I make a litany
For the lost, for the half-lost, for the desperate,
For all of those who suffer, not in the flesh.
I will say their name, but not yet.
This is for those
Who talk to the bearded man in the quiet office,
Sensibly, calmly, explaining just how it was,
And suddenly burst into noisy, quacking tears;
For those who live through the party, wishing for death;
For those who take the sensible country walks,
Wondering if people stare;
For those who try to hook rugs in the big, bright room
And do it badly and are pleased with the praise;
For the night and the fear and the demons of the night;
For the lying back on the couch and the wincing talk.

This is for those who work and those who may not,
For those who suddenly come to a locked door,
And the work falls out of their hands;
For those who step off the pavement into hell,
Having not observed the red light and the warning signals
Because they were busy or ignorant or proud.

This is for those who are bound in the paper chains
That are stronger than links of iron; this is for those
Who each day heave the papier-mâché rock
Up the huge and burning hill,
And there is no rock and no hill, but they do not know it.

This is for those who wait till six for the drink,
Till eleven for the tablet;
And for those who cannot wait but go to the darkness;
And for those who long for the darkness but do not go,
Who walk to the window and see the body falling,
Hear the thud of air in the ears,
And then turn back to the room and sit down again,
None having observed the occurrence but themselves.

Christ, have mercy upon us.
Freud, have mercy upon us.
Life, have mercy upon us.

This is for those
Who painfully haul the dark fish out of the dark,
The child's old nightmare, embalmed in its own pain,
And, after that, get well or do not get well,
But do not forget the sulphur in the mouth
Or the time when the world was different, not for a while.
And for those also, the veterans
Of another kind of war,
Who say "No thanks" to the cocktails, who say "No thanks.
Well, yes, give me Coca-Cola" with the trained smile,
Those who hid the bottles so cleverly in the trunk,
Who bribed the attendant, who promised to be good,
Who woke in the dirty bed in the unknown town.
They are cured, now, very much cured.
They are tanned and fine. Their eyes are their only scars.

This is for those with the light white scars on the wrists,
Who remember the smell of gas and the vomiting,
And it meant little and it is a well-known symptom
And they were always careful to phone, before.
Nevertheless, they remember.
This is for those
Who heard the music suddenly get too loud,
Who could not alter the fancy when it came.

Chloral, have mercy upon us.
Amytal, have mercy upon us.
Nembutal, have mercy upon us.

This occurs more or less than it did in the past times.
There are statistics. There are no real statistics.
There is also no heroism. There is merely
Fatigue, pain, great confusion, sometimes recovery.

The name, as you know, is Legion.
What's your name, friend? Where are you from and how did you get here?
The name is Legion. It's Legion in the case history.
Friends, Romans, countrymen,
Mr. and Mrs. Legion is the name.

—Stephen Vincent Benét

• •

ing in love with me. Well, why not?"

The washroom door began to shudder on its hinges, and Unhock came out. "What's the attraction?" he said, glaring at us. "Don't look at me. Don't watch me like I'm going to kill myself. I'm not going to kill myself!"

Nobody said a word and he left us to go into the store.

I HANDED the sealed envelope to Mr. Gambelle. He looked at it and his face clouded with misgivings. "I'm hours late already," he said. "Why did I let myself get talked into going to see his wife? I'm not a go-between and I haven't got the time."

"You promised to go," Ancil said. "You got to go and do it." He began to shove the landlord out of the back room.

"If he can't pay the rent," Mr. Gambelle said, "how can he afford a new radio-phonograph? And if she comes back and he pays for it, when will I see the rent?"

Ancil got the landlord into the store and I followed. Unhock was standing behind the soda fountain. As soon as he saw Mr. Gambelle, he pointed his finger straight at him and said, "One thing! When I was a kid, my father told me, 'Sonny, whatever you do, don't marry a redhead.' It was goddam good advice!"

Mr. Gambelle didn't know what to make of this. "Mrs. Unhock," he asked, "is she a redhead?"

"No," Unhock said. "No. She's got brown hair."

"Then—"

Unhock raised his head. "Same damn general principle!" he shouted. "If you're taking the letter, then what the hell are you standing around here for? Go!" Then he turned and started bawling out Ancil for messing up the bundle of returns when he read the Sunday papers.

—Daniel Fuchs

# A PLACE TO HIDE IN

WHEN I was a child we used to go two or three times a year to lunch at my Uncle Paul's. We always went on my birthday, because it was his birthday, too, and he always remembered it and asked us. The birthday came early in June, and for dessert we would have ice cream and, on top, the strawberries that Uncle Paul raised. He raised them as one of his hobbies. They were the biggest strawberries I had ever seen, dark red and juicy, as big as small plums.

My Uncle Paul had never married. My father said that he had always been too shy even to call on girls. He was born about 1870. When I knew him, he was sturdy and plump and very well dressed. He had pink cheeks and his gray hair was cut very neatly. He was very hospitable and gentle. He lived in a house in the country just outside our town, with two Irish maids. The cook cooked very good food and the waitress wore a white cap and used to smile at me when she passed the things.

Uncle Paul had studied to be an architect. He went to the Beaux-Arts in Paris and stayed over there about ten years, all through the nineties. He lived on the Rue des Saints-Pères on the Left Bank, in a house with other students at Julian's and the Beaux-Arts. He must have had a very good time in his own gentle way, because long afterward, when I knew him, all his little stories were about Paris.

One of them was about an American who had just come to Paris to study and lived in the same house with Uncle Paul. This American had asked the concierge to bring him up some hot water to shave with. The water didn't come, and the American went to the head of the stairs and bawled down, "*Voulez-vous apporter moi l'eau chaude ou voulez-vous non?*"

In Paris, my Uncle Paul used to see most of the famous artists who were there in those days. He used to see Whistler and Monet, and once he saw Wilde, who was then in the evil days before his death. Uncle Paul said that later in Paris there was a society formed of people who had admired Wilde's work and who claimed that he was not dead but living somewhere still. They claimed that no one had seen him in his coffin and that what Lord Alfred Douglas said did not count. When I knew my Uncle Paul first, it was at least 1915, and he used to say then and later that perhaps Wilde was still not dead.

Uncle Paul had never practiced as an architect. The only thing he ever designed which was built after he came back to America was the house he lived in. This was a white, shingled house of an Early American type, very neat and trim outside, and inside very comfortable. The house was just like him. There was a lawn in the front and a big lawn in back that you looked out on from the living room, with a fishpond in the middle. Beyond that lay the vegetable gardens. My Uncle Paul had a gardener to help him, and he raised strawberries and green-flesh melons and other specialties that won blue ribbons at the Grange fairs. He had enough money, so he had never needed to work, and he just lived there in his nice house that exactly suited him.

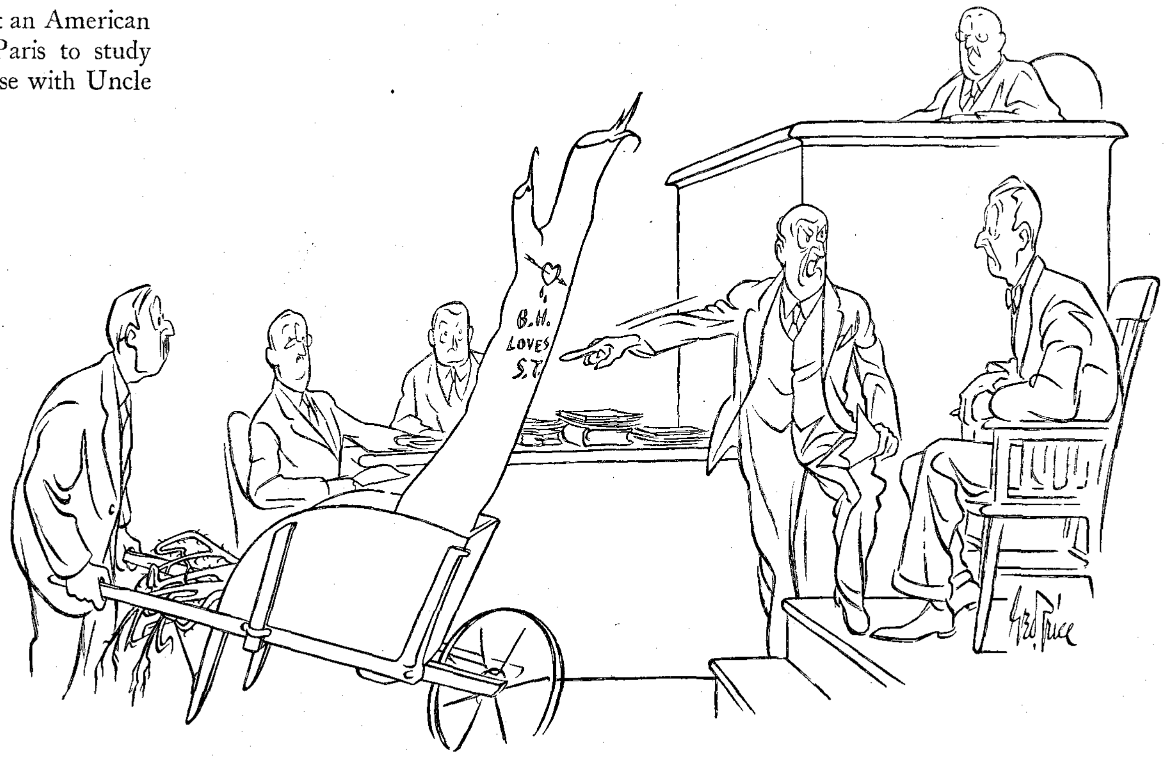
Beyond the gardens were the pinewoods. They ran back for a long way, and it was very dark in among the pines and the roof of the treetops was far up above. When we went to lunch with Uncle Paul, I would go out into the woods and play, building a tepee out of pine branches leaned against a tree trunk. I only got a little done each time, and we did not go very often, but nobody ever moved the part I had done, so I would go on with it the next time I went.

The others would stroll around across the lawns and through the gardens while I was in there in the secret pinewoods. Once, when I was about thirteen, my Uncle Paul came into the tepee, where I was, and stood and watched me fixing the boughs. (I always imagined at home that it was much more of a structure than it really was, and I was always disappointed when I got there and found only some branches leaning against a tree, letting in light and air, when I had thought of it as a tight place where I could go inside and be as snug as if I were in a house.) I felt someone standing behind me and turned around, and it was my Uncle Paul. He had a little gray mustache on his pink face and he was dressed, as always, in a nice, warm brown suit of tweeds. He showed me a way to fix the branches so that they would interlock and stand much more firmly against the tree.

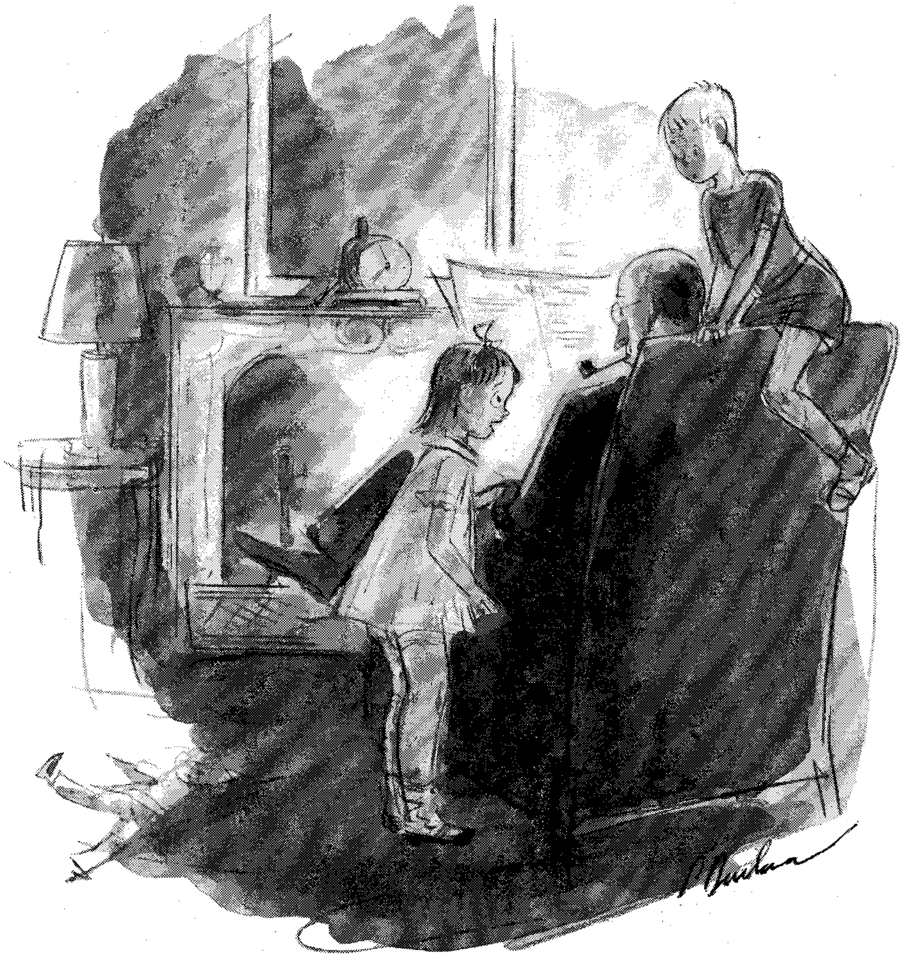
"I want it to be so I can get inside and be safe," I said.

"You always have to leave a door," he said. "You can have it all shut in except that."

After a while he walked away. He never bothered people. He had these pleasant lunch parties that gave pleasure



*"Now I want to ask just one question. Have you ever seen this tree before?"*



*"Is Mr. Roosevelt going to give two Christmases too, Daddy?"*

• •

to the guests, with splendid, rich desserts the children liked, and everybody had a good time. He never asked you too often—just often enough so that you were glad to go again.

During the World War, my Uncle Paul gave a good deal of money to the Allied Relief, my father said, and he used to knit washcloths for the soldiers. When we went to lunch there it was just the same, except that the gardener had gone to the war and Uncle Paul knitted washcloths after lunch. The food was a little different, because we all had to do without wheat and sugar and such things. But it was still good, plentiful food and he always had the same cook and waitress.

I used to think that my Uncle Paul had the best life of anyone I had ever heard of. He had been born just at the right time to be out of any bad trouble in the world. He had never married anybody and he lived alone in just the way that he chose and he did not have to work or be with people except when he asked them to come. He was very shy and I understood about that. Once there was a dinner for old Beaux-Arts men and my Uncle Paul had to go to it. He was in a panic for fear he might have to speak, and he could not eat any dinner. But in the end he did not have to speak at all. Nothing had ever happened to him, nothing, nothing. He was able to live his life and enjoy it without being troubled by all the things that tortured other people—debt and worry and misunderstanding and fights. He could live his life and enjoy it as it passed day by day and nothing happened.

BUT later on, when I was grown-up, my Uncle Paul began to have heart trouble. He would have frightful attacks of pain quite suddenly when he was going upstairs or even sitting in a chair.

He was beside himself with terror. I don't know what he was afraid of, whether it was the pain itself or whether it was the fear of dying. He got a doctor to come and live with him in the house. His name was Dr. Alexander. He was a short man with an olive complexion and smooth black hair. He called my Uncle Paul "Paul," but Uncle Paul, who was a formal man, always called him "Dr. Alexander." Dr. Alexander lived in Uncle Paul's house from that time on.

My mother and father still went there to lunch a few times a year, but I had gone away from home then and I did not see my Uncle Paul for a long time. I still thought of him as having the best life I had ever seen lived. I was sorry that his heart had gone bad, but when I thought of him I saw the smooth, green lawns and the specimen strawberries like great ruby blobs among the green leaves, and the comfortable chintz-covered chairs in the living room, and everything beautifully neat and orderly and nothing happening.

Once, though, I went to lunch there again when I was visiting at home. It was different. It did not seem to be Uncle Paul's house any more but to belong to Dr. Alexander. Dr. Alexander was a sociable man and he did all the talking at lunch and my Uncle Paul sat silent. Dr. Alexander talked about operations he had seen performed. After lunch we walked out on the lawn in back of the house, where a putting green had been arranged so that Dr. Alexander could practice shots. Of course, no one could have said that Dr. Alexander was anything but nice to my Uncle Paul. But he was an active man and he liked things to happen, and so he kept the conversation going gaily and kept jumping up and lighting cigarettes and everything was different. He kept talking about his days in the hospital, and when he started saying anything about the present, he would begin, "You know, we lead a very quiet life here. Poor Paul . . ." Uncle Paul hardly spoke during the time we were there at lunch. He looked frightened. It was not his house any more and he was frightened about his heart and he could not do without Dr. Alexander.

About a year after I lunched there, my Uncle Paul died. I was told he had had a bad attack when he was lying on the sofa after dinner and it was so agonizing that he was screaming; he rolled off the sofa in his anguish and it was on the floor that he died. He left all his money to Dr. Alexander. I do not know what Dr. Alexander has done with it or where he is living now.

—NANCY HALE

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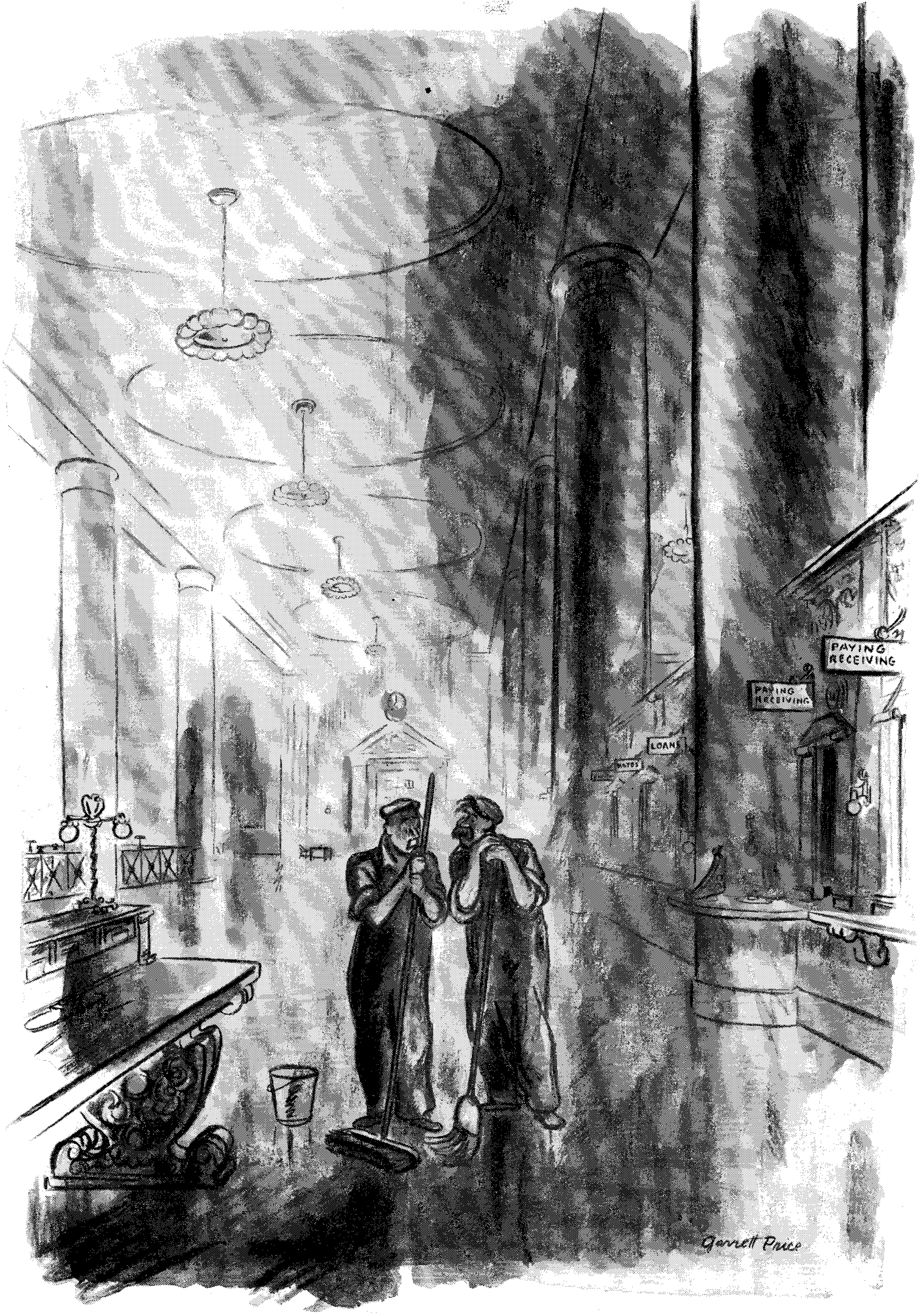
MIAMI, FLA.—The bookshop at 128 N.E. 2nd Avenue, formerly known as Ye Friendly Book & Magazine Shop, Inc., is now called Book and Magazine Shop, Inc.
—*Publishers' Weekly.*

Duration of the war?


PAYING RECEIVING
PAYING RECEIVING
LOANS
Garrett Price

*"Twenty years on this job, and still she won't listen to me in money matters."*

# PROFILES

## JURIST—III

*Felix Frankfurter*

SOON after the Sacco-Vanzetti case ended, Harvard forgave Professor Frankfurter for his courageous and unpopular fight to save the two anarchists. President Lowell made no attempt to get rid of him, though he punned to Dean Pound of the Law School that "one Frankfurter to the Pound should be enough." Frankfurter was one of Harvard University's most valuable assets, and everyone knew it. The country's biggest law offices clamored for Frankfurter's "boys." His pupils also had a way of landing in key spots in Washington. After years spent in trying to educate Presidents and Cabinet members, he had found that his real place was teaching the more malleable young. Let others write the nation's songs; he would make the lawyers who were to write its laws.

Frankfurter's methods of teaching were part classical, part unconventional. Since the nineteen-hundreds, the "case system" has been used more and more widely in American law schools; students are taught less of the principles of jurisprudence according to abstract formulas in textbooks and are encouraged to learn the law at first hand by studying a couple of hundred selected cases in a year's course. Frankfurter used this system, but covered only between ten and twenty cases in the same period. A great analyzer and weigher of testimony and decisions, he would dwell on each one so long that his course became known as the Case-a-Month Club. While the students recited in Frankfurter's classes, the Professor, sitting in a back row of the classroom, often perched precariously on the back of a chair, would heckle them. He employed the old Socratic method of teaching by questions and answers, by a vigorous battle of wits between teacher and pupil.

At lectures before classes on Public Utilities and on his main subject of Administrative Law, Frankfurter was a dynamic speaker, a strong logician, yet one whose mind ranged over a fascinating variety of subjects—psychology, history, economics, sociology—as they related to the study of the law. One of his students has said, "He brought to the individual a sense of his own active, continuous participation in the real world outside. With Frankfurter, one had a finger in the affairs of Washington, Paris, and London." He had, according to another pupil, a "terrific capacity to stimulate and inspire." But even some of his admirers, including one who is now a key figure in the New Deal administration, thought that while his courses were not to be missed, "it might not be a good thing for a lawyer to have studied only with Frankfurter." Slow-witted students found themselves exhausted or baffled. They argued that Frankfurter wandered too far afield, bringing in extraneous matters "not relevant to Railroad A and Railroad B;" that he centred his attention on favorite students; that he enjoyed exercising his caustic tongue. Those who survived Frankfurter's discipline were moved up, in select groups of about twelve, to seminars, in which Frankfurter's methods were most effective. Here the best students, given the working principles, were made to do their own research into the background of cases, and were urged, in order to become sound technicians, to keep an eye out for the facts as well as the precedents and stock interpretations of the law. They were taught to analyze a case from the beginning, so that they knew the point on which the outcome turned rather than the mere record of the decision. Under Frankfurter they learned more about real lawyership, his colleagues on the Harvard faculty agreed, than under anyone else.

Frankfurter's attitude toward his students was paternal. In addition to trying to inspire them, he all but adopted his favorite pupils into his childless family. He became absorbed in their private lives and their ambitions. Through friendly philanthropists, he raised a fund for young men who lacked money for their schooling. Having a warm, bubbling, aggressive personality, he tended unconsciously to dominate many of his pupils. At the same time, he enjoyed the companionship of students who fought with him in class. After his favorite pupils graduated, he corresponded with them, electing them members of his private, unofficial Institute for Shaping and Guiding Public Opinion.

He left on many of his pupils the stamp of his liberal faith. He preached the ideal of serving as lawyers "for the community" and not merely to win money away from a defendant for a plaintiff. He encouraged them to enter the practice of administrative law, which embraces the increasing regulative relations between government and business. Government and business both must be made, he said, to "go honest." To bring about this happy end, he held that educated men and technicians must enter the government in greater numbers. But, he added, "the expert should be on tap, not on top." Thus Frankfurter and his pupils were prepared for the great political-economic overturn of 1929-33. With the advent of the New Deal, Frankfurter and his disciples simply came into their own.

In 1932, Massachusetts itself showed that the bitterness engendered by Frankfurter's fight as the defender of Sacco and Vanzetti had been forgotten when the new governor offered him an appointment to the State Supreme Court. It was a distinguished judicial position, paying a good salary for life. "Felix could have put on a cutaway and walked down State Street, hobnobbing with the great," one of his Boston friends observed. He refused the office, saying that his duty was to carry on the work of the Law School. Privately he remarked, "It's an old-fogy court, and I would be lost in it." If he had some higher court in mind at the time, he said nothing of it. When anyone asked him about his ambitions, he said vehemently, "It is folly to have a fixed ambition." Around the same time, his long-standing friendship with Franklin D. Roosevelt led him to help actively in Roosevelt's first campaign for the Presidency. After Roosevelt took office, the rush of high-ranking Harvard Law graduates to Washington began. Frankfurter wrote so many of his magical letters of introduction that the later arrivals among those seeking legal posts in the government felt that his introductions might be losing their force. "I already have Felix's endorsement," wrote one of these to an influential Harvard alumnus, "but he gives out so many that I would like to have yours too."

IN the period between 1933 and 1939, Frankfurter, as one of President Roosevelt's advisers, probably had between a third and a fourth of the Presidential ear. There were two schools of advisers besides Frankfurter's own: the monetary inflationists, and the national planners of the A. A. Berle, Jr., and Rexford Tugwell type. In addition, there was a fourth faction of plain, old conservatives and machine politicians in Democratic uniform. Compared to all these elements, Frankfurter represented the old-fashioned Woodrow Wilson liberalism. He was for breaking up the trusts and helping the little American and the laborer by regulative and social laws instead of by wide regimentation. He said, like Brandeis, that you couldn't just settle everything by passing a law. Frankfurter's legal work and that of his pupils during the emergency Hundred Days of 1933 was soundly done and withstood Supreme Court tests better than that of other experts. Called in by the President to write the Federal Securities Bill early in 1933, Frankfurter arrived in Washington with two thin, solemn young men to assist him—James M. Landis and Benjamin V. Cohen, both former pupils. Cohen was a "lawyers' lawyer" and had had experience in drafting state laws in Illinois. He and Landis, a young member of the Harvard Law School faculty, were to do the job while Frankfurter directed them from Cambridge, and as often as his presence was needed, or as his teaching permitted, he would come to Washington.

Landis and Cohen labored over the innumerable clauses of the historic bill regulating the vast business of investment bankers and stockbrokers while Frankfurter guided them and, on weekends, oversaw their work. In Roosevelt circles, and in Sam Rayburn's House committee, which was officially supposed to be writing this law, it was understood that Averell Harriman, the financier and a friend of Roosevelt, was to bring in some seasoned Wall Street lawyers to help Cohen, Landis, and Frankfurter. Frankfurter warily kept his boys away from Harriman's lawyers rather than run the risk of having the bill denatured. Skillfully, stubbornly, he convinced Roosevelt and Rayburn's committee that to enact a law that wouldn't really work, or one that could not be administered effectively—which was what a denatured bill might amount to—would be much worse than doing nothing, since another financial crash or scandal would politically ruin the pretended reformers.

Frankfurter had no use for the National Industrial Recovery Act, written by another group of Roosevelt advisers. He warned Roosevelt that its provisions for controlling production and prices would probably not stand a Supreme Court test and advised him to prevent such a test as long as possible. When the NRA was upset by the Court in 1935, he advised Roosevelt to abandon it and not even try to rewrite the law. Roosevelt took his advice. The New Dealers, throughout the first two years of their regime, feared that the Supreme Court, through its final veto power, might sweep all their attempts at economic recovery and social reform into the ashcan. This was exactly what began to happen when the Court issued a unanimous decision in the Schechter case on May 27, 1935, absolving some Brooklyn chicken dealers who had broken the NRA's Live Poultry Code. Thereafter, the Nine Old Men rushed ahead and, often by five-to-four decisions, overthrew the main mass of New Deal legislation. The original AAA laws regulating farming and the first Guffey Act controlling soft-coal mining were nullified; the TVA and other new government agencies were sorely hamstrung.

On May 31, 1935, Roosevelt, alarmed over the disaster which had befallen the NRA, called Frankfurter to the White House for a long conference on what Washington called the "Constitutional Crisis," which was defeating the efforts of the New Deal. Later Roosevelt called in the newspapermen and made his famous attack on the conservative majority of the Court and their "horse-and-buggy" notions of the law. Frankfurter earnestly denied to Raymond Moley and others that he had influenced the President in making these irreverent statements. He said he re-

*"I'd like something nice for my boy at Fort Dix."*

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RESEARCH

Dog meat has been eaten in every major German crisis at least since the time of Frederick the Great, and is commonly referred to as "blockade mutton." It is

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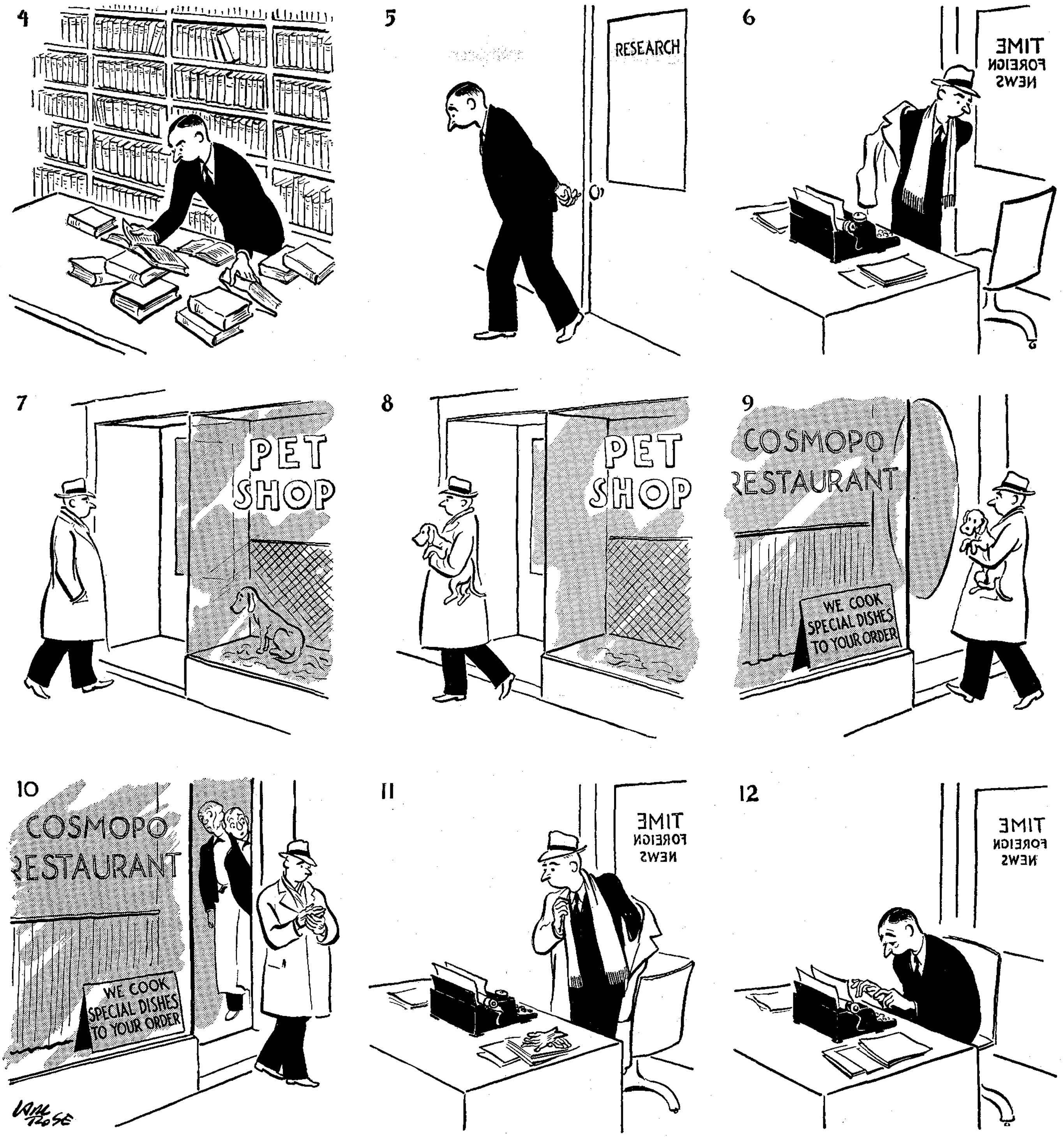
spected the authority of the Court too deeply. The irrepressible conflict between these two branches of the government—President and Court—came to a climax a few weeks after Roosevelt's triumphant reëlection in November, 1936, when the so-called "Court-packing bill," providing for the addition of six new Supreme Court Justices, was suddenly introduced in Congress at the President's order. Frankfurter was disturbed. He had always told Roosevelt that the Constitution was "flexible" and that interpretations of its meaning had changed in the past with changing conditions; that laws, after all, were "judge-made." In the last analysis, after the President and Congress had had their fling—or in the states, after the governor and legislature—the judges could exercise a sort of divine power to expound the laws according to their own interpretations, which meant also according to their own prejudices. These prejudices might become "precedents" which would have the force of law. Thus later judges might merely follow other judges' interpretations of the law rather than the law itself. This judiciary power was rooted in the Constitution of our lawyer's republic; yet few Americans realized it.

For twenty years Frankfurter had called for broader "statesmanship" on the part of our judges; he had also long urged that they practice the utmost "judicial self-restraint," especially when they were minded to review, reinterpret, or nullify laws passed by the elected representatives of the people. Roosevelt had concluded the trouble lay with the judges and not with the laws, and he couldn't wait until the Supreme Court justices—averaging over seventy years of age—grew up and acquired the right kind of prejudices. In a high-handed way, he had determined to fix everything more quickly by multiplying the judges. The bill was presented as simply an attempt to cut down the work of judges who were too old and overburdened.

Frankfurter had known nothing of this scheme. He realized now that he was just like all the other Presidential confidants who had been consulted without being told that other advisers with opposing ideas were being consulted at the same time. Newspapermen who tried to sound the Professor out thought that he was putting on an act, but he was plainly unhappy during the Court-bill fight. Roosevelt was a hero to him, but so was Brandeis, one of the most progressive members of the Court, who, unjustly stigmatized with the rest for his age, fought the Court bill vigorously. Frankfurter took the situation hard, and his health suffered. In the spring and summer of 1937, his friends noticed that his chronic neuritis had returned, giving him such pain in the back that he could scarcely either sleep or sit up.

Three years before, in an article on the Supreme Court for the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences, Frankfurter had written that "There is no magic in the number nine, but . . . experience is conclusive that to enlarge the size of the Supreme Court would be self-defeating." He approved of Roosevelt's purpose, but disapproved of the Supreme Court bill he now had had introduced. Frankfurter tried to persuade Roosevelt to work out a compromise that would eventually limit the Court membership to nine. Once, during the struggle over the bill in the Senate, Frankfurter proposed to Roosevelt that only two new Justices be added and that when two old ones retired or died there should be no more replacements, so that the number would eventually be reduced to nine again. Roosevelt scorned this and other appeals for compromise. During the torrid summer of 1937, the day arrived when Joe Robinson, the Senate majority floor leader, to whom the Senate majority had given pledges to vote in favor of the bill, fell dead. Senator Wheeler cried out that even God was against Roosevelt's scheme, and the bill was beaten. But Roosevelt, by his fierce onslaught, had broken the morale and power of the Nine Old Men. As early as March, 1937, they began to weaken. The year before, they had banned minimum-wage laws. Now they reversed themselves and sanctioned not only minimum-wage laws but the sweeping provisions of the Wagner Labor Act. Then, in May, Justice Van Devanter retired, and after him Justice Sutherland. Roosevelt's violence had "revolutionized" the Court and forced a change in its personnel. The way was opened to the appointment of sympathetic judges, whose number eventually included Roosevelt's old friend Frankfurter.

IN the past, a drastic shakeup of the Supreme Court has usually resulted in our having what might be called a "new" Constitution. When Frankfurter took office in January, 1939, two youthful New Dealers, Hugo Black and Stanley Reed, aged fifty-one and fifty-three, respectively, had preceded him. He was followed by two striplings, Frank Murphy, forty-six, and William Douglas, forty. The transfusion of young blood into the old Court was complete; the age index of the Court dropped from about seventy-two to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**tough, gamy, strong-flavored.**
—*Time, November 25th.*

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about sixty. Among these new liberals, Frankfurter could not be expected to distinguish himself as a "great dissenter." He could be expected, because of his imposing knowledge of constitutional law, to supply the younger members of the Court with a certain leadership. For a time he seemed to enjoy—to the horror of the ancient, crusty McReynolds—mischievously quizzing appellant lawyers before the bench in Harvard classroom fashion. He also warmed to the real work of the Court, which is done in the rear rooms, where the Justices read and consult with each other over briefs submitted. As usual, Frankfurter was soon busy getting people together; more than any other Justice, he ran in and out of the chambers of his colleagues. Also, he consciously tried to set the tone for the "new" Court. In one of the first decisions in which he participated, he made a frank allusion to the recent "reconstruction in the membership of the Court" and to the "shift in constitutional doctrine" that must naturally follow. But, as he added, the new doctrines would also be "rooted in the Constitution itself," like the old.

He set to work with his colleagues to consolidate the recent liberal victory. This was a long-pull job. Step by step, a constructive task had to be carried on—a "creative work," as Justice Stone had said, that was long overdue, by which the law was to be "molded to fulfill the needs of a changing social order, taking vitality from life, rather than precedents." Roads were to be cleared through the wilderness of entangling casuistries and conflicting precedents that was Anglo-American law. For several years the New Deal laws had been bogged in litigation in the federal courts. For example, the various recently established administrative commissions, which had broad powers, were in a position to attempt to control everything from radio broadcasts to labor disputes; they might investigate, prosecute, and judge at the same time—something relatively new under our system of government—but the powers of these commissions were constantly being challenged, and a licence for them had to be found in the new interpretation of the Constitution. This was done during 1939 and 1940, in what legal scholars have termed a series of masterly opinions, a large number of which were written by Frankfurter.

A mass of appeals based by lawyers for public-utility companies on ancient procedures, precedents, and distinctions were thrown out of court. Frankfurter's typical comment on such technicalities was that "they served no useful purpose." Even in the extremely complicated field of taxation, where an incessant battle goes on to save money for big taxpayers, Frankfurter and his colleagues ventured boldly. In Helvering vs. Hallock, a case involving federal inheritance taxation, an opinion read by Frankfurter demolished what he called "gossamer distinctions" and esoteric casuistries which blocked the effectiveness of inheritance-tax laws. The technicalities of the law of property could no longer be used to avoid taxes. In this decision, two previous Supreme Court decisions and numerous decisions of lower federal courts and the Tax Appeals Board were overruled and big loopholes in the tax laws were plugged.

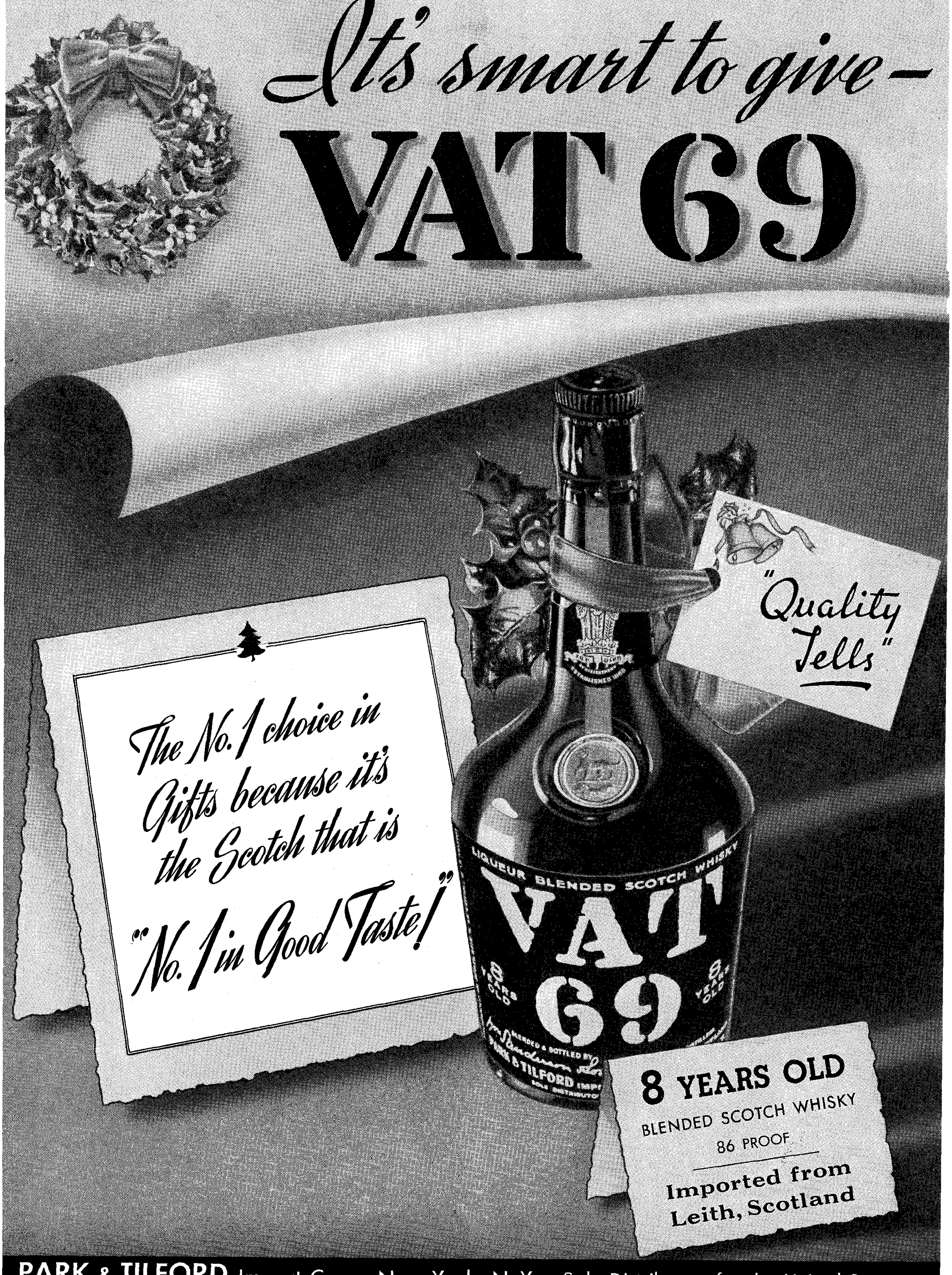
However, in defending civil liberties, Frankfurter was ready to set the Court against high lieutenants of Roosevelt, such as J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the F.B.I. In a wire-tapping case, he condemned evidence gathered by this stealthy method as "fruit of the poisonous tree." Another time, he concurred in a decision in which the Court seemed to lean over backward toward safeguarding freedom of speech. A group of Jehovah's Witnesses had played records on a portable phonograph in a street in New Haven—records attacking the Catholic Church. They were arrested and convicted of breach of peace and other charges. The Supreme Court annulled their sentence, which Connecticut's Supreme Court had upheld.

Until the spring of 1940 the new Court seemed to be leading the country to some utopia of liberalism. Then came a new *Blitzkrieg* in the second World War, and western Europe was overrun by the Nazis. Mr. Dooley once remarked that the Supreme Court, in making up its mind, used to keep an eye on the election returns, but now the Justices apparently read the war communiqués as well and took to brooding, like everyone else, about Fifth Columns. It was during the Battle of Flanders that the Court debated and wrote its opinion upon a new civil-liberties case, that of Gobitis vs. Minersville School District, registering one of the quickest changes of attitude in its history. Once more the case involved Jehovah's Witnesses. A member of this sect appealed for religious freedom for his two children, who had been expelled from a Pennsylvania public school for having refused to salute the American flag at some patriotic exercises. Eight Justices supported the right of the Pennsylvania local authorities to deny the Jehovah's Witnesses' children free education unless they saluted the flag. The majority opinion, to everyone's surprise, was written by Frankfurter. One of the appellant's lawyers was a Harvard Law School professor sent to Washington by the American Civil Liberties Union. Justice Stone, dissenting, in line with his unswervingly liberal principles, used arguments and terms that had once been voiced by Frankfurter himself. Frankfurter vigorously defended the flag-salute statute of the Pennsylvania law. Religious liberty, he argued, was in the long run limited by the secular interests of the majority, by whatever "society thinks necessary for the promotion of some great common end."

*"Aren't these too sheer for a Colonial Dame?"*

The decision caused great excitement among Frankfurter's friends and divided them into two quarrelling camps. One camp set him down as a member of the war party, interested in throwing even the authority of the Supreme Court into the struggle against Hitler. A Yale law authority who had once admired him commented that Frankfurter was engaged in "heroically saving America from a couple of school children." The other camp defended Frankfurter, arguing that the decision had been carefully phrased to apply only to the specific case in point, and that a case involving religious freedom more broadly might bring from him, as well as from the seven other Justices who sided with him, a totally different and more liberal opinion, one typical of Frankfurter.

SINCE his appointment, Frankfurter has been forced to make some drastic readjustments in his daily life. At Cambridge, he had a habit of going to the counter of a coffeepot on Harvard Square for a late-evening snack. Now, when he dines out, he goes to the best restaurants. Yesterday he lived in a simple, plainly furnished Brattle Street home. Today the Frankfurters have a larger house at a higher rental—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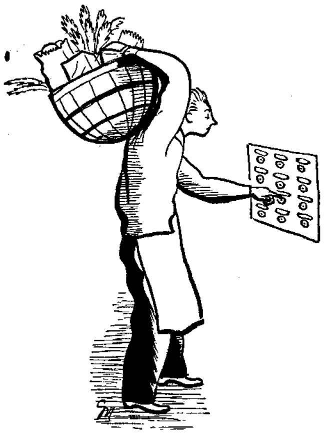
$250 a month—on a quiet street in Georgetown. It is a red-brick, early-nineteenth-century building; its very large living rooms have been done by an interior decorator. After having walked to work for twenty years, Frankfurter rides across Washington every morning in his own Pontiac, driven by a chauffeur provided by the government. He rises early, eats breakfast by eight, and reaches his chamber at the Supreme Court by nine, usually the earliest of the nine Justices. Although, like the other Justices, he doesn't care for the palatial atmosphere of the Court—he practically sprints through its marble corridors to get out of them as quickly as possible—he likes his own suite of offices well enough. His chamber is panelled in warm-tinted oak; there is another office for his law clerk and a third room for his records and his stenographer.

The Court's term is about as long as a college year, running from the first Monday in October to the first week in June, when the Court takes a recess of four months. During the term, the Justices normally sit for two weeks, then take two weeks off to catch up on their work. Saturdays are the big days, when the Justices meet in closed session in an imposing conference room behind the great courtroom, and vote on cases before them. The nine men sit around a table. The Chief Justice calls up the cases one at a time, gives his own opinion first (according to a long-established ceremony), then calls on the Justice last to join the Court (now Murphy) for his opinion, then calls on the next to last, and thus works around the table. After the decisions have been made, the writing of opinions is assigned to majority and minority spokesmen. The Justices are usually kept busy writing these during their fortnight of recess.

Every day during the open sessions, shortly before twelve o'clock, Frankfurter, who in private has joked a good deal about all the pomp and ceremony of the Supreme Court, has to go to the



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robing room behind the courtroom and put on his black silk robes, take his place in line, and march in with the other Justices, while the audience rises in the courtroom and the Crier calls out, "Oyez, oyez, oyez!" and "God save the United States and this honorable Court!" Frankfurter seats himself second from the left, next to Hugo Black, in an especially high chair which enables him to peer over the bench.

Mrs. Frankfurter, taller than her husband, is a distinguished-looking woman with white hair, keen blue eyes, and fine features. She has counted for a good deal in her husband's career. She is, for one thing, quick-witted enough to act as a foil for him when he performs in company. For many years he has made a practice of reading to her the things he writes and submitting them to her criticism, which is often sharp; he considers her literary taste superior to his own. In collaboration with Gardner Jackson, a Boston journalist, she edited "The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti." She has also helped some of the Justice's friends to get their books written.

Social life in Washington is not without its hardships. On Mondays, once a month, according to an old custom, all Supreme Court Justices must hold open house. Also, there are energetic Washington hostesses who stop at nothing in order to snare one Justice of the Supreme Court along with two or three Cabinet members for a successful dinner party. In self-protection, the Frankfurters make a pretence of avoiding active social life, because of the pressure of work and to safeguard his health. The Justice, however, intensely enjoys human society, especially old friends and young Harvard men. A gathering with his "boys," usually headed by Ed Prichard, a brilliant young Kentuckian who was his law clerk until a few months ago, and by his present law clerk, Philip Graham, is apt to be animated and to run to late hours. Sometimes during these proceedings the Justice lies down, prone, on the floor of his living room to rest his bad back. Often, when his guests have gone, he stays up and listens to the radio, particularly to the war news.

Secretary of War Stimson, his patron of the early years, is again in Washington, as is Secretary of the Navy Knox, a friend from the old Teddy Roosevelt days; Frankfurter sees them frequently. Other old friends whom he sees are Lord Lothian, the British Ambassador, Eugene Meyer, financier and publisher of the Washington *Post*, and

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*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

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in his new comedy
"THE GREAT DICTATOR"
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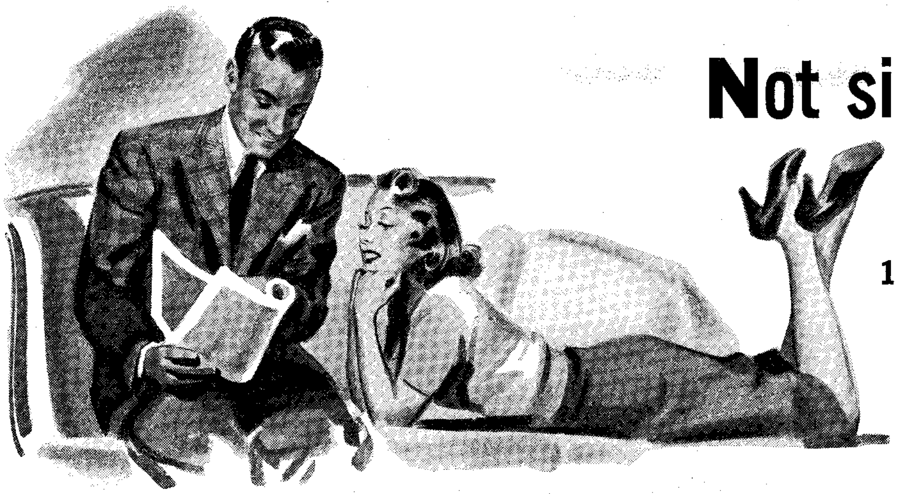


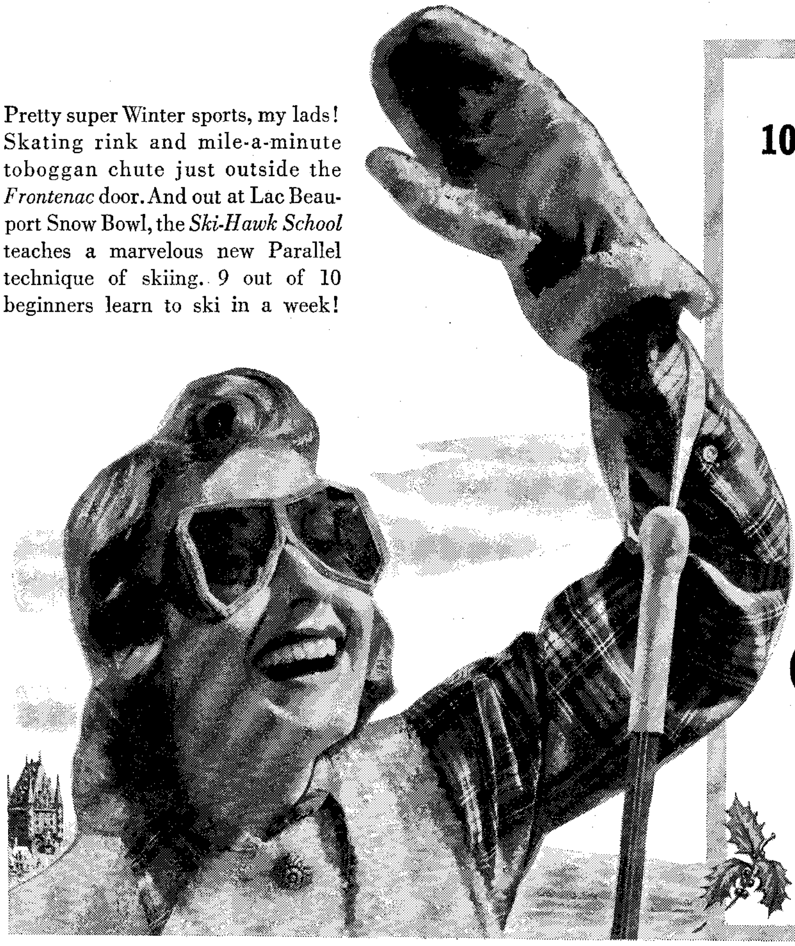
# Not since we hung up our stockings

**1.** Mom likes finger-bowls. Pop likes to rough it. Sis and I are on the bo-do-de-o side. Settling on a family holiday takes a strategist. But when Pop unfurled this folder for a Noel-New Year's junket up to the *Chateau* in old *Québec*...right to a man, we all got those duck-bumps we used to get the night before Christmas. Look here!

**2.** Old *Québec* evidently is on its best behavior at this time. Sleighing under mountains of fur robes. Christmas done the old fashioned way with the Boar's Head ceremony...the Yule log. Sentimental? Sure, but we're going to love it!

**3.** Say, this is going to be all right. The *Chateau* has a swell band and plenty of high jinks. Bang-up New Year's Eve party as only the French can swing it. Superb food too...because it's *Chateau Frontenac* cuisine. It's all going to be a new one on me.

Pretty super Winter sports, my lads! Skating rink and mile-a-minute toboggan chute just outside the *Frontenac* door. And out at Lac Beauport Snow Bowl, the *Ski-Hawk School* teaches a marvelous new Parallel technique of skiing. 9 out of 10 beginners learn to ski in a week!



## 10-DAY CHRISTMAS • NEW YEAR'S TRIP

***Dec. 23 • Jan. 2...$99.75***

## 6-DAY NEW YEAR'S WEEK-END

***Dec. 27 • Jan. 2...$70.75***

**FROM NEW YORK**

Includes room, all meals, lower berth round trip, transfers, membership in Ski-Hawk Club. Through sleeper leaves New York Dec. 27, P. M. Phone Canadian Pacific: VA. 6-4444 or write direct.

*Canada Welcomes U. S. Citizens...No Passports*

# Chateau Frontenac

*A Canadian Pacific Hotel*
*in Friendly Old Québec*

Hugo Black, the radical among the Justices. "I don't see why a man can't be a friend of both Eugene Meyer and Hugo Black," Frankfurter once said. In addition, through a growing friendship with Archibald MacLeish, a former student for whom Frankfurter wangled the job of Librarian of Congress, the Justice contributes to the political education of the librarian-poet while no doubt picking up a few points about literature. One night not long ago, at one o'clock, Frankfurter, in great excitement, called MacLeish on the telephone and offered to read him a long poem written by Lawrence Lee, entitled, "The Tomb of Thomas Jefferson," which he had just discovered in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. MacLeish, who had already gone to bed, stood in a draft, clad only in pajamas, for several minutes while Frankfurter read to him. MacLeish was able to break away and go back to bed only after he had agreed that the poem was beautiful.

The war has already affected even the private life of the Frankfurters. This summer they took three English refugee children into their home—aged twelve, ten, and three. They are the children of Sylvester Gates, an English barrister who once studied under Frankfurter at the Harvard Law School. Frankfurter sometimes finds it hard to adjust himself to having children around the house. Recently, after a strenuous day at the Court, he remarked to a friend to whom his Anglophilism was an old story, "You know, English children can be noisy, too."

—MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

(*This is the last of three articles on Justice Frankfurter.*)

•

### LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

[*From Collier's*]

Jinx's toes are usually bare. In Chile even the nice children went without shoes, and in Hollywood no one seems to mind. Jinx hates wearing high heels because they make her taller than many men—so she goes out evenings in long gowns, barefooted. If she's planning to dance, she first waxes the bottom of her feet, thus preserving both her grace and her escort's ego . . . [in Honolulu] evening-gowned, barefooted, she lowered herself out her second-story window onto a glass roof and scampered along it, giggling happily and baying at the moon in lyrical Spanish. The roof caved in and Jinx . . . fell two stories to the terrace bar below. . . . After the torn ligaments and muscles had healed Jinx continued unaccountably to run a temperature and the surgeon discovered that she had been born with one, instead of two, kidneys. A very large one, to be sure, but badly enough injured by the shock of the fall.

If Cleopatra had it to do over...

She'd have sailed down the Nile in even greater comfort and luxury—with a handsome Hartmann Wardrobe Case . . . and hinted to Anthony to have her still another one for Christmas. As a gift there is nothing more treasured and admired. They're ruggedly built, smart-looking, amazingly practical . . . and what a swell solution to your gift problem! Every size, shape, and type you can imagine. Sensibly priced. See them.

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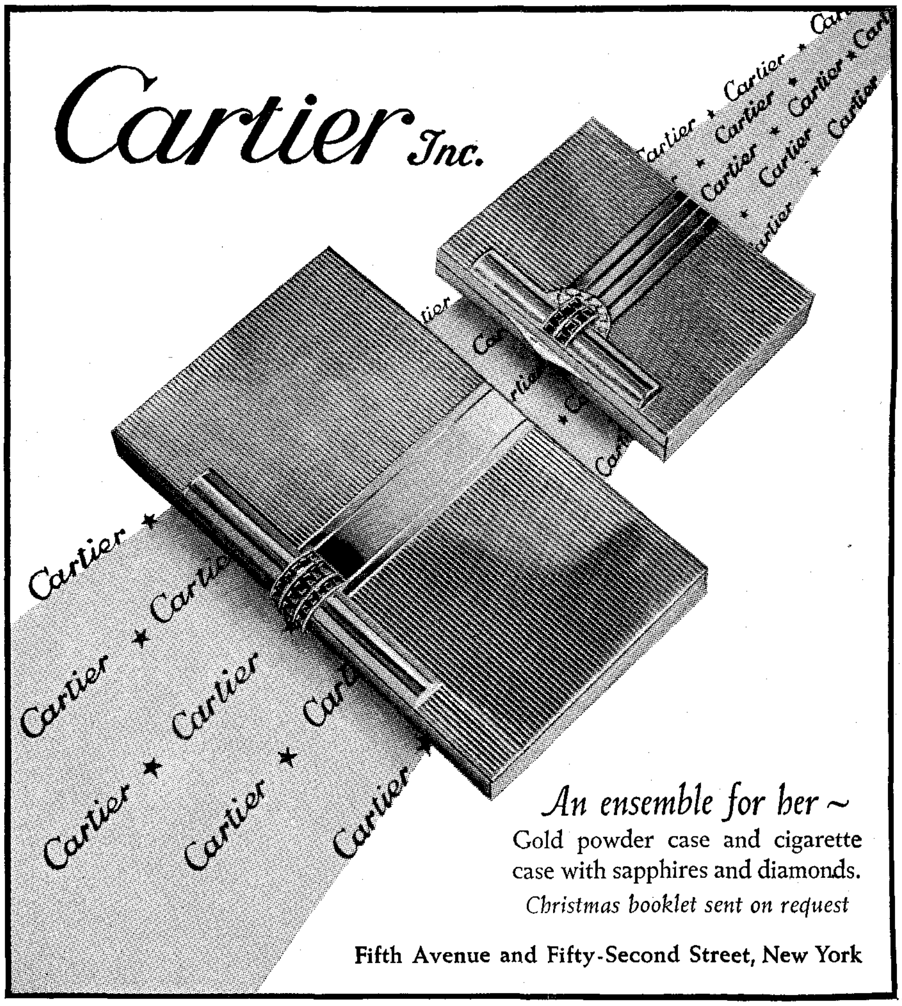
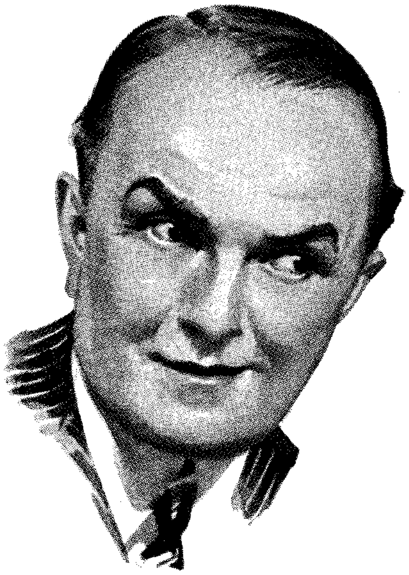


Cartier Inc.

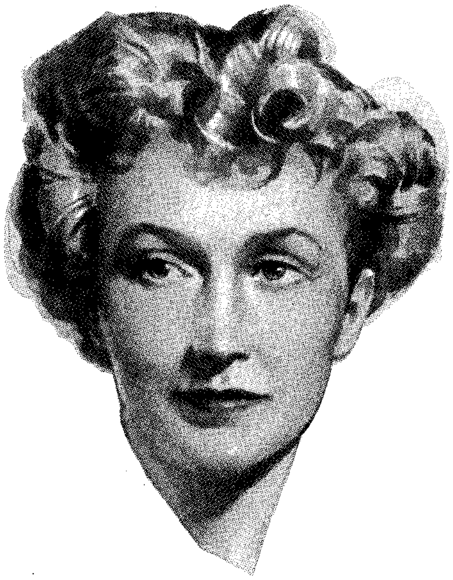
*An ensemble for her ~*
Gold powder case and cigarette case with sapphires and diamonds.
*Christmas booklet sent on request*

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, New York

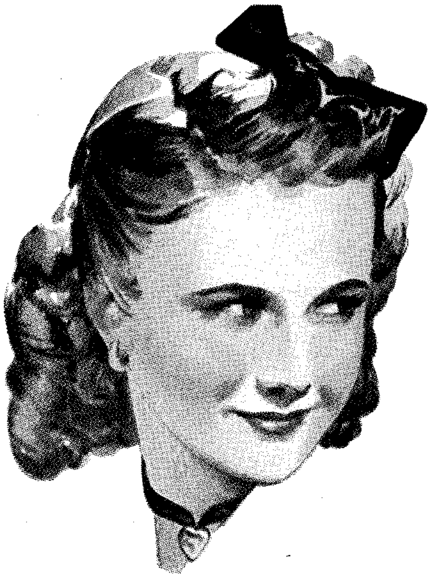
# WHO'S WHO...on the alkaline side



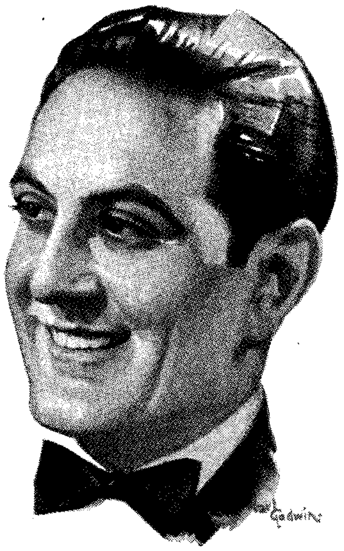
**VICTOR MOORE**...*star of "Louisiana Purchase."* "Why do I always insist on White Rock when we entertain? It's over on the alkaline side, you know. Better for you."



**MARY LEWIS** . . . *fashion expert* "I try to make my parties as nice as possible. So I serve White Rock. And with the Large Party Size it costs me only three cents a highball."



**SIGRID LASSEN**...*society singer* "I can always tell a drink mixed with White Rock. It's always the same...always keen and lively. White Rock makes a difference. Definitely!"

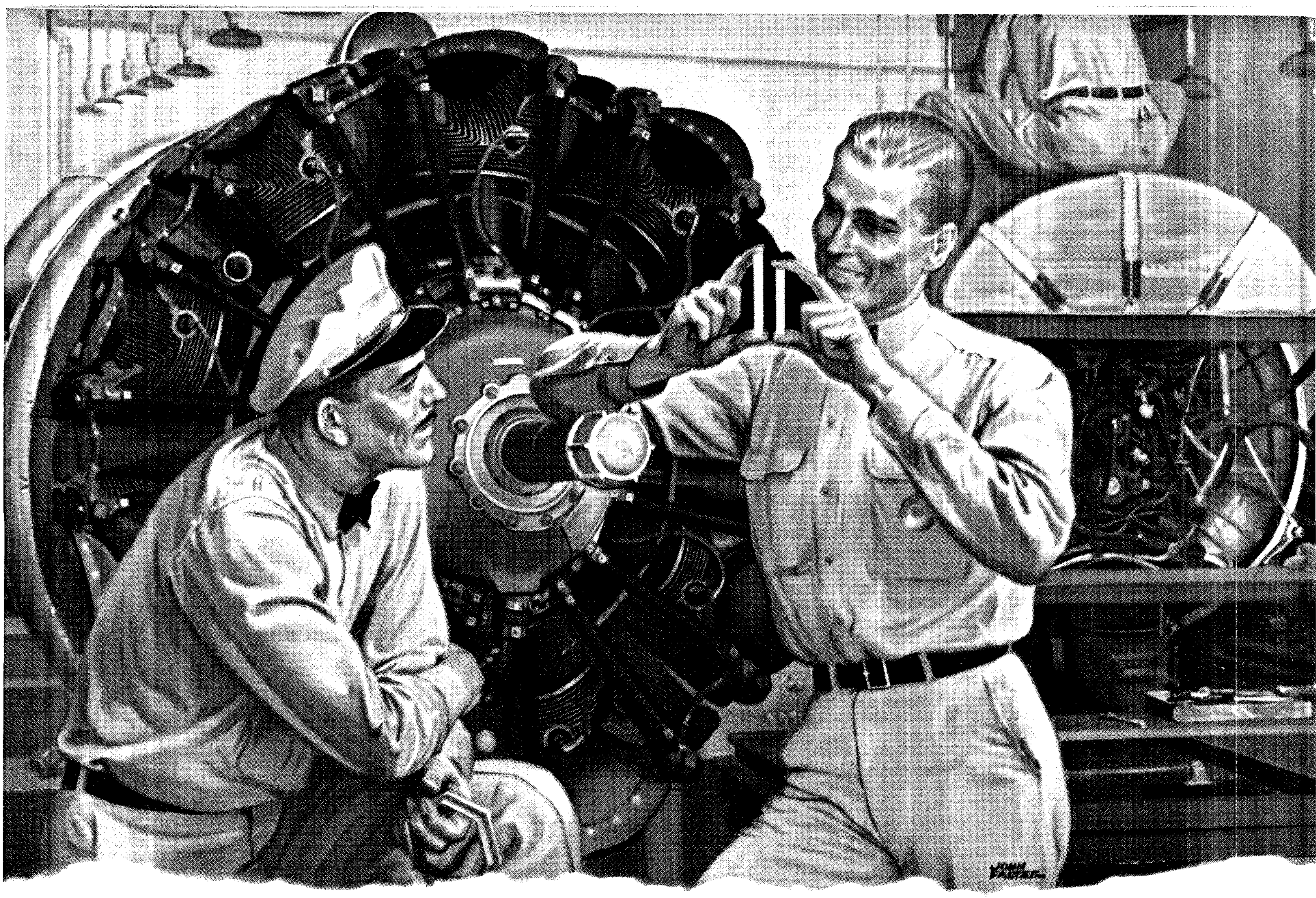


**GUY LOMBARDO**... *band leader, Hotel Roosevelt, New York.* "A swell-tasting highball? That's easy! Mix it with White Rock. Its mineral tang improves the flavor of *any* whiskey."

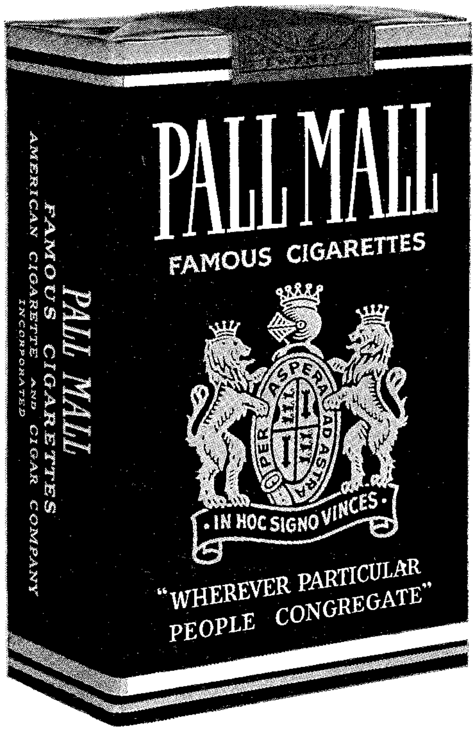
XXX OLD
WHITE ROCK WATER

Have you tried SARSAPARILLA by White Rock?
It's deliciously different. Sold at better stores.

*"Make mine with White Rock"*



# Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

## . . . FOR GENEROSITY

Place a Pall Mall beside your old cigarette. The difference in value is startling. Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer.

And this longer cigarette brings you not only more tobacco, but the finest tobacco money can buy.

Moreover, you receive a definite service, too.

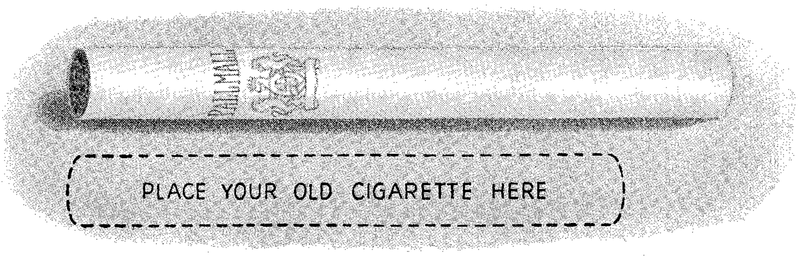
For the additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a noticeably cooler cigarette.

## . . . FOR SMOOTHNESS

The rich smoothness of Pall Mall is the result of re-discovering the almost lost art of BULKING—an old-fashioned, slow, deliberate method for mellowing fine tobaccos.

In BULKING, an unhurried miracle of nature transpires; harsh qualities grow mild, delicate aromas merge, permeating every shred of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos. The result is a mellower, really smoother smoke.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!


PALL MALL
PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

You'll see this better cigarette

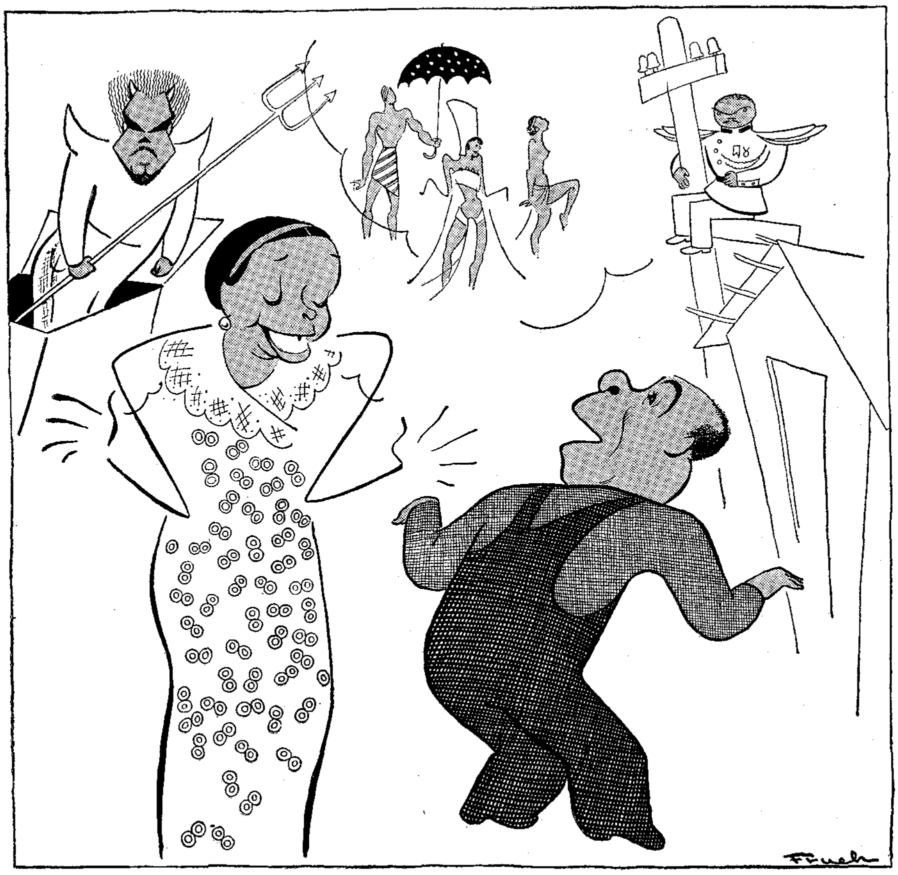
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Copyright 1940, American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

# THE THEATRE

## SAVO, MOLNÁR, DICKENS

THERE are ten numbers in Jimmy Savo's rather unclassifiable offering called "Mum's the Word," and, of these, seven struck me as just about perfect, one as fair, and the other two as serious errors in judgment. This gives Mr. Savo a batting average of something like .750, which is good enough in any league. It is hard to describe exactly what goes on at the Belmont. It is not precisely pantomime, since every now and then the star mutters a song in a small, hoarse voice, but it bears even less resemblance to the dramatic monologues concocted by the Misses Ruth Draper and Cornelia Otis Skinner, since Mr. Savo never speaks any lines or seriously pretends to be anybody but himself. On the whole, I guess it is as much pantomime as anything else, and we will let it go at that. Even harder than settling on an exact term for whatever it is that Mr. Savo does is the problem of finding words for the way he looks as he does it. His gait around the stage is a sort of crouching glide, with an occasional roll or bounce to it; his face somehow can wear at the same time an expression of confiding innocence and the most hideous leer you can imagine; his basic costume—the oceanic pantaloons, the monstrous collar, the cigar, the high-riding derby—is both pathetic and rather jaunty. There are suggestions in him of Victor Moore, Bobby Clark, and, of course, Charlie Chaplin, but he is no mere composite. Fundamentally, he is an invention of his own, and it seems to me a hell of a good one.



"CABIN IN THE SKY"

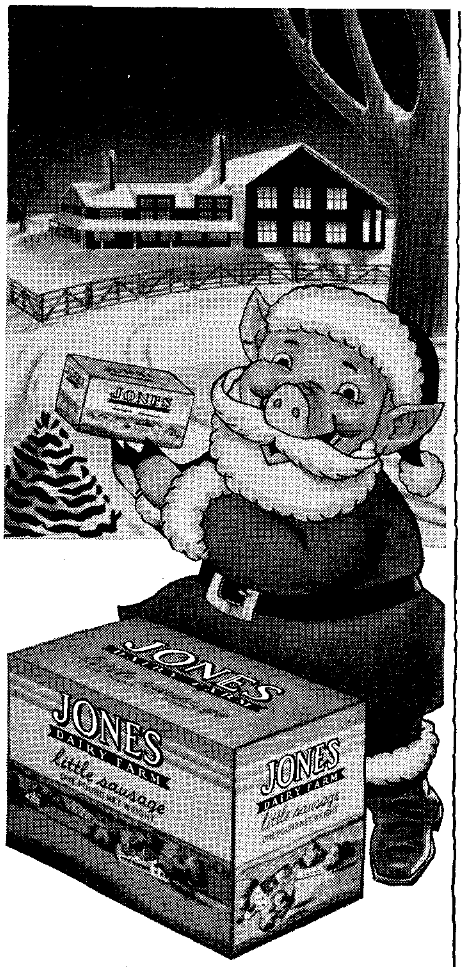
*Dooley Wilson seems to be trying to ditch Ethel Waters for one of those fancy girls up at the top. Rex Ingram and Todd Duncan have been instructed by Satan and God, respectively, to report on how things turn out. At the Martin Beck.*

Of the sketches at the Belmont, I thought the best were one showing Mr. Savo, as Eve, finally accepting the fatal apple from a very green and sinister mechanical snake; one in which a hospital porter, operating in an emergency, found his patient full of all sorts of unexpected items, including a Punch-and-Judy show and a good deal of scrap iron; and a third exhibiting a washerwoman—again, of course, Mr. S.—trying to protect her fiancé's underwear from the paws and hooves of a passing fox hunt. The worst, I'm afraid, was the number in which the cast mistook himself for somebody else, conceivably a member of the Moscow Art Theatre, and produced a glum, sociological treatise, demonstrating that starving bums on the Bowery are often driven to eating newspapers. Mr. Savo was also unfortunately inspired to sing his own version of "Old Man River" and did nothing to improve on previous renderings of that melancholy classic. As an admirer and well-wisher, I would like to suggest that the wonderful "River, Stay 'Way from My Door" be substituted for either or both of these sad specimens, but I doubt if anything much will come of that.

Hiram Sherman, acting as a sort of master of ceremonies, has something of the self-possessed literary intelligence of Orson Welles, though lacking perhaps a little of that great man's commanding presence. His program notes, delivered between the scenes, do a lot to mitigate the rather primitive quality which sometimes creeps into the boss's work, and the same thing might be said of Herbert Kingsley's stylish performance at the piano.

FERENC MOLNÁR's "Delicate Story," at Henry Miller's Theatre, was expanded from a one-act original, and is now, I'm sorry to say, so delicate that it is practically transparent. Mr. Molnár, as usual, writes pleasantly and fluently, but the minor complications arising from the cloudy sentimental attachment a delicatessen storekeeper's wife forms for a young man about to go off and serve in the Swiss army wear very thin before the long evening is over. There is a funny scene in a police station and there are attractive performances by Edna Best, Jay Fassett, and John Craven in the principal parts, but nothing else, I suspect, to take your mind off your private sorrows, whatever they may be.

"ROMANTIC MR. DICKENS" proved, as too many such plays have before it, that prominent writers and poets



**IT'S A PART OF CHRISTMAS**

Serve Jones Dairy Farm Sausage *frequently* during the Christmas Season—for breakfast, luncheon or dinner. In many homes this famous delicacy has been just as much a part of Christmas as sleigh bells and Santa Claus!

Be sure to have this Yuletide favorite of more than 50 years' standing—and be sure it's *Jones!* For Jones Sausage, as always, is still the same fine sausage. It's made by the Jones Dairy Farm, in Wisconsin — and shipped *fresh daily.*

*and Remember*

Phone your Market Man today, for this important part of Yuletide. Place your Christmas order NOW—for Jones Dairy Farm Sausage.

JONES SAUSAGE IS MADE
ONLY ON THE JONES DAIRY FARM
FT. ATKINSON, WIS. • MARY P. JONES, PRES.

seldom work out very well as characters on the stage. In this one, the author of "David Copperfield" reminded me strongly of the late Daddy Browning, although considerably less original in his amours than that versatile realtor. According to the program, it was all based "on autograph love letters from Charles Dickens to the original of Dora in 'David Copperfield,' also on confidential letters and documents from the private collection of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and other unpublished correspondence." I hope that the lesson here is obvious to all literary men. Before it collapsed, "Romantic Mr. Dickens" gave a few of us the pleasure of seeing Miss Diana Barrymore in her New York début. That was something.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

## POOH!

Pretty Miss Apathy
Sat on a sofa
Dangling her legs,
And with nothing to do.
She looked at the picture of
Old Queen Victoria,
The rug from far Persia—
An exquisite blue;
She looked at the switch
That evokes e-
Lectricity,
At the coals of an age
B.C. millions and two,
When the trees were like ferns
And the reptiles all flew;
She looked at the cat
In dream on the hearthrug,
At the sky at the window,
The clouds in it, too,
Gilt with marvellous light
From the west burning through;
And the one silly word
In her desolate noddle
As she dangled her legs,
Having nothing to do,
Was not, as you'd guess,
Of dumfoundered felicity,
But contained just four letters,
And these pronounced "Pooh!"

—WALTER DE LA MARE

•

In 1781, a French fleet, under the valiant admiral François Joseph de Grasse, left the harbor of this city of Fort-de-France. . . . De Grasse loaded 3,000 infantrymen, 100 artillerymen, 100 dragons, and 100 pieces of artillery at Haiti and then started for Chesapeake Bay, stopping off at Havana to get a loan from the Spanish commissary.—*Washington Post.*

And a few more cans of dragon food.

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HEART of Florida's "Gulf Stream Coast". Lauderdale guests may choose at will between the quiet at-home comforts of this beautifully appointed hotel in a friendly community—and the gay fun-parades of Miami and Palm Beach "just around the corner." Block-long beach walk, lounges, decks. Tile baths, steam heat and every smartly modern facility. American Plan. Ownership management. Restricted clientele. Reservations are suggested, write for details.

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is half as good
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'tis understood
Demand the best,
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Insist on...*

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**DEAN'S ORNAMENTED CAKES**
SENT ANYWHERE
DEAN'S 73 E. 57th. ST. NEW YORK ★ ★

# OF ALL THINGS

THE President is supposed to be inspecting defences while cruising in southern waters, but the Loyal Opposition Party will not be deceived. The man is obviously running for a fourth term.

•

The Italians have made the painful discovery that their *Blitzkrieg* is headed in the wrong direction. Not only that, but the old *Mare Nostrum* ain't what she used to be.

•

It is increasingly evident that Mussolini made his worst mistake last June. He thought that he was getting in at the end of the war instead of at its front.

•

Thus far, Japan has not succeeded in persuading any other country to recognize its puppet, Wang. We Occidentals never could tell one Chinaman from another.

•

Hitler is not the only thing that is wrong with Europe. The other is that there aren't enough Greeks to go around.

•

General Franco would like to borrow $100,000,000 from us to relieve his country's distress. He is the world's best authority on Spanish misery, being its author.

•

There was widespread rejoicing in these parts because a spaniel named Brownie was saved from execution. He may have nipped three people, but one of them was a bill collector.

•

Nobody will begrudge the fine time that Henry Wallace is having good-neighboring in Mexico. Ahead of him lie four bitter years of senatorial orations.

•

It is estimated that the defence program will cost us $35,000,000,000 in the next five years. That will make a nice debt for our grandchildren to pass on to theirs.

•

The Metropolitan Opera House has done away with hereditary boxholders. Millionaires must now pay to get in, just like music-lovers.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

NATIONAL DEFENSE

*Industry's No. 1 Job*

*by Westinghouse*

• *There's probably* no single subject attracting more interest today than our National Defense program. Everyone wants to know the progress American Industry is making in producing huge stores of guns, planes, ships, tanks and munitions.

• *Right now,* several of our plants are working at top speed producing gun equipment and other machines which you would never find in the catalog of the thousands of products we manufacture. And very soon our production facilities will be substantially increased with the completion of fifteen new buildings in six different states.

• *But the manufacture* of these emergency products is only a part of the equipment our company is supplying. The electrical products that we build are a vital necessity in the National Defense program. Our long experience in designing and building practically every known electrical product is now being utilized to the limit by both government and industry alike.

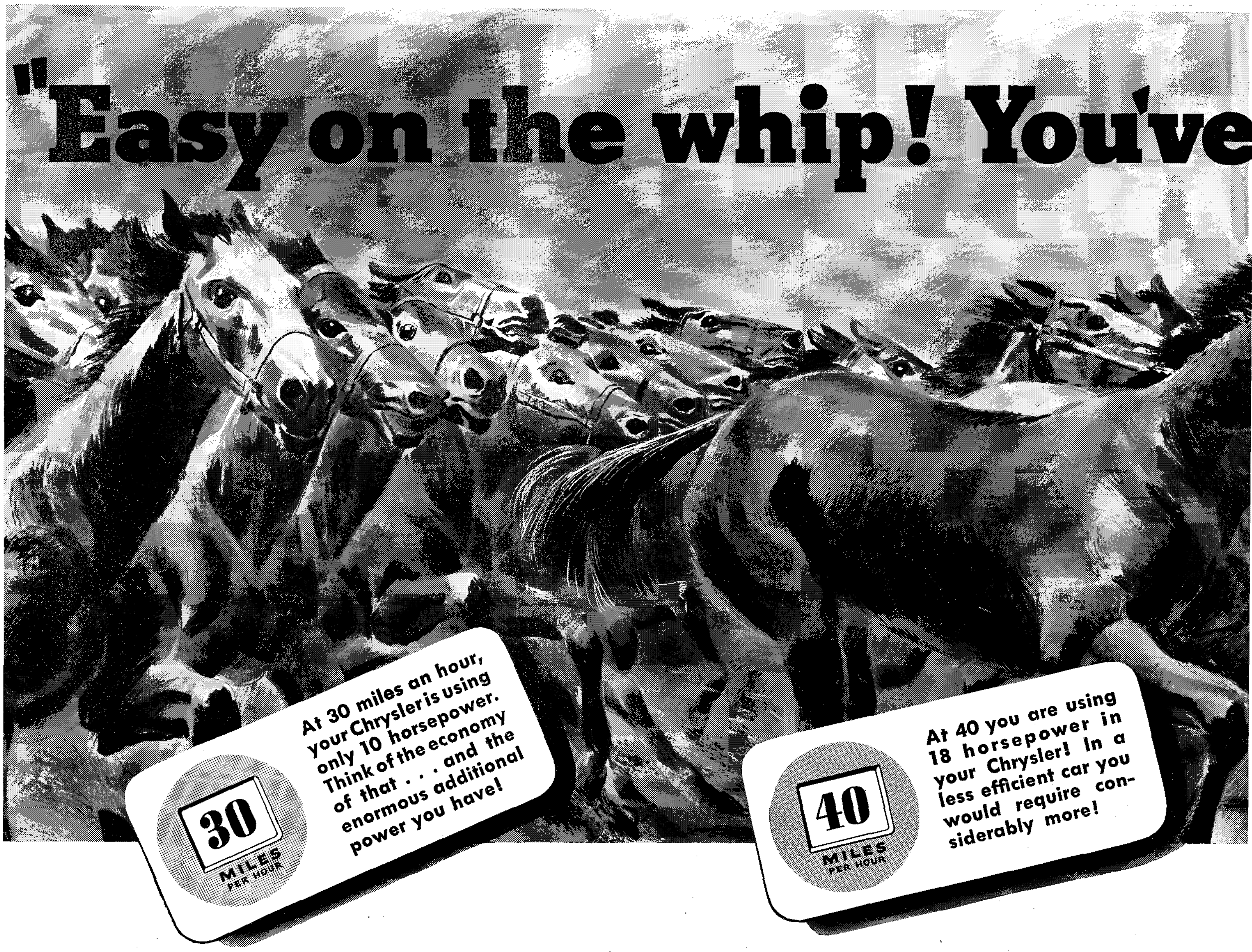
• *Our plants* are working night and day to fill orders for millions of dollars worth of electrical equipment—equipment such as turbines for marine service; motors and control equipment for cargo ships; motors and generators for submarine tenders; generators and X-Ray equipment for the Army; radio equipment for all the Services; Seadrome contact lights for naval air bases; distribution and instrument transformers for shipbuilding yards. Then there are ignitron rectifiers, multiple arc welders, meters, lighting equipment, Micarta and scores of other products, all wanted in a hurry by other manufacturers who are working on important defense orders.

• *In addition* to filling these orders, we have still others from the more than 100,000 dealers and wholesalers who sell our home electrical products and Mazda Lamps.

• *All of these* are orders that *must* be filled. Neither we, nor any of our industry partners, can afford to permit any bottleneck or business stalemate occur because of lack of the equipment that we supply. We must constantly bear in mind, too, that even greater demands will be made on us tomorrow.

• *One of the most* important things our company has done to assure efficient fulfillment of all these demands is the creation of an Emergency Products Division. Through the work of this division we are maintaining *full concentration* on defense problems, but in ways that least affect the important production of our regular electrical lines.

• *National Defense* is most certainly a tall order. And we at Westinghouse, like all American Industry, consider it the most important order in our history.


"Easy on the whip! You've
At 30 miles an hour, your Chrysler is using only 10 horsepower. Think of the economy of that . . . and the enormous additional power you have!
30
MILES PER HOUR
At 40 you are using 18 horsepower in your Chrysler! In a less efficient car you would require considerably more!
40
MILES PER HOUR

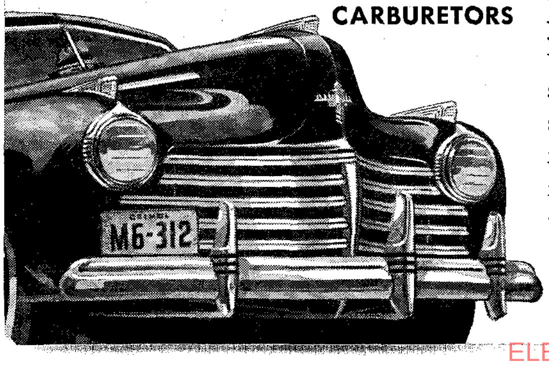
## *Quick facts on Chrysler's low-cost use of tremendous horsepower!*

THE only way to use the top horsepower of a modern motor car is to drive at close to top speed . . . and that speed is so high that there are only a few places where it is legal or safe!

What's more important to you is how much horsepower you use at average driving speeds . . . for it's just plain fact that every horse has to eat . . . every horsepower you use burns up fuel.

There's an enormous reserve of power in every Chrysler Spitfire engine . . . but as you see in the tables above, your Chrysler can cruise all day on only a small fraction of its total horsepower.

**SPITFIRE ENGINES WITH MULTIPLE-JET CARBURETORS**



With Chrysler's *Fluid Drive* and Vacamatic transmission, you have a virtually unlimited number of speeds without gear-shifting . . . you automatically have the right gear ratio for thick traffic, ordinary driving, country cruising, or terrific speed if it's safe.

As a result, Chrysler's Spitfire engines operate with ideal economy under all driving conditions. If you want emergency power, you automatically get the correct gear ratio. The principle is exactly the same as the variable-pitch propellers in modern planes. By varying the propeller pitch, the pilot gets exactly the propeller ratio he needs for takeoff, climbing or cruising.

Chrysler *Fluid Drive* and Vacamatic transmission respond automatically to your driving. You don't have to think about it. You don't have to do anything about it. Yet, you're the boss, the car does exactly what you want it to do.

Why shift gears . . . when *Fluid Driving* is so much easier, smoother and safer? Why pay a big fuel bill when a Chrysler will give you everything from crawling speed to flying speed with economy and efficiency all the way!

Why spend money for a new car that fails to give you Chrysler's modern thrills, modern driving ease, modern economy? Why not see and try Chrysler *Fluid Driving* before you decide on any 1941 motor car? Your Chrysler dealer welcomes you!

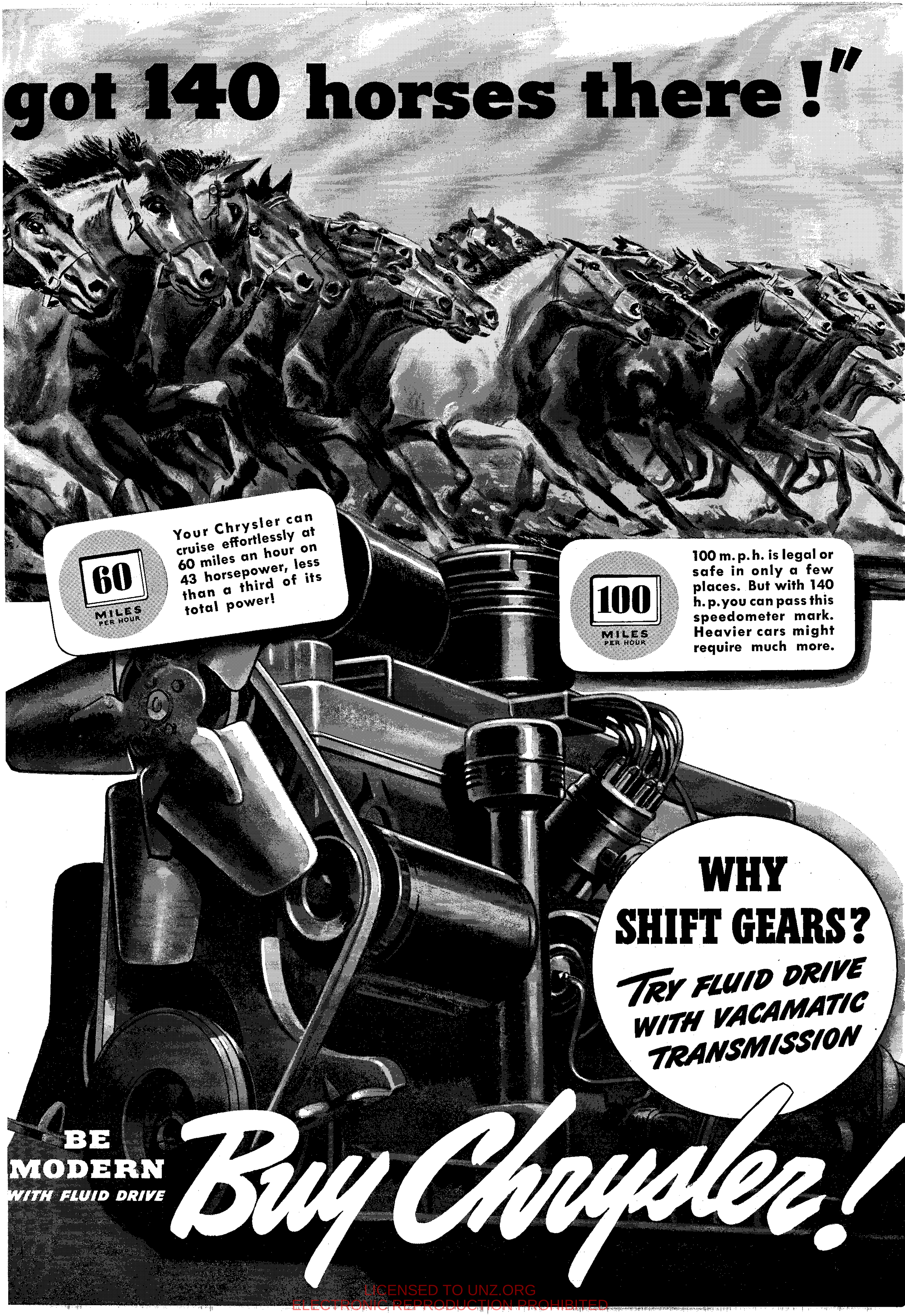
★ Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

---

***HERE ARE THE KEYS—YOU BE THE JUDGE!***

The proof of the pudding is in the eating! The way to know a car is to drive it! Your Chrysler dealer has a beautiful Chrysler waiting for you. Make a date right now!

# got 140 horses there !"



60 MILES PER HOUR

Your Chrysler can cruise effortlessly at 60 miles an hour on 43 horsepower, less than a third of its total power!

100 MILES PER HOUR

100 m.p.h. is legal or safe in only a few places. But with 140 h.p. you can pass this speedometer mark. Heavier cars might require much more.

WHY SHIFT GEARS?
TRY FLUID DRIVE WITH VACAMATIC TRANSMISSION
BE MODERN WITH FLUID DRIVE
Buy Chrysler!

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## HOUSEWIFE'S NIGHTMARE

I WRITE this sitting in a room forty-five miles from London which is furnished with magnificent yellow taffeta curtains trimmed with bottle-green ruching in the eighteenth-century style, the kitchen chair which supports me, an electric stove, and nothing else. My husband went up to bombed London and will not be back for several days, during which I shall not be able to get any news of him unless he is killed, for we have been asked to use the mails and telephone and telegraph system as little as possible. I have plenty of food in the house with the exception of bread, and I could not buy a loaf for love or money within a range of many miles. Occasionally, German airplanes fly over the house, and as we are not far from an airdrome, they sometimes drop a bomb or so within a couple of miles. There is talk of an imminent invasion. Neither I nor my cook and housemaid, who are camping out with me in this half-furnished house, feel anything like panic. But it is all very unsettled.

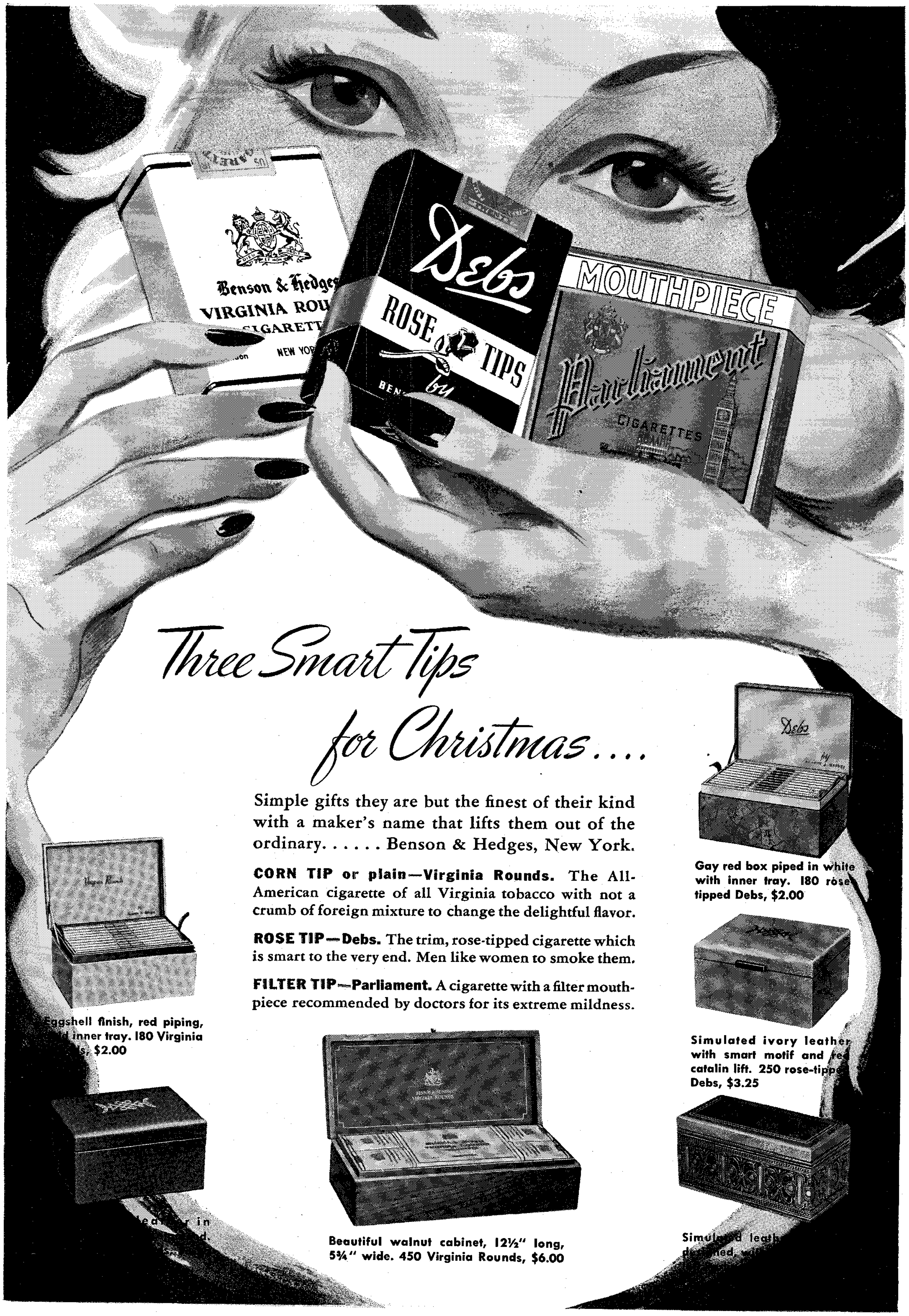
There are aspects of this crisis in world affairs which, I feel sure, historians of the future are going to neglect. They will tell you much that is terrible and much that is glorious, and both will be true. Let nothing I write mitigate what this war is doing to the people of my country, particularly the poor. Nothing can express what is being endured by the people in the East End and the poorer suburbs of London, who have been bombed night after night in two-story cottages and insubstantial shelters roofed with a sheet of iron plastered over with earth. I find it impossible to describe what they must be suffering, because I cannot give any adequate account of what I felt like, in a solid underground shelter, when a high-explosive bomb burst at least three hundred yards away. It was as if I had had extracted, with an insufficient local anaesthetic, a tooth with roots all over my body. The East Enders must have suffered unthinkable agonies from nerves and tissues bruised by repeated concussions, apart from all agonies of mind and soul. It is true that when one's people are defending their right to live, their courage gives one an immeasurable exaltation, but at the same time something else is happening. If you want to imagine what this something else is, think back to some thoroughly tiresome housekeeping crisis—that time when you were just going to have a baby and the other children got measles, or when the Swedish cook went mad, or when you were snowed in and the heating system and the cookstove went out of order. That is the true analogue of life on the domestic plane in wartime England.

NOTHING can be done efficiently these days. Try as one can, it is impossible to run one's house or one's profession as competently as one would in normal times. My life has been such a muddle since the beginning of the war that I am almost ashamed to record it. September, 1939, caught me in a rented house in Sussex, where I stayed until November, when I returned to my London apartment. There I stepped straight into the sluttish way of living that war forces on one. I should have had my kitchen quarters repainted, for they badly needed it. They should have been done before, but for some time I had been absorbed in writing an interminable book, and I had not wanted to have the disturbance of a house-painting. I had decided that they should be refurbished in September, and it was not done then, partly because it was considered unpatriotic to use labor in so frivolous a capacity during the war, partly because it seemed ridiculous to spend money on premises that might be blown sky-high at any moment.

The result is that now, in 1940, my kitchen and pantry in London are so shabby and so nearly paintless that I blush to see them, and to this desolation there is added fantastic disorder by the new exigencies of town housekeeping. Nowadays all of us, even in London, are preserving fruit and making jam on a scale that would be considered lavish by a farmer's wife. But we, in our apartments, have no stillrooms and cellars, so my kitchen is hideous with packing cases full of preserving jars and a sterilizing kettle which none of my closets will hold; and there is something sordid about jars full of plum jam in a medicine cupboard. These are trivial matters, and the Gibbon of the future will ignore them. But I am living in the present, I am what Gibbon will be writing about, and, I can assure you, they annoy me.

In December, 1939, I complicated existence in a way that made me feel the full effect of this attack of war on household order. I bought a house with seventy acres of farm land attached, forty-five miles from London. This seems at first sight a rash and unnecessary act. My husband was, and still is, working in one of the Ministries, I was still finishing my incubus of a book, we had no chance of really living in a country house till after the war, and the place was eight miles from a railway station. Yet it was a perfectly sound move, from both a material and a spiritual point of

LOANS
MERRY XMAS
GREENBERG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view. My husband and I are not certain that any of our investments will be worth much after the war, and we have a number of people who are wholly or partly dependent on us. If need be, we and they can all pack into this house and live to some extent on what we can grow. The land was derelict when we took it over and has been restored to its full productivity. By buying this house and land, I got an access of dynamic force which has carried me through some very disagreeable wartime experiences.

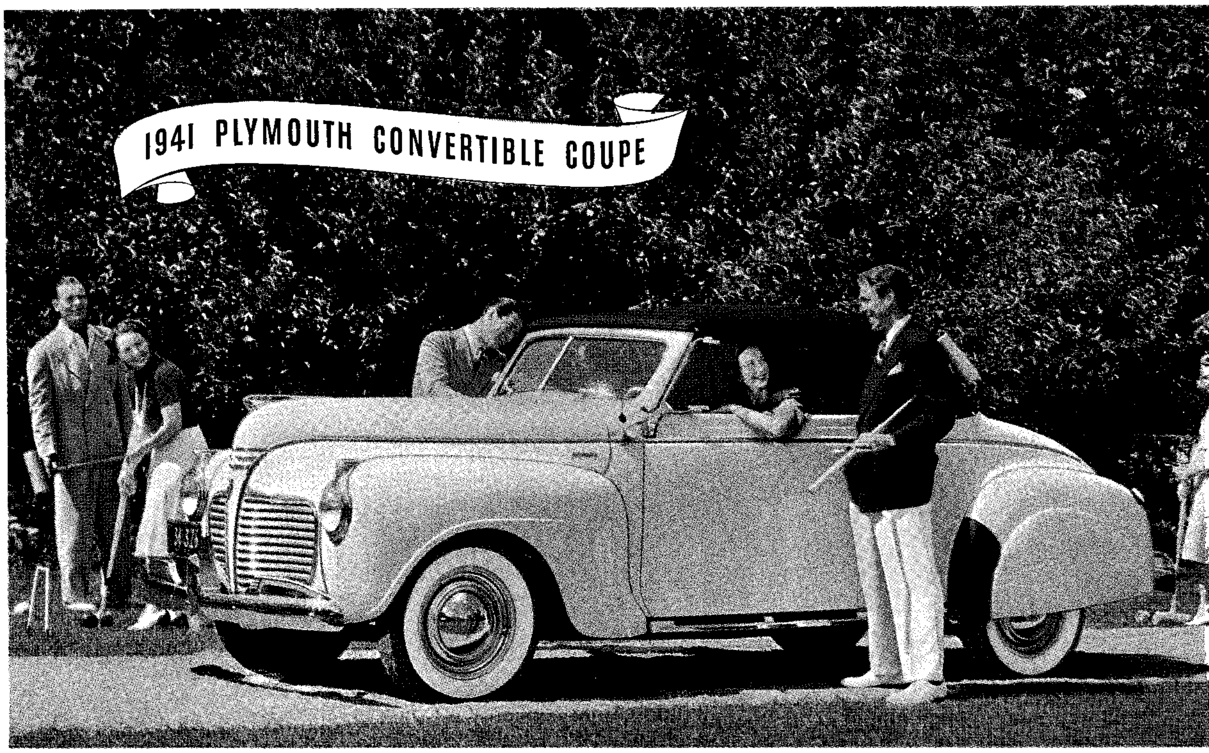
I have always, in dealing with this house, felt I was reviving something that was very precious and had been destroyed. There was, indeed, a singular air of ruin about the place when we found it. It is the fourth wing of a large, square Georgian house built round a courtyard. The other three wings had been pulled down by an eccentric owner who soon fell into circumstances which forbade him to keep up the place. The long, low building stood among laurel hedges nearly as high as itself, with a garden that tumbled down a hillside in a welter of long grasses and broken terraces. There were holes in the farm building big enough for a cow's head to come through, the water in the pipes in the fields spilled through cracks into marshy puddles. Now it not only looks seemly but is making its contribution to the national resources. We have kept ourselves in vegetables, given away and sold a lot more, particularly tomatoes; we have preserved in bottles or as jam some hundredweights of gooseberries, raspberries, and plums; we have planted a new orchard; and we have put on the pastures two Jersey cows, fourteen Polled Angus bullocks, and five calves, and have stored up seven hundred dollars' worth of hay for their winter feed. Still, I believe my pleasure in this achievement is not realistic but the dramatization of a childhood fantasy. A sister of mine the other day found in an old album the photograph of the house where my mother spent the happiest years of her life, and which long ago was burned to the ground. This photograph, which I had entirely forgotten, showed a house as like my new possession as one pin to another.

I feel deeply about this house. I love some of the pictures and embroideries and carvings in my flat in London, but if they are bombed tomorrow, I shall not feel any poignant grief. But if the Germans burn my farm buildings or machine-gun my cows, then I shall know real fury. I look at my haystack and grit my teeth at the thought of an incendiary bomb falling anywhere near it. It is, perhaps, quite natural that I should feel strongly about that hay, for it brought me a curious experience. It was hard to get enough labor for the haymaking, so I took from town my three servants—my butler, my cook, and my housemaid—and we joined the regular staff of four men in the fields. Late in the afternoon, the gardener's young son came down from his cottage to tell us that soldiers had called to say that German parachutists had landed in the neighborhood and we had all better go back to the house. Slowly and silently all eight of us made our way up the hill, and I wondered what the other seven were thinking. I very often do not know what the English are thinking, for I am myself not English in the strict sense of the word, my mother being Highland Scots and my father a member of a family that emigrated from England to Ireland nearly four hundred years ago. When we got to the top of the hill, my companions turned to each other and quietly began discussing what extemporized weapons they could use against the parachutists, on the assumption that they might get in one blow even though it meant that they would immediately be done to death. When the news came that the report was false, they turned round, went down the hill, and carried on with the haymaking.

But the record of my removal to this house fills me, as a housewife, with shame and rage. I am an untidy person, with a great admiration for tidiness, who can honestly plead that she has never had time to practice the admired virtue. I had always promised myself that in middle life I would find the house I really wanted and move into it with priggish, stately efficiency, taking twice as long as usual to choose everything and bullying every workman involved till he made a masterly job of what he was doing. I cannot express how differently the program has worked out. That is why I am sitting here in this peculiarly furnished room empty of everything but these superb yellow taffeta curtains, this kitchen chair, and this electric stove, which, since I started writing these pages, has nearly terminated my days by giving me a severe electric shock. I can only gather that the workman who installed it did not make a masterly job of it.

There were certain things that had to be done to the house, war or no war. We had as severe a winter as we have had for many years, and while we were buying the property according to the

Smart Going—Everywhere



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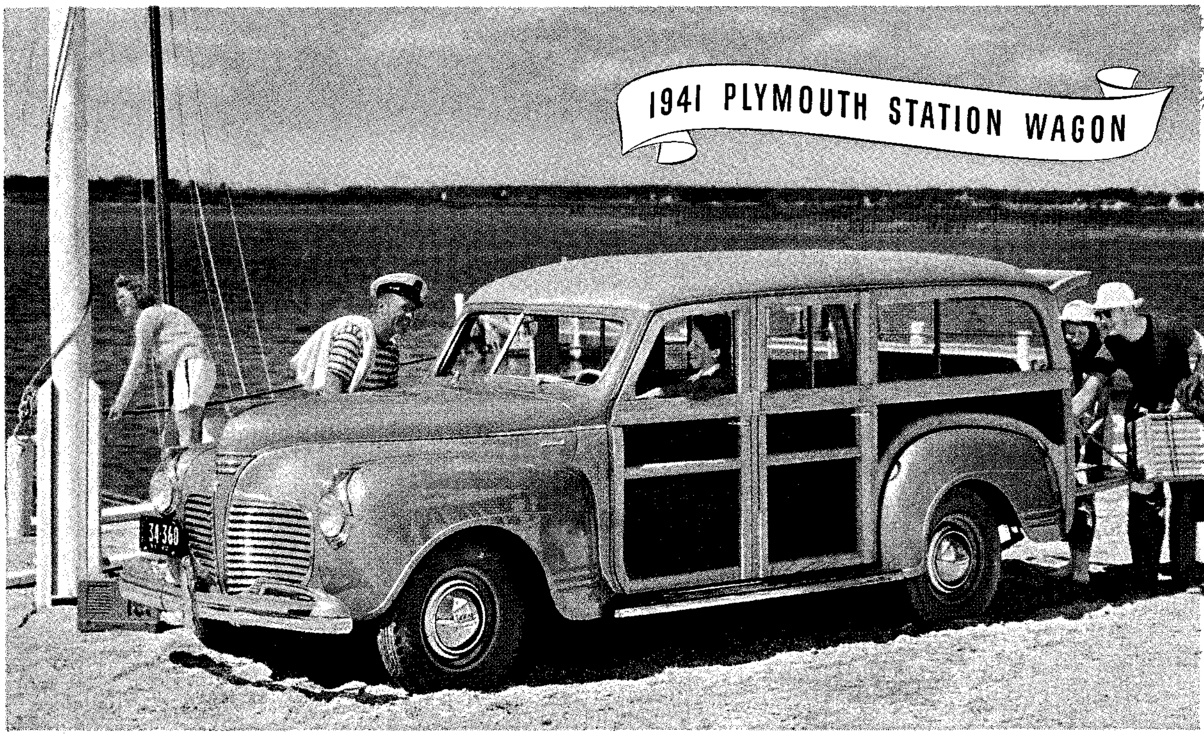

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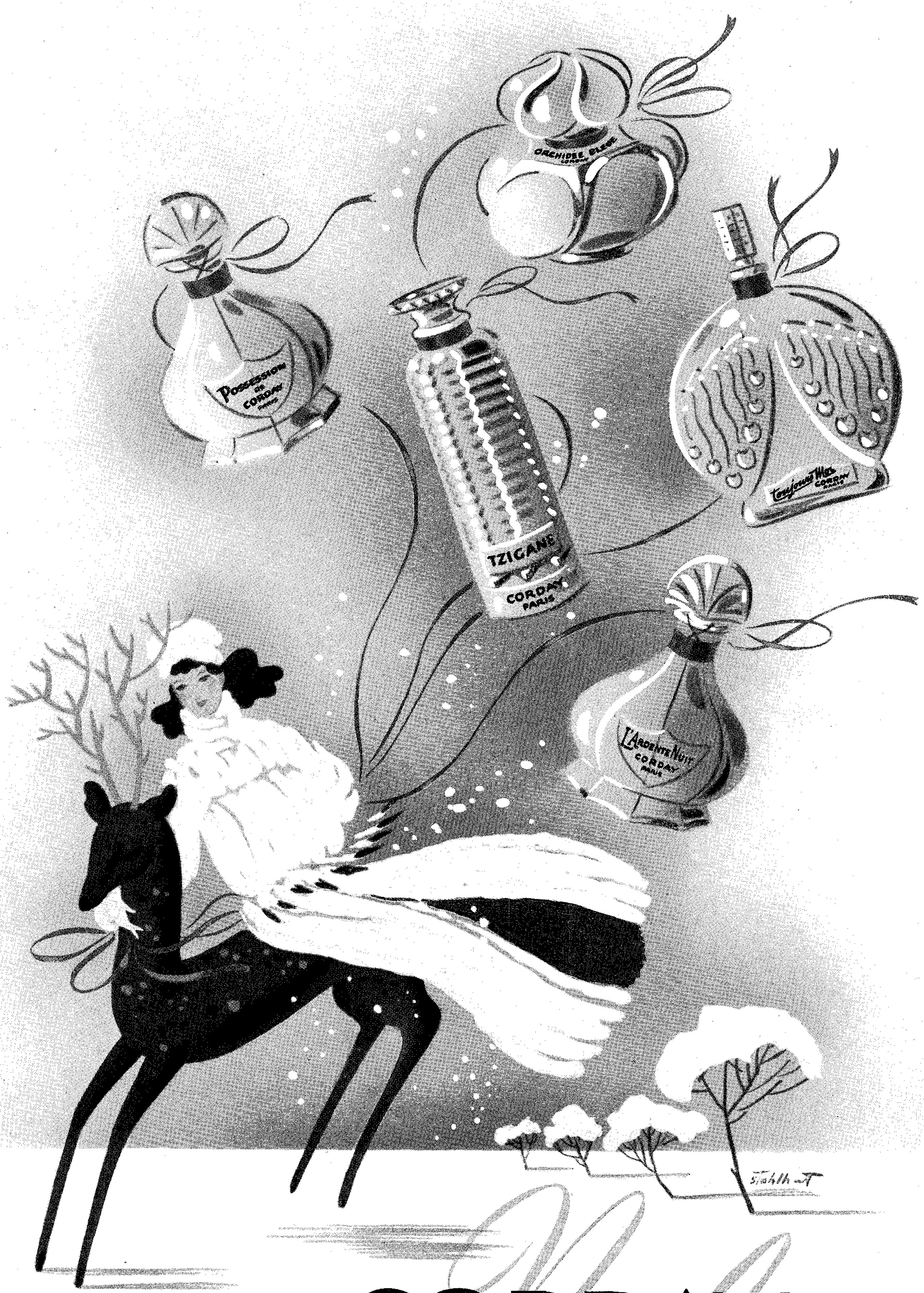
ORCHIDÉE BLEUE
CORDAY
POSSESSION
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PARIS
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slow process of English law, the snow fell through the roof and ruined the paint and the wallpaper in the upper stories, while the thaw flooded the kitchen quarters. It was imperative that we should have some repairs done, and very soon it became obvious that there was no question of doing them my way. In peacetime, I would have employed a London firm of builders managed by friends of mine, but the gasoline restrictions put that out of the question. What surprised me was to find that I could not employ, in a town only eight miles away, a firm of builders of whom I had received good reports. There was no direct bus route between that town and my village, and they preferred not to take on a job that might eat too deep into their gas rations. I had to employ a builder of whom I knew nothing but who was on a direct line of communication.

Oddly enough, this builder employed no local labor. The job of mending the roof had to be farmed out to a London firm, for it involved asphalting, and there were no asphalters nearby. And the firm was necessarily Italian, because the only asphalters in London are Italians. This led to some drama when Italy came into the war. All the workmen were told by the police to report for internment, although they still had three days' work to do. We took no steps to protect our interests, but the firm made frantic efforts to get its workmen exempted till it could complete the work and collect its fees, and the Home Office was merciful. Amid the sympathetic plaudits of the villagers, the Italian workmen then left in lorries, in what seemed to me an incredibly cheerful and detached frame of mind, singing and smiling and playing accordions, utterly devoid of ill feeling against England for interning them, or against Mussolini, who was responsible for England's attitude toward them.

All the other work, the painting and carpentry and bricklaying and plumbing, was done by unemployed Welsh miners who had been put through a government trade school for the purpose of diverting labor from overcrowded channels. This produced strange embarrassments. They were delightful men, agreeable in manners and in some ways extremely cultured; nearly all had pleasant singing voices and cultivated musical tastes. But they had come from distressed areas where the standard of comfort had sunk lower and lower. They had till recently never seen shops where any but the coarsest and cheapest goods were exposed for sale, and this builder's normal practice, which was commercial and industrial, had not sent them into private houses where they would have seen furniture of any value.

This led to experiences that were wounding for both sides when the collapse of France made it plain that the invasion of England was a possibility. Then, as it was likely that my husband's Ministry would be evacuated from London if bombing became serious and that I would not be permitted to accompany him to his new billet, I sent some furniture down from London to the house so that I could camp out there and help to defend the village in any way I could. I am not pernickety, but more than once my hair stood on end at the treatment my household goods received at the hands of these innocents who knew all about Handel and Bach and nothing about Sheraton and Hepplewhite. They simply did not understand that there was any furniture which reasonable people would hesitate to send spinning across a room with a mighty shove if they wanted to move it. If it could not withstand such treatment, surely that showed it was poor stuff, not worth conserving. It also seemed to them sheer foolishness to coddle chairs and sofas by putting dust sheets over them, and since paint can always be removed by turpentine, it could not possibly matter where paint was dropped. They humored my protests as if I were the fussy and infatuated mother of a plain and puny child.

WHILE my old things were threatened, my new acquisitions became stranger in themselves, and more and more incongruous in relation to each other. When I came to order curtains and bedspreads, I found that what was formerly cheap and plentiful was now dear and rare, and that what had been dear and rare was now cheap and not nearly so rare as its buyers. I could buy brocades and taffetas and handmade *galons* for a little more, or even less, than slubs and *jaspés* and machine-made braids. One big store sold off all its French silks for five shillings a yard. Hence my house is hung with superb curtains of yellow taffeta with bottle-green ruching, striped rose-and-white moiré, and amber slipper satin bound with amber-and-orange cord, which look like a stage setting and present the most curious contrast to the wallpaper, which is the cheapest of its kind, such, indeed, as has rarely an independent existence, being used chiefly as a foundation for more expensive wallpapers.

In normal circumstances, I would have chosen to have my walls painted, but that was impossible. The price of paint was increasing by leaps and bounds, and it was rash to assume that just because a workman started a job, he would be the one to finish it. Men were likely to be called up for service in the Army or Navy or Air Force at quite unpredictable dates; when a camp was ready, men were sent for to fill it. Also, there was a good deal of government building, which, of course, took priority over all private jobs. We started our work on the house with twelve men and ended with two. I ordered some handsome and durable wallpapers, which I was told would be easy to get. But they never arrived, and one day I had on the telephone what was probably the most curious and ominous conversation about wallpapers that can ever have taken place since the telephone was invented. It was a day or two after the invasion of France had begun. The agent from whom I had ordered the wallpaper called up and said, "I must confess that you will never get those papers you ordered from me. They were French papers. I did not dare tell you so in case you got nervous and thought they would be held up, and I was quite sure that they would get through all right. But now I do not think they will, for I am an old soldier, and I am sure that what is happening in France is not the result of straight fighting but of treachery, and that the whole of France is going to be handed over to Germany. So you will never get your papers, and you had better come and choose some English ones."

By that time English paper was of prohibitive price, for we had been cut off from the Scandinavian forests which were our main source of wood pulp. So I had to fall back on this cheap lining paper. This would seem a slight matter, and so it is, but all the same my walls will look pretty squalid if the war goes on for some years. But I doubt if I shall ever worry about wallpapers as much as I have worried about certain other household goods during the last few weeks. I say the last few weeks because the newspaper lying on my table tells me that it is actually thirty-five days since the beginning of the intensified air attack on England; if I had been told that the period had been ten days or a fortnight, I would not have denied it. I remember one Saturday night when, after a long air raid, we went up on the roof of our apartment and saw London burning. We knew that this was what we must expect, since we had burned Hamburg and the Ruhr, but nevertheless it is a bitter grief, like no other, to see one's own town on fire. I remember too a continuous and mounting exaltation as we realized that in the Royal Air Force we had heroes as cunning and courageous as the Elizabethans, and that our race was not in decline. But all mixed up with this has been a dreary, nagging concern with garden mattresses, campstools, and lampshades.

A SHELTER must inevitably be a bleak and ugly place. It is simply a large, deep cellar. The owner of the apartment house where we live when we are in London, a wealthy corporation which treats its tenants with great generosity, had gone to some pains to provide a safe shelter that should resist the shock of bombs, but after that its imagination had failed it. It had furnished the shelter with rows of theatre seats, presumably on the assumption that raids would last only as long as a theatrical performance. It is impossible to convey what aches and pains were suffered by people who, having worked hard all day, found themselves sitting from nine at night till five in the morning in these narrow, upright, stingily padded chairs. At nine in the morning, after my first night in the shelter, I went out and bought four garden mattresses, four campstools, and four cushions, my heart rebuking me for extravagance, for I had plenty of these things in the country, though they were now as inaccessible as if they were at the North Pole. I went down to the shelter and took possession of a row of four seats facing another four, and I laid each garden mattress with its head on one seat and its foot on another, and supported the sag in between with a campstool, stuffing in a cushion to make it level. Thus I made four beds—for my husband, my cook, my housemaid, and myself. My butler lives out, and in any case refuses to go down into this or any other shelter, on the curious ground that he feels it's "unlucky," preferring to spend his nights on the second floor of a flimsy three-story house. But even without him we presented a sufficiently impressive spectacle of a prostrate patriarchal group.

We slept our first raid through, to the envy of all beholders. I had been a pioneer only because extreme fatigue makes me not sleepy but excessively wakeful and active-minded. The next day not only the other women in my shelter but nearly every other woman in London had the same idea and went on the same errand to the beach and garden departments of the big stores. At the moment when people in America were thinking of Londoners as courageous or frightened or defiant, many of us had entirely switched our minds from the thought of bombs to a frantic search for campstools and garden mattresses, while others, on the selling side of the counter, were rosy with pleasure at getting rid of the summer stock that they had thought stone dead on their hands. This preoccupation was a godsend, for a woman who had found bedding which looked as if it would give her and her family a good night's rest in a shelter felt that she had personally won a victory over the impersonal thing which an air raid seems to its victims.

But this solution of one shelter difficulty created another. Our landlord had provided only enough accommodation for his tenants in a vertical position; once we got down into the horizontal, there was simply not enough room for us all. And this shortage of space was made more acute because campstools and garden mattresses, which are the most economical methods of providing bedding in a limited area, are not suited to everybody's needs. People who are very fat or very thin, who are above usual height or stiff with age, or who suffer from irregular heart action or difficulty in breathing find them extremely uncomfortable. Therefore our shelter was soon crowded with deck chairs, basket chairs, that very swagger kind of garden chair that is on rubber wheels, and, indeed, every sort of chair that has ever been seen on an English lawn. Their greatest offence was that they took up too much space. When my husband came back from a long day's journey undertaken for his Ministry, there was no place for his mattress, and he had to spend the night sitting upright.

THERE was nothing for it but that my cook and housemaid and I should move out here into this country house, since such war work as I am doing can be done anywhere. And, indeed, this involved no very painful decision, because my husband was due for three weeks' holiday in a few days and it behooved me to get the house ready for him. Just the same, leaving involved a week's separation, during which he would run a very serious risk of being

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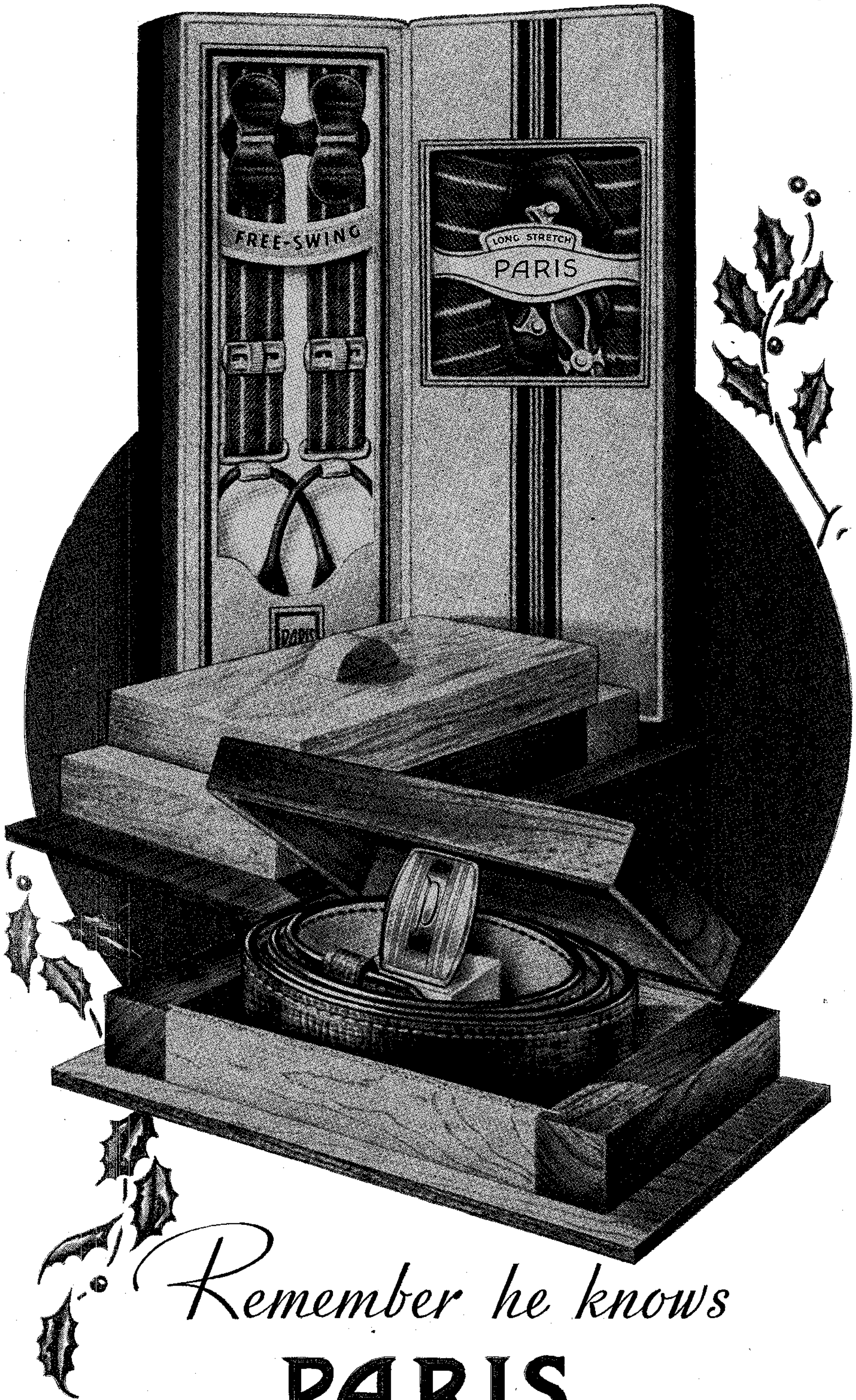
killed while the risk I ran was almost negligible. That weighed heavily on my mind, and so, too, did the necessity for lampshades. This is not trivial babbling, the escape of an overstrained mind into frivolities. I am, on the contrary, grimly keeping in touch with reality. None of the lampshades I already own can be used today. They are transparent, as lampshades usually are, and send out rays that might cost us our lives, for my house stands on the top of a hill and it might easily catch the eye of a cruising Dornier. I had therefore to be sure to buy special Air Raid Precautions lampshades before I left London—horrid objects made of opaque paper and molded in a shape that throws the light down in a straight beam. These are not easy to find, for the winter is coming and we are all laying in such unappetizing stocks, and I had some trouble in finding a pattern I thought thoroughly satisfactory. At last I saw what I wanted out of the window of a taxi, in an Oxford Street store, and I resolved to buy three dozen. I was to find this literally the most difficult enterprise I have engaged in in my life. One morning at half past ten I went to the store, which was a twenty-minute walk away from our apartment, and had just entered the electrical department when the siren went off. This meant I had to leave at once or be locked in and led down to the shelter and kept there for the duration of the raid. I turned round and went home, and the all-clear came just as I was putting my key into the front door. Once more I turned round, and the siren went off just as I set foot in the store for the second time. I tried a third time late that afternoon, with the same result. The next morning the warning came before I had even started. It was not till the third morning that I succeeded in making the purchase.

But now I am here, I find I need hardly have taken the trouble. My superb curtains are hung, but only a single pair of blackout fitments have reached me. My upholsterer lives in a suburb of London which has been worst punished by the bombers, his girls cannot take heavy curtains down into the shelters, and he himself is exhausted by the strain of sitting by a paralyzed wife through the raids. None of the rooms where my furniture has been properly arranged for living are safe to use a light in. Only in this single bare room is it safe to have one. My cook, who is older than my housemaid and, while completely unafraid of air raids, is not well able to adapt herself to the life they entail, grumbles because there is no bread. The



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refugees from London who have settled in the village have cleaned out the bakery. These are, it may be said, refugees in the strictest and barest sense of the word. There is about them no trace of panic flight. They have come down by bus or by train, as orderly as any holiday crowd, many with the disciplined intention of getting a night or two of undisturbed sleep before going back to their work in a bombed area. It might have been very different and very disagreeable. Nevertheless, the cook grumbles because there is no bread, and I do not dare to tell her not to be a fool, because it seems to me astonishing that after week upon week of bombings she is not far more of a fool than she is. As she speaks, the air-raid warning sounds faintly from the little town three miles away, and the grump-grump-grump of a Dornier worries its way down the valley toward us, but she takes no notice and confides how much she dislikes country life and how much afraid she is of the country, particularly when it is dark. In town, she oddly says, there is nothing to be afraid of, and with a shudder evoked not by the bomber but by bogies and ghosties, she edges to the door. Presently I shall feel my way through the darkness up the slippery wooden staircase, and undress by my bed in the moonlight, watching certain red pin pricks spoil the sky behind the branches of the great cedar on the lawn. They are the bursting shells of the barrage that is protecting from German bombs my husband, who has to be in the firing line not because he is a soldier but because he is a banker with knowledge of the export trade. There is no knowing what the morrow will bring in this fantastic era. —REBECCA WEST

•

I rather believe when a fellow is in love and wants the girl for himself he will come right out and tell her in just so many words. His silence may be golden to him as it doesn't commit him to anything, but it sure is leaden to the girl who has to wonder just what it is all about.

What do you think about such a silence?

Special exercises which you may follow with your doctor's permission will be found in the leaflet, "After the Baby Comes."—*Toronto Daily Star.*

*Somebody* better break this silence.

•

### DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION

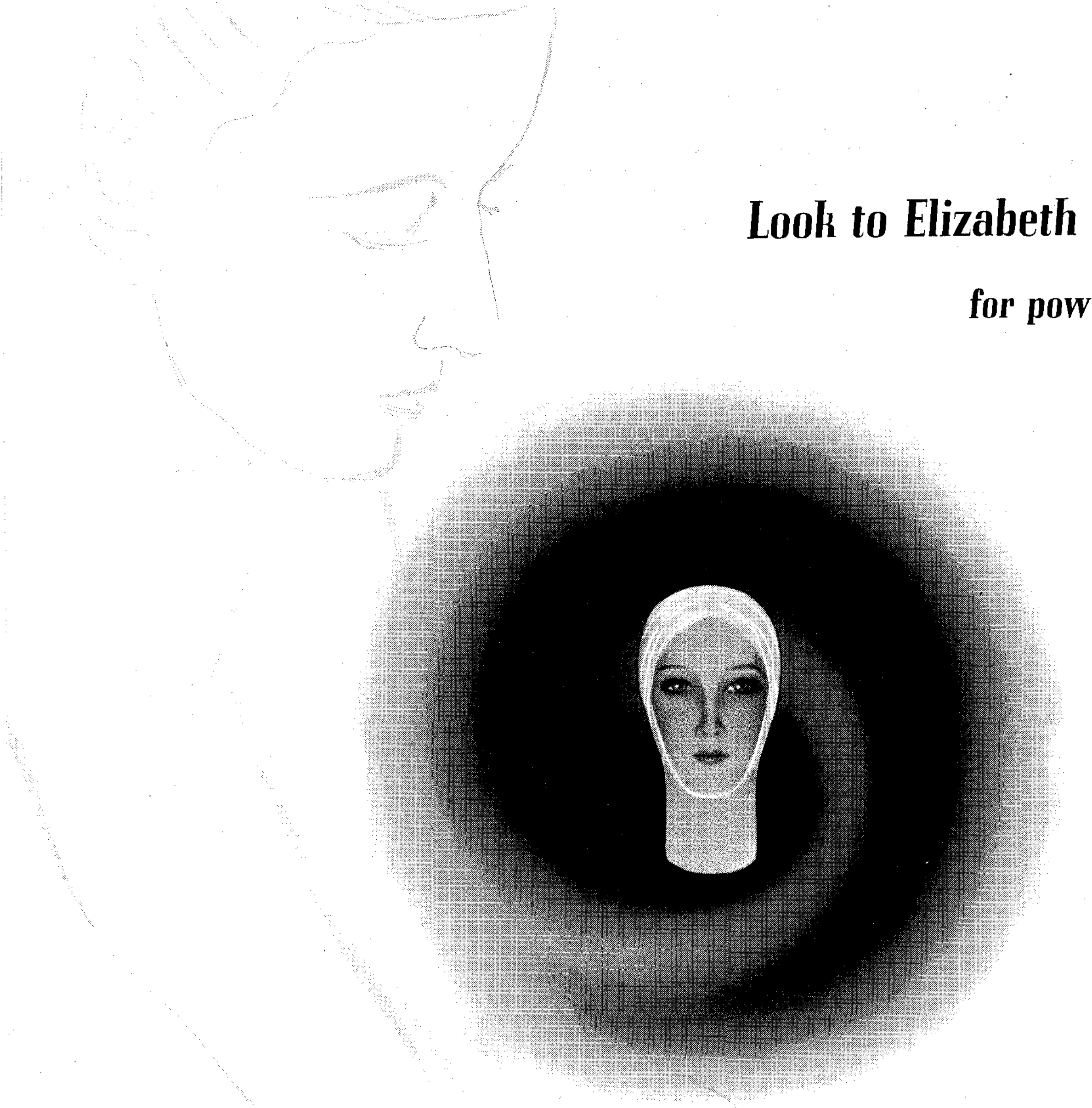
[*From the Boston Globe*]

Question—Is *coupe* pronounced like the word coop?—M.H.

Answer—Yes, but only by the uninformed. The "p" should be silent. Correct pronunciation: *koo.*

# Look to Elizabeth Arden

## for powder perfection



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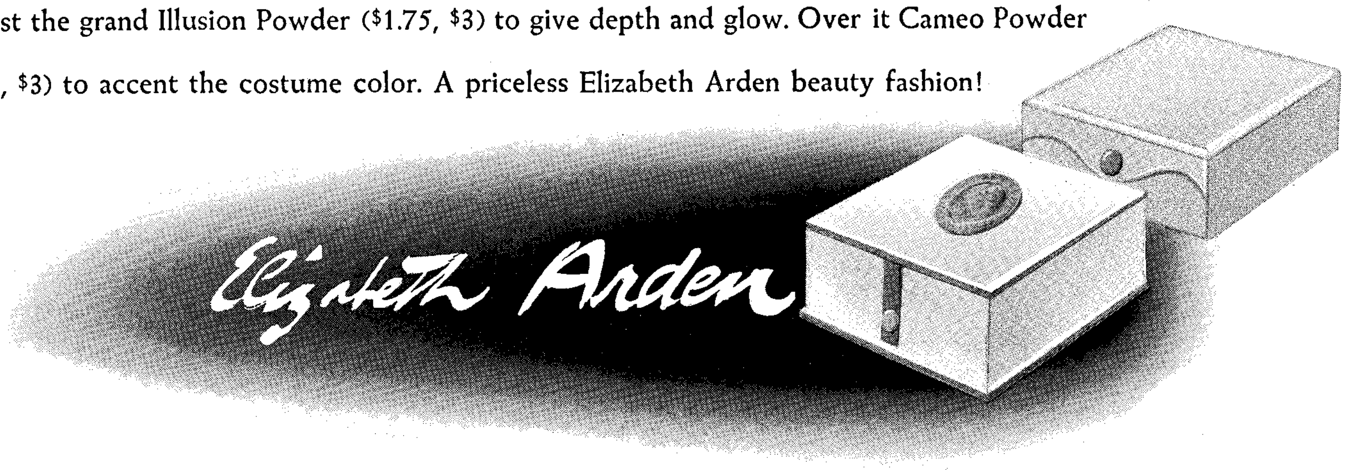
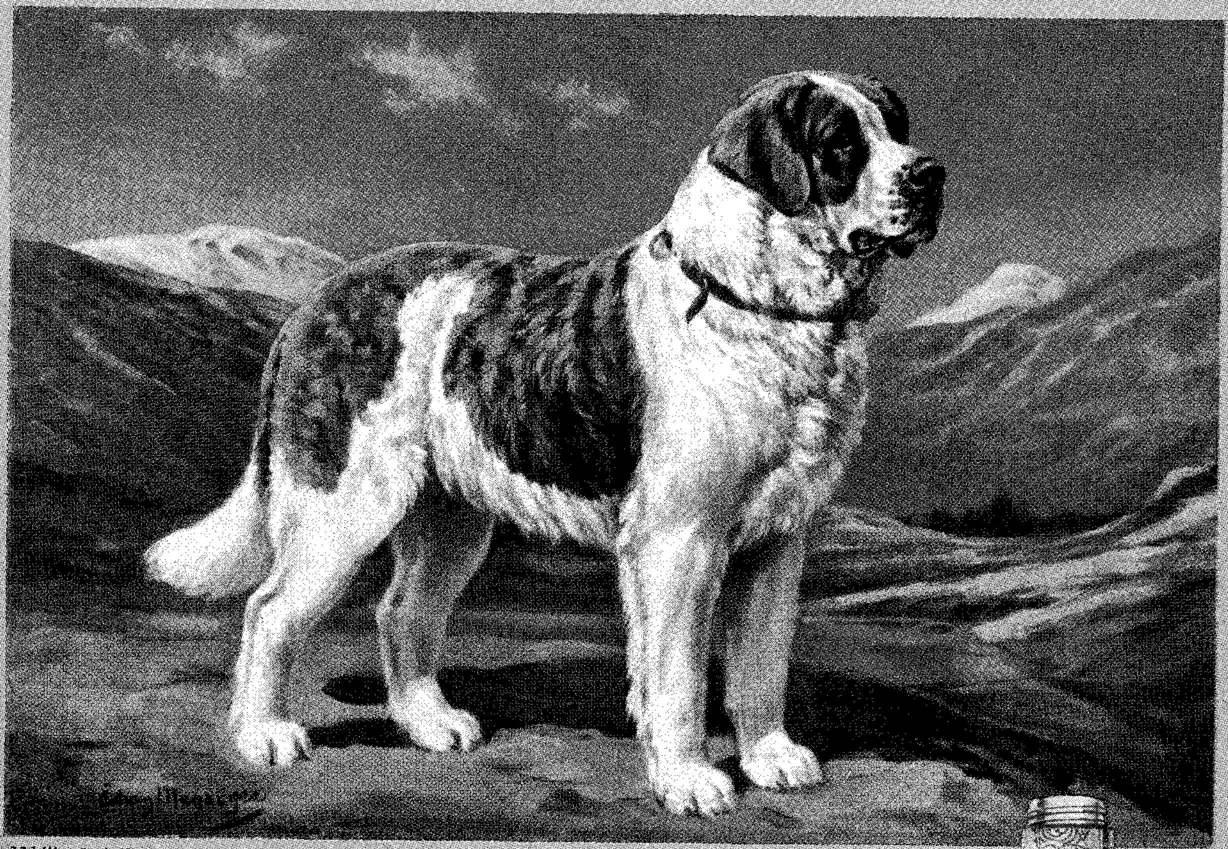


# The St. Bernard comes to your rescue for Christmas giving



*11½" x 8" full color reproduction of this painting, without advertising, sent for 10c. Write Box CM, address below.*

**Q.** *Why is the St. Bernard so big and rugged?*

**A.** He was *developed* that way—for rescue work in Alpine snows.

**Q.** *How does Fleischmann's Gin come to your rescue—for Christmas giving and holiday hospitality?*

**A.** By helping mix grandly smooth drinks—because it has been *developed* that way, since 1870. Every kernel of grain used in its distilling is selected for the purpose.

**Q.** *Is this why Fleischmann's is called a* pedigreed *gin?*

**A.** Exactly! And just one try will convince you this *first* American gin makes drinks *second* to none!

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# TABLES FOR TWO

## *Holiday Specials*

If I ever have to run a night club, which I fervently hope I shall never have to do, I am going to get myself six huge white palm trees, hang some spotlights disguised as white coconuts under their fronds, instruct a crew of painters to splash a variety of gay colors all over the walls and ceiling, hire Pancho's and Fausto Curbello's bands to provide Latin-American tunes, and then stand complacently at the door, pushing overflow customers away. This is precisely what Monte Proser has done at his new Club Copacabana, on East Sixtieth Street, except that he has delegated the pushing to a corps of underlings.

The Copacabana, to which we shall all doubtless soon be referring in a fond, diminutive way as the Copa, or the Cabana, is one of the handsomest places in town, and its decorations are a triumph not only of good taste but of ingenuity too. The room is full of tricky angles and elevations; the bandstand, for instance, is tucked between the bar and the dance floor. The bar has its own red-and-blue color scheme and a mural of Rio de Janeiro above it, the Copacabana's name having been borrowed from a casino there. A feature of the place is a large mirror at one end of the room, in which you can watch yourself dancing, like a ballet student, and which is an admirable setting for six most beautiful showgirls as they dance gracefully during the show. You had better be prepared to fight your way in on gala evenings; the management, which during the first couple of weeks seemed unable to cope, or to copa, with reservations, finally gave up trying and has adopted a first-come-first-served policy. No brass knuckles or spurs allowed.

Another of the newer East Side places is the Fairway Yacht Club, which is so far over on Fifty-second Street that a slight tremor of the earth might easily spill it onto the East River Drive. Although this establishment, in a technical sense, is a private club and tries hopefully to sell its patrons annual memberships, all you really have to do to get in is sign a register just inside the door, which, as far as I know, entitles you to fly the club's ensign from the halyard of your taxicab. The Fairway is not as nautical as you might expect from its name; it's a square, comfortable room, with mirrored columns scattered around it, some shrubs growing earthily behind glass panels, and a reasonably large dance floor, which never develops the slightest roll. This is perhaps no time of year to be mentioning the out-of-doors, but if you get over there on a relatively mild night, you might like to venture onto a terrace behind the bandstand and peek at the East River, which will look about the same as always.

Earlier this season, the Plaza's Persian Room departed, with fanfare, from its established plan of entertainment and tried putting on a big floor show. That didn't work out so well, and now the room is sensibly back where it started. If you want to see all the entertainment it has to offer, you'll have to stay around for quite a while, since Paul Haakon dances only at dinner and the De Marcos only at supper. (Miss Josephine Houston stays bravely on to sing throughout the evening.) I dropped in for supper last week and found, not to my surprise, that the De Marcos are still the same agile perfectionists they have been for so long, and that they are still cavorting to such standby tunes of theirs as "Begin the Beguine" and "Tea for Two." Dick Gasparre's orchestra, which was on hand during the leg-show era in the fall, has weathered the storm and remains on duty.

Speaking of dancers and hotels, the Café Pierre is currently featuring an active little ballerina named Carmen D'Antonio, whose convolutions have hitherto been on exhibit locally only in "Panama Hattie." The Café, as you may know, is too narrow for the successful display of entertainment in the customary manner, but Felix Ferry has managed to overcome this handicap somewhat by installing Miss D'Antonio on a raised platform, thus enabling many of the customers to view this handsome lady, who does not bother to burden her excellent figure with a lot of unnecessary clothes and is therefore quite a view. One of her specialties, in keeping with the times, is a conga, which she performs with accompanying groans and grunts of her own and with further assistance from the drummer in Bob Knight's orchestra, a fellow who enjoys startling some of the staider patrons now and then by taking a few frenzied solos.

Speaking of hotels and dancers again, there's the Roosevelt, where *you* do the dancing, with musical coöperation from Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which is fully clad. At the risk of being branded as a lover of *Schmalz,* or a *Schmalzophile,* by all the people who can't bear the mention of the name Lombardo, I would like to say that most of the folks I have talked to about this subject (the girl I was with and a nice couple from New Jersey we bumped into on the dance floor) maintain that Mr. Lombardo's music, while absurdly monotonous to listen to, is nevertheless excellent to dance to, which is probably the principal reason the faithful keep going back to the Roosevelt.

Every now and then something surprising turns up on Fifty-second Street, like, for example, the present show at Kelly's Stable, a Fifty-second Street stable. Coleman Hawkins, the gifted saxophonist, who too rarely appears downtown, has an excellent swing band there, which would be reason enough for your attendance. In addition, however, the proprietors have thoughtfully engaged Billie Holiday, one of the few girl singers who don't sing like the pack, as well as Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, who have been roving around town from club to club recently and have been winning new legions of admirers at every stop. . . . Further along the street, Joe Sullivan and his band have moved into the Famous Door, which is somewhat less garishly decorated than it has been in the past. Sullivan needs no introduction to anyone who remembers the names of good swing pianists. . . . The Hickory House still has Joe Marsala's band playing inside the circular bar, and has the Spirits of Rhythm, too. Mr. Marsala's own spirited rhythms on the clarinet are augmented, as usual, by Adele Girard's on the harp, as well as by those of a singular fellow who keeps swinging away on a flageolet. —Check

•

Seattle's captain of policewomen is Mrs. Irene Durham, a Phi Beta Kappa key holder who stands just 15 feet 5 inches and weighs 108 pounds.—*Amarillo (Tex.) Globe.*

Everybody in Seattle look up to her?

•

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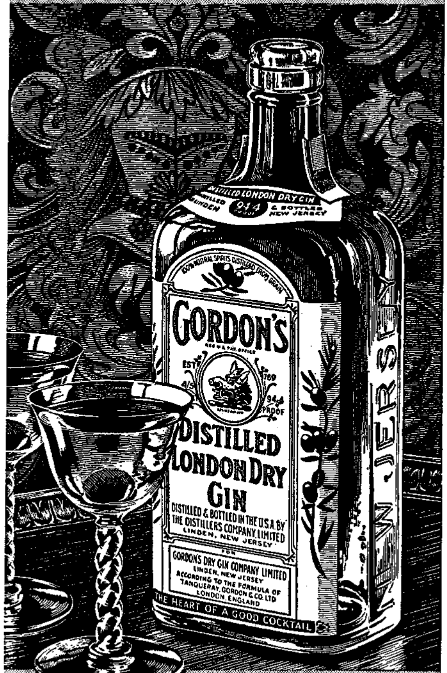
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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Metropolitan Firsts*

SPECIAL features of the first week in the Metropolitan's first season since it was saved by a million dollars included a new gold curtain, fresh uniforms for the ushers, seven débuts, and two revivals. Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," the first revival, introduced new scenery and costumes, as well as an attempt to repair the story by switching the settings from Boston to Sweden. It seems the hero really was Gustavus III, but Italian censors some eighty years ago objected to a plot in which a monarch was bumped off, so the librettist converted Gustavus into a safely unhistorical Riccardo, "Governor of Boston." Those censors didn't care what happened to Governors of Boston. The 1940 sea change to Sweden didn't make any difference, really, because the singers evidently weren't told about it and kept right on singing the old words that applied to Boston. Maybe all rights of translation were reserved, including the Scandinavian.

Under the knowing direction of Ettore Panizza, Verdi's interesting music was presented attractively, even if all of the principals weren't naturals for their rôles. The biggest to-do was stirred up by Alexander Sved, a new baritone. Mr. Sved's voice is a good one which would sound even better if he didn't try to make it larger and heavier than it is.

"Samson et Dalila," the other revival of the week, was placid stuff until, in the second act, Miss Risë Stevens, the Metropolitan's latest Dalila, showed up in a costume that made it easy for vocal students to observe her diaphragmatic breathing. Miss Stevens was fetching, plausible, and intelligent as Dalila, but if this music is the best sort for her voice, I'll join the other voracious critics in their hat banquet. Emery Darcy, John Dudley (perhaps you'll recall him as a brilliant Ralph Rackstraw with the D'Oyly Carte visitors last time they were here), and Arthur Kent made débuts as Philistines. They skedaddled about and sang a bit, but all that can be reported of their possibilities is that they were O.K. in what they had to do.

SATURDAY brought around three Metropolitan débuts, one of which was unexpected. That was the appearance of Mme. Maria Hussa, substitut-

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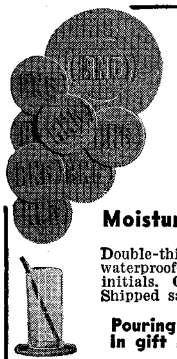

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ing for the indisposed Mme. Lotte Lehmann in "Der Rosenkavalier." Mme. Hussa obviously knew her business, and before she had finished with it, the audience knew an accomplished and sensitive artist. Another débutante in "Der Rosenkavalier" was Miss Eleanor Steber, who drew for her first Metropolitan appearance the vocally trying assignment of Sophie and handled it well, especially the high notes that have made matters miserable for some previous Sophies and their listeners. A little recasting since last year in the small rôles improved "Der Rosenkavalier" measurably, and, with the excellent contributions of Miss Stevens, who is a superlative Octavian, and Emanuel List, it was better than grand opera. Grand entertainment, in fact.

The acquisition of Salvatore Baccaloni for *buffo* work proved its value at the Saturday matinée of "Le Nozze di Figaro." Mr. Baccaloni made a suave droll of Dr. Bartolo and sang well enough to qualify as a regulation bass. From where I sat, by the way, he looked surprisingly like Johnson (Samuel, not Edward).

SOME of the special delights of that first week were Mme. Licia Albanese in "Madama Butterfly" and "Le Nozze di Figaro;" the de-emphasis on false noses in secondary comedy rôles (they ought to give those noses away to purchasers of pieces of the old gold curtain or anybody else who wants them); the consistently good sound of the orchestra; the sturdy vocal condition of the prompter, especially in "Le Nozze di Figaro;" and the scene painter who included the word "hex" on the witches' cauldron in "Un Ballo in Maschera."

THE big noise in the concert halls was the appearance of Leopold Stokowski—himself, not a fantasia—with the Philadelphia Orchestra. The noise actually was beautiful rather than big, and it was a pleasure to encounter such orchestral mastery. Mr. Stokowski introduced Shostakovich's sixth symphony, which seemed like ingenious rather than important music after the Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner that had preceded it. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Claude Pieculewicz, second-string quarterback, will now be Jim Crowley's choice to start against the Violets. Pieculewicz frequently spelled Noble this season.
—*The Times.*

But has Noble ever been able to spell Pieculewicz?

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# WHEN GRANDMOTHER GOES

“I'M afraid that Mr. Barstow's memory is failing,” old Mrs. Welles said. “I suppose it would be difficult for him if he lost his parish, but this is the fourth time I've noticed him making mistakes. I intend to speak to the Bishop about it. He lost his place and read through the last part of the Epistle twice.” Mrs. Welles was eighty-five and she wanted it made clear that age had in no way limited her activities as a Christian citizen. “Last Sunday he forgot his place in the sermon and read the same page twice. His hands shake. I don't like his voice.”

The hollow ticking of an old-fashioned clock dominated the other noises in the living room. The air was much too warm. Now and then, Helen Gracie, Mrs. Welles' daughter, coughed into her handkerchief. “Can't we open a window, Mother? I'm suffocating.” She looked up from the card table as she spoke, and her daughter Elizabeth, with whom she was playing, said, “You could have crapetted me then.”

“Damn!” Helen Gracie said, and she coughed again.

“The sermon was nothing but quotations from Bishop Tucker's address to the conference in Kansas City,” Mrs. Welles went on. “They're going to have a new hymnal.” Change of any sort saddened and tired her. “It won't be the same. They're working on it now. It won't be ready for three years. It won't be the same.”

Her grandson, Robert Gracie, was standing at the window, looking out at the suburban street. “There goes Gertrude Hansen,” he said. “I'm sure that's Gertrude Hansen. She has a new dog.”

“Is that a nice picture book, dear?” Elizabeth asked her daughter Elaine, a plain child of six who was sitting beside her great-grandmother.

“Yes, Mummie.”

“If it *is* Gertrude Hansen,” Robert exclaimed, “she's certainly put on a lot of weight! She never married, did she, Mother?”

“No,” Helen Gracie said.

“I had a dream about you last night, Robert,” Elizabeth said. “About you and I. We were sitting in this room, all of us, just like this, only you and I were dead. No one else knew it and it didn't seem to make any difference in our appearance, but we were dead. We were drowned in the Atlantic. We were coming back from England and our boat was torpedoed.”

“Don't be so disagreeable, Elizabeth,” her mother said.

There was one other person in the living room—Bronson Gracie, Robert's elder brother. He was a serious, unhappy-looking man in his early thirties. He seemed restless in the company of his family. “I'm going out to get a stick of wood for the fire,” he said suddenly to his grandmother.

After Bronson had gone, Robert moved across the room and took the chair his brother had been sitting in. He stared at the gloomy landscape that hung above the mantelpiece. “You know, I'd like to be a painter,” he said. “I'd like to do an enormous painting, as big as the side of a barn, a painting of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Snow on the ground. In the distance, Moscow burning. An icy wind. Men and horses freezing to death. The screams of the dying.”

“Someone's painted that picture, dear,” Elizabeth said.

“The relief of Mafeking then. Heat. Sand. Bandaged heroes. Zulus. Bagpipes. A tropical sky. Way, way off in the distance, Roberts' men coming over a hill.”

“Stop scratching your scalp, Robert,” Mrs. Gracie said.

“I can't help it. My hair's falling out.”

“Isn't there something you can do about it, dear?”

“No,” Robert said. “Joe Thompson spent three thousand dollars on his scalp and he hasn't a hair left.”

“Don't I smell smoke?” Mrs. Welles asked.

“It's just from the fireplace, Grandmother,” Robert said.

“Smoke makes me nervous.” Mrs. Welles' voice was troubled and she worked her arms and shoulders nervously. “I nearly burned to death in the Cutter House fire. That was in Jaffrey. I went upstairs—”

“Yes, Grandmother dear, you've told us all about it,” Elizabeth said.

“I went upstairs to my room after dinner and took off my shoes and lay down for a nap— Where are you going, Robert?”

“I'm going to help Bronson bring in some wood for the fire,” Robert said. During these Sunday afternoons it was necessary to account for every move they made; otherwise Mrs. Welles would suspect them of going out to the back porch to smoke. She thought the use of tobacco an extravagant and dirty habit.

Robert stopped at the icebox in the kitchen long enough to tear some white meat off a chicken carcass and stuff it into his mouth. An apple barrel smelled up the back hall, and it was cold out there. He found Bronson on the porch, smoking a cigarette.

“If Elizabeth doesn't get a smoke pretty soon,” Robert said, “she's going to jump out of her skin. Can I have one of your cigarettes? Thanks. Mother's cheating at cards. I sometimes wonder why we come out here every other Sunday. I used to think she would have died by the time I got to college, and then, when that was out of the question, I thought I could take a trip around the world with the money, but you can't go around the world any more. When Grandmother goes—”

“Grandmother isn't going to die for a long time,” Bronson said. “And when she does die, it isn't going to solve all your problems. The way you and Elizabeth sit around waiting for her to die is indecent. You're twenty-eight years old. You've never done a thing.”

“I know,” Robert said. “You couldn't get me a job in your office, could you?” This possibility had been discussed before, and Robert didn't expect a reply. “I know I ought to do something with myself,” he said. “I'm not getting any younger. I have the most terrible hangovers. Sometimes, when I wake up in the morning, I think I'm dead. And I'm afraid of altitudes. I was a member of the Alpine Club at school, but now just getting up on a stepladder makes me dizzy.”

“Is that so?” Bronson said. He rubbed out his cigarette on the porch railing and went back into the house.

IN the living room, Mrs. Gracie and Elizabeth had begun a discussion that Bronson had heard them planning on the way out from the city. Both of them had put down their cards and were facing Mrs. Welles. “She has thirty children in her class,” his sister was saying. “Thirty children to one teacher. You can imagine how often she gets called on for recitation. Tell Grandmother Welles how many times you were called on last week, dear.”

“I was only called on twice all last week,” Elaine said.

“You can see for yourself,” Elizabeth said. “She'll never get an education that way. And they teach the most incredible rubbish.”

“Nightingale gives them a good education,” Mrs. Gracie said. “And she'll be with girls she knows. In public school she meets a lot of people she's never seen before—people she'll never see again, perfectly worthless people.”

“Mr. Welles said that meeting people was the best part of education," Mrs. Welles said.

"I know, Grandmother," Elizabeth said, "but things are different now. It's very important that Elaine should meet nice girls, and I simply don't have the time to watch her every minute. I'm at that dress shop from nine until five. And Mother has to play cards three or four days a week. I can't supervise Elaine's friendships."

"Why don't you make that man pay you some alimony?" Mrs. Welles said.

"Oh, please don't begin that!" Elizabeth said.

"I told you not to marry him."

"That has nothing to do with Elaine's going to Nightingale," Mrs. Gracie said, defending her daughter. "I promise you, Mother, that if you send Elaine to Nightingale, we won't ask you for another thing."

"I don't believe in private schools," Mrs. Welles said. "They turn out snobs. Children should begin early in life to go out into the world and meet people. You must remember that Mr. Welles would never have been a wealthy man had he not been diligent and thrifty. He began by selling cooking utensils in the mountains of Tennessee. He didn't have two years' schooling in his whole life."

Elizabeth put her elbows on the card table and supported her head in her hands. She and her mother exchanged looks of disgust and surrender. "Aren't I going to Nightingale, Mummie?" Elaine asked.

"No, dear. Grandmother says you can't." Then Elizabeth added bitterly, "I'm going to put you on the road selling cooking utensils."

Elaine stared at her great-grandmother, her face grew distorted, and she began to cry. "I hate you, I hate you, I wish you was dead, I wish—"

"Stop that this minute!" Bronson shouted. "Do something about her, Elizabeth."

"Oh, stop it, Elaine, stop it," Elizabeth said. She picked her daughter up and carried her, shrieking, into the hall. "You come right upstairs with me and lie down on the bed in the spare room, and if I hear another sound out of you, I'll whip you. Do you hear me? I'll whip you."

ROBERT came in carrying a small stick of firewood. He put the wood on the fire and then fell into a deep chair. "You know, what I'd really like to be is a caretaker," he said, "a caretaker at some place in the Adirondacks—Saranac or Placid. It's so good for you living in the country at this time of year. You

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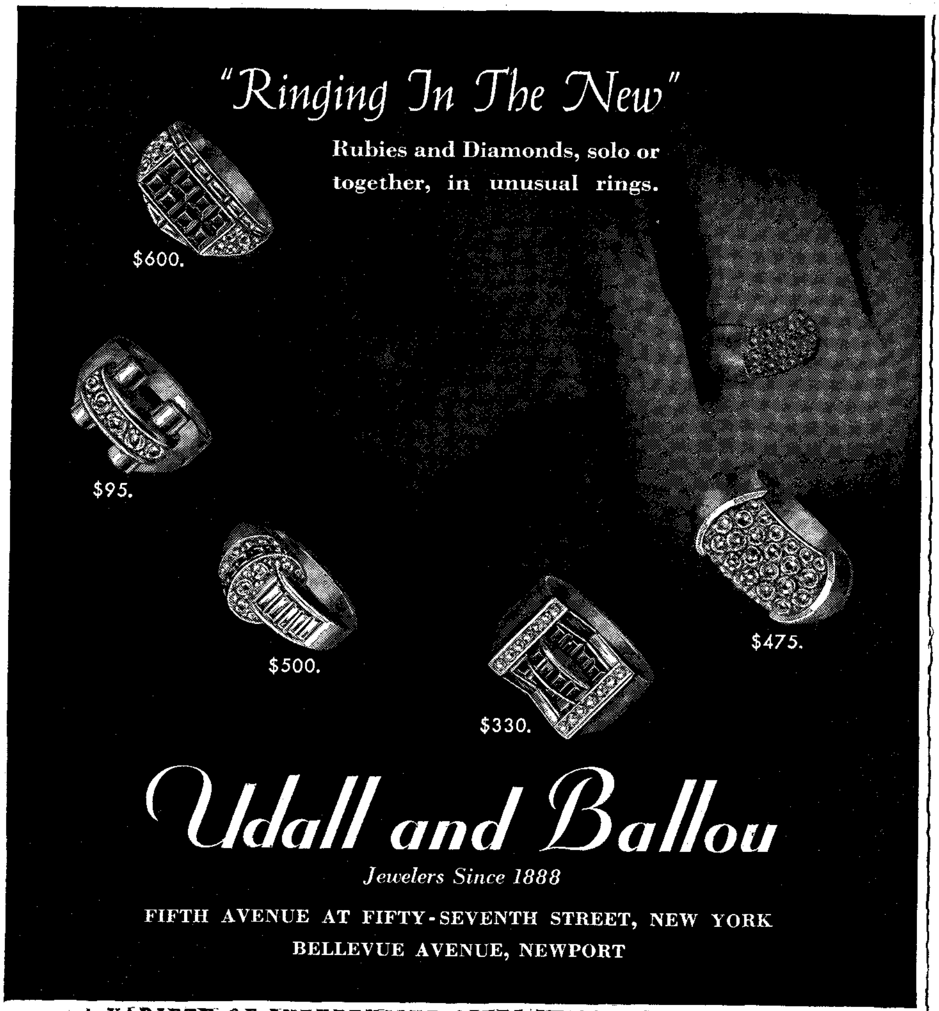

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have a snug little gatehouse. Outside it's cold. The wind howls. The snow blows against the windows—"

"I nearly froze to death in the blizzard of ninety-eight," Mrs. Welles muttered. "That was the year the Portland went down."

"You've told us about it," Helen Gracie said.

"That was in November," Mrs. Welles said. "It was a Saturday afternoon. I was down at the beach house with the girl. That was before I had any children. Mr. Welles was coming out for the weekends. It began to snow about five o'clock. I waited dinner until seven for Mr. Welles and then, when he hadn't come, I sat down, because I knew something was holding him up. He was punctilious, invariably punctilious. The wind was blowing so hard the house shook. There was a dresser in the dining room with loose handles on the drawers, and these handles began to rattle. I went upstairs and got two of Mr. Welles' neckties and tied the handles down."

"Yes, Mother," Helen Gracie said impatiently. "You've told us."

"Mr. Welles hadn't come at eleven," Mrs. Welles said. She was hunched a little in her chair, lost in the memory of that peril. "The girl was frightened. She said the sea was rising and she wanted to leave and go up to the Carson place. The Carson place was on higher ground. That was Eleanor Carson. She married young Stanley Carson. I never cared much for those people. They—they—"

*They*, she thought. *They*. Who were they? What was their mother's maiden name and where had their money come from? She straightened her back and held fiercely to the arms of her chair, for she thought she would faint in the confusion of faces and objects through which she seemed to be falling. It was the feel of the chair arms under her hands that brought her back. She could not remember, though, what she had been talking about. She looked around at her family to see if they had noticed. It was the Irish, she thought happily. She had been talking about the Irish. And, settling herself in the chair, she said in a loud, firm voice, "The Irish are not as bad as they're painted. 'Decked with Irish pennants,' they used to say of a dirty ship, but there's a lot of good Irishmen. Many of Mr. Welles' drinking companions were Irish." —JOHN CHEEVER

•

TYPEWRITER MECHANIC, Royal and noiseless man; high wages. Dayron, 19 West 44th.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Some quiet ex-king, maybe.

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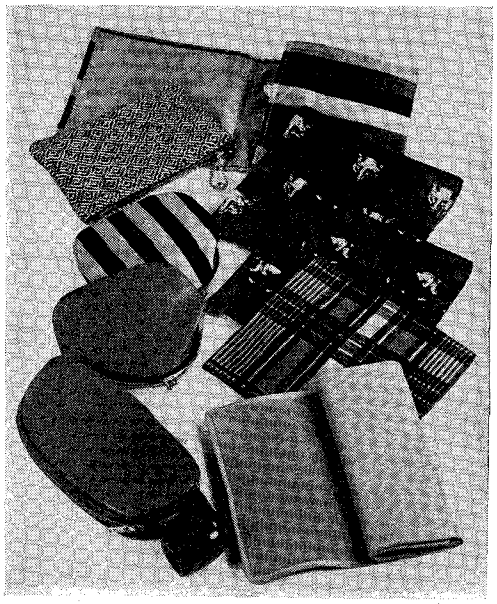
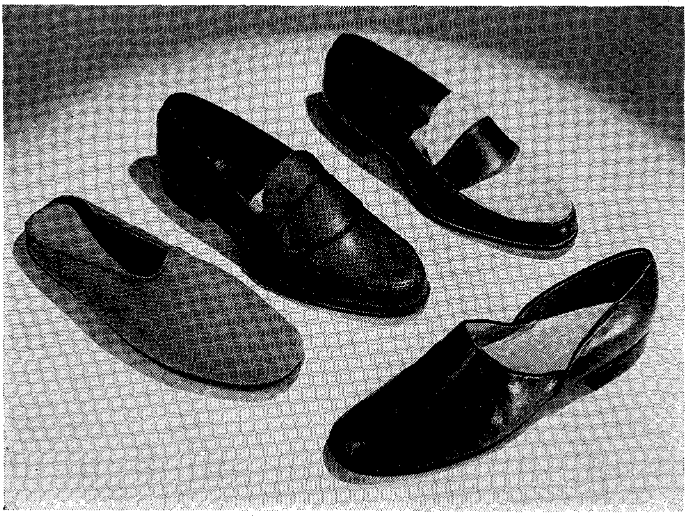
BROOKS FITTED DRESSING CASES in a variety of styles and leathers are $18 to $250. Illustrated: Tan Pigskin Case lined with red morocco, containing 10 toilet articles (14″ x 5⅜″ x 2¾″), $25; and a smaller case (9″ x 3″ x 1½″) containing 8 toilet articles, is $6.

BROOKS TOBACCO POUCHES are $1.50 to $8. Illustrated: top to bottom, (left column) Tweed with slide fastening, $3.50; in Striped Silk Pocketbook Style, $3.50; Pigskin, pocketbook style, $3; "Pipe Shape" pigskin with slide fastening, $3, (with pipe, $9.50). (Right column) Striped Silk Roll-up, $4.50; Woollen Roll-ups with animal heads, $3.50; India Madras Roll-up, $3; and Pigskin Roll-up, $3.50.



SLIPPERS at Brooks Brothers are $1.75 to $15. Those illustrated are (top, left to right) Fawn Felt piped and soled in red, imported from Peal & Co. of London, $9.50; Tan Leather Moccasin type, plain, $6.50 or trimmed with white buckskin, $7.50, both suitable for house, beach or country. Bottom: Soft Leather Slippers in red, $6, or tan, $5.50.



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# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Reading from Left to Right*

THERE'S a considerable variety in the offerings for this week, even if there isn't a superabundance of talent among them. They range from the surrealist fantasies of Mariano Andreu, through the Expressionism of Manfred Schwartz, to the comfortably capable Impressionism of Maxine Maufra, with any number of other, less simply determinable styles scattered here and there in between. And though some of the work is derived and some of it labored, there's enough honest competence, too, to make most of it worth while. Let's begin over at the far left with Andreu, at the Valentine Gallery, and make our way down the line from there.

The influence in his case, I should judge, is predominantly Di Chirico, for it's his long, arcaded perspectives that establish a good deal of the design of Andreu's pictures, as his chill, moonlit coloration determines their lighting. Here, however, the resemblance ends; Di Chirico's style, for all its mood of ominous disquiet, is classic in its severity, while Andreu's is profuse, ornate, and rococo in pattern. The result, though it lacks the truly profound emotional value of the Italian painter's work, has a kind of antic quality that I found peculiarly refreshing. All that play of incongruities which the surrealist technique depends on is made use of, of course, and in "Le Centaure Pauvre," "La Rue," and so on, one is treated to such improbable sights as a crippled centaur begging unnoticed on a street corner and a top-hatted gentleman imperturbably driving a unicorn down a boulevard.

But even in these there is little apparent insistence, somehow, on "symbolic" values, and the general atmosphere is less that of the Daliesque nightmare, say, than of the simple masquerade, in which any oddity goes more or less unremarked. I realize that in taking Andreu's work thus lightly, I may be doing him great wrong, and it's quite possible that in his own conception his painting involves a symbolism as deliberately devious and diabolical as anything Dali can offer. To me, though, it's just make-believe (as, indeed, a good part of the whole hypnagogic school of surrealism is), and even in the most ambitious canvas in the show—his "Le Duel avec Soi-Même," in which a man is seen shooting arrows at his replica down a long arcade while oddly garbed ladies wander to and fro—I can't really feel that much harm will come to anyone. In fact, it's for that reason I liked these paintings. Certainly, there can be little question of his craftsmanship. A considerable number of drawings are included, along with his oils, and in both he shows an astonishing technical facility.

THE shadow of Rouault lies over a good portion of the work of Manfred Schwartz, whose oils are on view at the Lilienfeld. But that's all right, for this is a first solo exhibition, in which, if a painter's work shows no influences at all, it is likely to be pretty insipid stuff indeed, and furthermore Rouault himself grew out of the Expressionist style, with which Schwartz's work is strongly flavored. Insipid, incidentally, is the last word to apply to Schwartz's painting. He goes in for large canvases and broad effects, and the Rouault touch is mainly visible in such pieces as his cityscape "Finale" and the view of an empty theatre interior called "Stage—7:30 P.M.," in both of which there's a tendency toward those luminous blues and greens and reds that bloom in the older painter's pictures.

For the rest, Schwartz's design is free and his treatment vigorous, and my only complaint about his work is the somewhat general one that he has not yet succeeded completely in integrating his style with his subject matter. It may be that the trouble lies in the fact that the style is essentially European while the subject matter is predominantly American; at any rate, it's in his explorations of typically native themes that the fault appears most strongly, and one can't help feeling that pieces like his "Burlesque," "Cafeteria Diners," and "Entr'acte," if stripped of their Expressionist murkiness and slightly mannered air, would have been all the better for the change. It's perhaps because of all this that I liked his more neutral subjects, the still lifes and so on, best of all, and there are several in this vein—in particular, a green-and-red "Still Life with Chinese Motif" and a figure study, slightly Soutinesque in its elongations, called "Young Man with Bach Score"—that I found thoroughly admirable.

THERE'S less to be said about the others on the list. Maufra, of course, came by his Impressionism naturally, for he did most of his painting around the start of the century, as a more or less direct descendant of the great ones who founded the movement. Now Durand-Ruel have a group of his oils on display, and though there's hardly a spark of what might be called true genius in the lot, they've a kind of graciousness and ease that makes them worth seeing. Maufra was best, I think, in his marines, and in, for example, his blue, windy-looking "L'Avant-Port du Havre" or the cool "Le Port de la Trinité sur Mer, Morbihan," he catches the clear, breezy busyness of the sea on a sunny day with considerable charm and skill.

THROUGH this Saturday, Schneider-Gabriel are showing paintings by Lucille Corcos. These are tiny, semi-naïve affairs, done in a highly patterned style that will remind you about equally of the early Italian primitives and the Persian miniature painters. Into this rather rigid mold, however, Miss Corcos has managed to pour a good deal of witty, alert observation, while in addition displaying a really excellent sense of design. I liked especially her "Springtime at Vassar," with its maplike array of buildings, all opened up to display the activities going on within, and the even more minutely detailed small "Suburban Christmas." . . . At the Walker Galleries is an exhibition of fantastic ink-and-wash drawings by Richard Taylor, who draws occasionally for this magazine, together with a set of water colors by John Steuart Curry, who does large paintings of the Middle West. Both artists are shown here in what might be called their extracurricular activities; the Currys—which, besides being small, seemed to me to be rather staid in style—were designed as illustrations for James Fenimore Cooper's "The Prairie," while the Taylor pieces, far from being humorous, have to do with a kind of eerie and oozy world wherein the women hover like vultures over men who rarely escape. There's keen irony behind these Taylors, however, as well as a telling wit, and in such things as his "Fisherman's Luck" and the raggedy "Ballet Figure," the combination of the two qualities will probably at the same time amuse you and chill your bones.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

### DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

When Len Will place-kicked the extra point, the touchdown John Hoague had rammed over the Columbia goal line after his legal screen pass to Bill Geyer had accounted for thirty-one yards and set up the situation, was equalized.

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

December 7 (by cable)

THE most important news of the past week locally was the Independent Labour Party's proposal for a peace conference, which Parliament soundly trounced by 341 votes to 4. Though, as Labour's Mr. Griffith remarked, there is not a man, woman, or child who would not welcome an end to the conflict if it meant a real peace for the stricken world, no one can see how such a peace could come about with National Socialism sitting in at the conference table. The British people are now in a better position than most to state that war is ruinous, uncomfortable, and deadly, and Mr. Churchill seems to have made one of his rare bloomers a short time back when, in his natural exuberance, he dug up the old saw about its being a grand life if you don't weaken. For an enormous number of people who are leading existences of unspeakable dreariness and privation, life can hardly be grand, but the voting of the House reflected pretty accurately the grim national realization that any sort of life is preferable to the travesty of honorable survival now being enacted on the other side of the Channel.

The very fact that the debate was allowed to be aired in public at all at such a time summed up more succinctly than words the way of living which House and people are resolved to defend at whatever terrible cost. All the same, there emerged from the debate the very strong general feeling that Britain's war aims ought to be given a good deal more coherence than they have been if they are to compete with the German alternative of a new European order. Early last summer, when France was crumbling under an attack that left all military tactics known to the Allies a couple of jumps behind, people slowly realized that they were up against a new way of making war; now it's also understood that there will have to be a new way of keeping peace if the war-sickened soul of this planet is even to begin to take heart in our lifetime.

THE Greek successes and Badoglio's sudden exit made everyone feel a good deal better last week, although there was some disappointment that Britain's aerial attack on Italy was not of greater proportions. Technical difficulties are probably the explanation, but to the ordinary unexpert citizen, who knows nothing of these, it merely seems as though the High Command were lacking his own healthy appetite for socking Mussolini as often and as painfully as possible. This restraint on the part of the High Command was possibly the reason for a crop of rumors that Italy was already nibbling at peace negotiations, that Badoglio's resignation was the sign of a split between the Army and the Fascist regime, and that Mussolini was faced with a dangerous crackup in civilian obedience. Most people, however, remembered only too clearly how last winter a press campaign tried to make them believe that something of the kind was happening in Germany—a pleasant fantasy from which they awoke to encounter a disastrous spring and a united Germany firmly bent on their extinction. Similar wishful thinking is discouraged on this occasion, although popular enthusiasm for the Greek successes is tremendous. Now Britons are waiting to see what form German aid to Italy is going to take; it is thought that this aid will more likely concentrate on keeping British sea and air defences busy at home than on the launching of a military campaign in the Balkans.

Certainly it has become clear in the past few weeks that the Nazi plan of attack has changed again. London has had comparatively quiet nights, while the provincial cities have suffered one after another in a series of raids which, as though agonizingly mocking some nursery game, keep the taut spectators in suspense about whom death is going to tag next. The names of the victims of these raids were released quicker than usual by the Ministry of Information (which is said to be going to take over the running of the B.B.C.), but on one occasion, when it was announced that a "West Country town" had been bombed, people with friends in Bath went through some bad moments before it was revealed that the city was Bristol. Possibly the unusual celerity of the censorship department was brought about by the complaints of the American correspondents. It has been openly stated and deplored that their understandable irritation over official red tape has overflowed into their dispatches and made an unduly gloomy picture of damage done by raids on Britain's war-production facilities and of the possible

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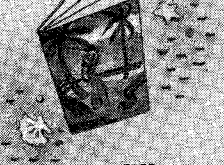

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rockiness of the nation's financial resources.

THE "off-the-record" observations of Mr. Joseph Kennedy have caused much interest here. He had been so boosted by the press that the public had become mesmerized into thinking that a man with nine children and such an expansive smile, not to mention an impressive golf handicap, must necessarily be a prince of good fellows and as pro-British as they come. When it was discovered that those much publicized teeth had actually bit the hand that patted him, resentment was general and acute. The *Times* acidly observed that what Mr. Kennedy was telling friends in the United States could not fairly be mentioned, owing to his trick of talking off the record, and then went on to remark that "he is said to be distilling the sort of gloom which he has apparently adopted as his second nature."

What was said of the former Ambassador around Britain's firesides and in her air-raid shelters was often blunter than that. Just as Mayfair was taken in by Ribbentrop, so those in the vast middle section of the populace now feel mournfully certain that the beaming paterfamilias from Washington has somehow managed to do them dirt.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

"Practice telling stories to yourself in your room," she suggested. "Listen to your voice. You can tell when it sounds well. You can practice saying your boy's name, over and over. I knew a girl who had a boy friend named Herman. She had a difficult time, but she made out all right."—*Baltimore Sun.*

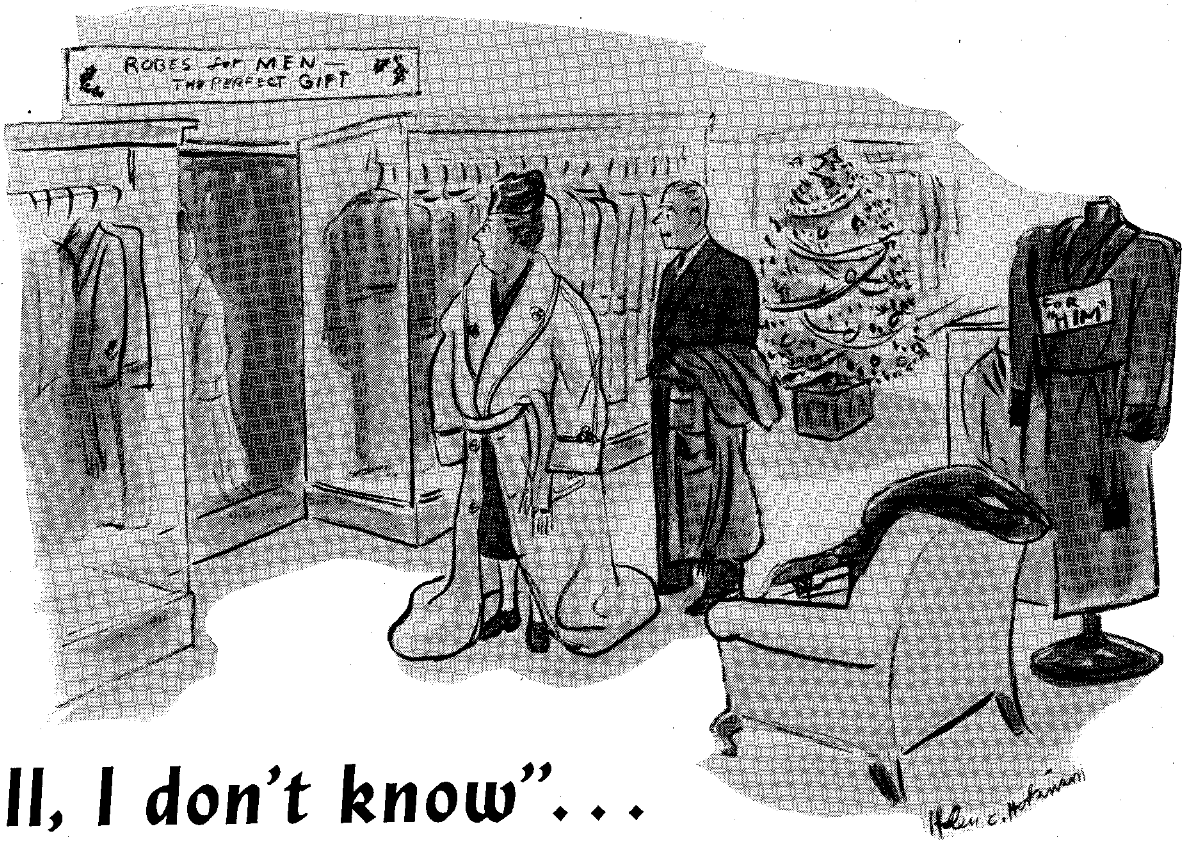
Those practice periods may have scarred her for life, just the same.

•

### BELLES-LETTRES DEPARTMENT

[*From the Boston Transcript*]

The Reading Club of Brookline gathered for its third meeting yesterday morning at "Clydehurst," the home of Mrs. Whipple Fry on Warren street. Mrs. Maurice Blackmur was there in smart gray trim, Mrs. Wilson MacKay was in green with a matching hat, Mrs. Frank Jenkins in attractive gray and yellow, Mrs. Louis Harding in black with touches of red. Mrs. Charles Carney had on a tam o'shanter hat, bluebird trimmed, with her wool check costume, and wore an orchid. Mrs. Claude Cross was in gray with a black hat, Mrs. Walter Van Kleeck in blue wool and Mrs. T. Barnett Plimpton in a becoming tete de negre coat with matching hat.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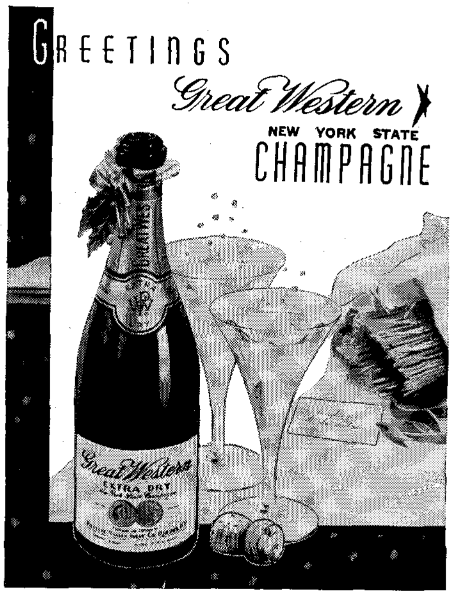

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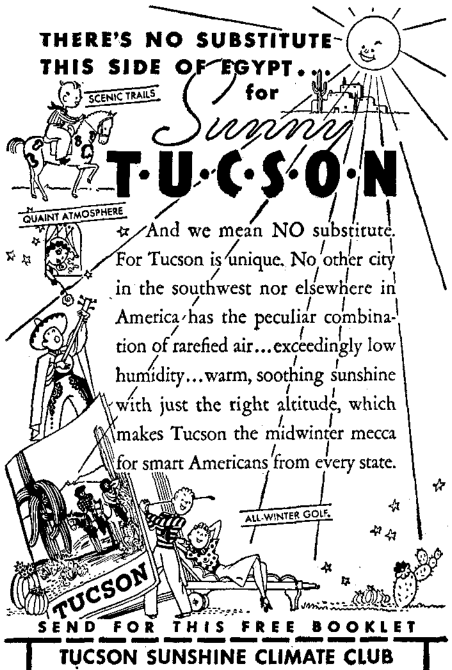

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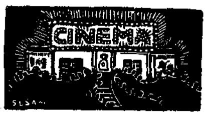
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Mahatma Fields*



AS Mahatma Kane Jeeves, credited with the authorship of "The Bank Dick," is simply a pen name for W. C. Fields, the star of this stimulating opus, the film belongs really in the category of one-man movies. It is quite as much the product of a single individual's creative impulse, I should say, as the recent Ben Hecht picture or the Preston Sturges efforts. In fact, in a way it is even more so, as Mr. Fields himself not only is the star but manages to sweep practically everyone else off the screen. The result, I think, is highly diverting.

There seems to be a reticence among the exhibitors concerning this picture. One doesn't hear much about it, and its arrival in New York is not being made a major event. Indeed, it is a brief and slightly contrived piece, and I suspect that the exhibitors, our hosts at the movie houses, so to speak, may consider the thing not quite as refined as they would like. There may be an uneasy feeling that dear Mr. Fields, though surely a great artist with a tremendous following, is yet a trifle eccentric. Perhaps he allows himself a certain licence not entirely becoming a man of his years. The character he depicts is wholly unregenerate, and perfectly cheerful about it. Made a bank guard for quite unjustified reasons, he proceeds to persuade a respectable young man in the bank to embezzle a bit, ladles Mickey Finns into a bank examiner, is in general a scamp, and is rewarded for all his sins with a smacking movie contract. A good deal of delirious hocus-pocus reaches a crisis in a wild automobile chase of the old-school style, and there is often an incident or gesture reminiscent of the Mack Sennett comedies. At times the movie even smacks of those old days so exactly that you almost believe it must be a revival of some classic. There's nothing antiquated about it, however, no stale, museum starchiness, and the scandalous Mr. Fields has to be forgiven his outrageous behavior, since he is so simply and honestly funny. Others, such as Cora Witherspoon, Una Merkel, and Franklin Pangborn, aren't actually quite as obliterated by the general confusion as I may have seemed to indicate, and deserve a bow for their hardihood and resilience. Altogether, "The Bank Dick"

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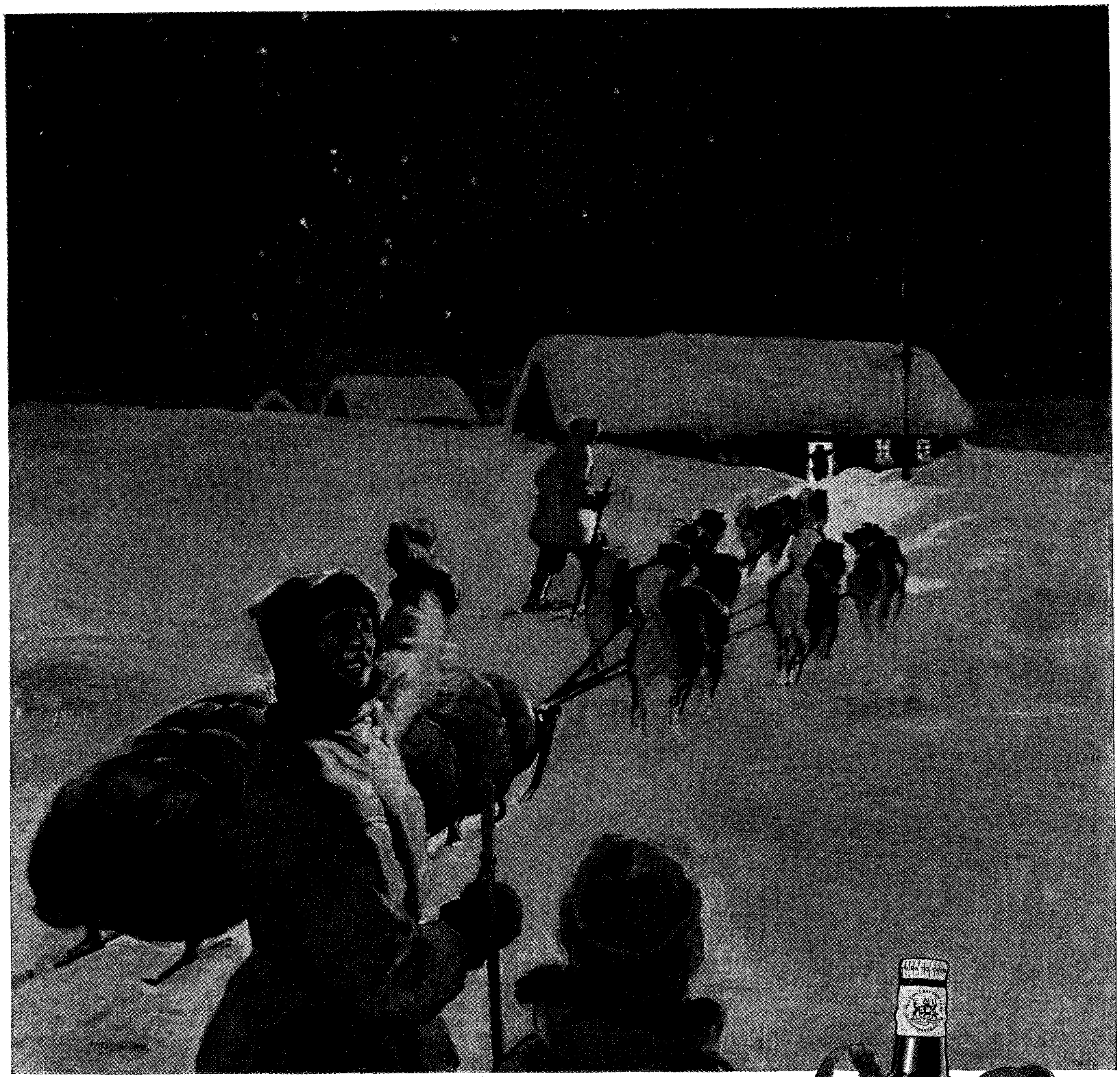

*All the week before,* through the dim four-hour days, the long nights when the borealis flames against the Arctic sky . . . they come from afar over the snow trails, in the subzero cold . . . to observe one of the oldest traditions of the North—Christmas Day at the Hudson's Bay post . . . And almost as old is the traditional cheer of the famous whisky, long the prized perquisite of Hudson's Bay Company officers, but today the privilege of any connoisseur —Hudson's Bay "Best Procurable" . . . A liqueur whisky of memorable flavour, ranked among the three best Scotches in the world . . . distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland as always, shipped directly from Leith, "Best Procurable" is now stocked by the better dealers in the States . . . for your holiday requirements . . . Ordering early is advisable.

**Hudson's Bay**

*"Best Procurable"*

**BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY**

. . . *Imported by* HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, Inc., New York

HUDSON'S BAY
BRAND
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
Hudson's Bay Company
Imported by
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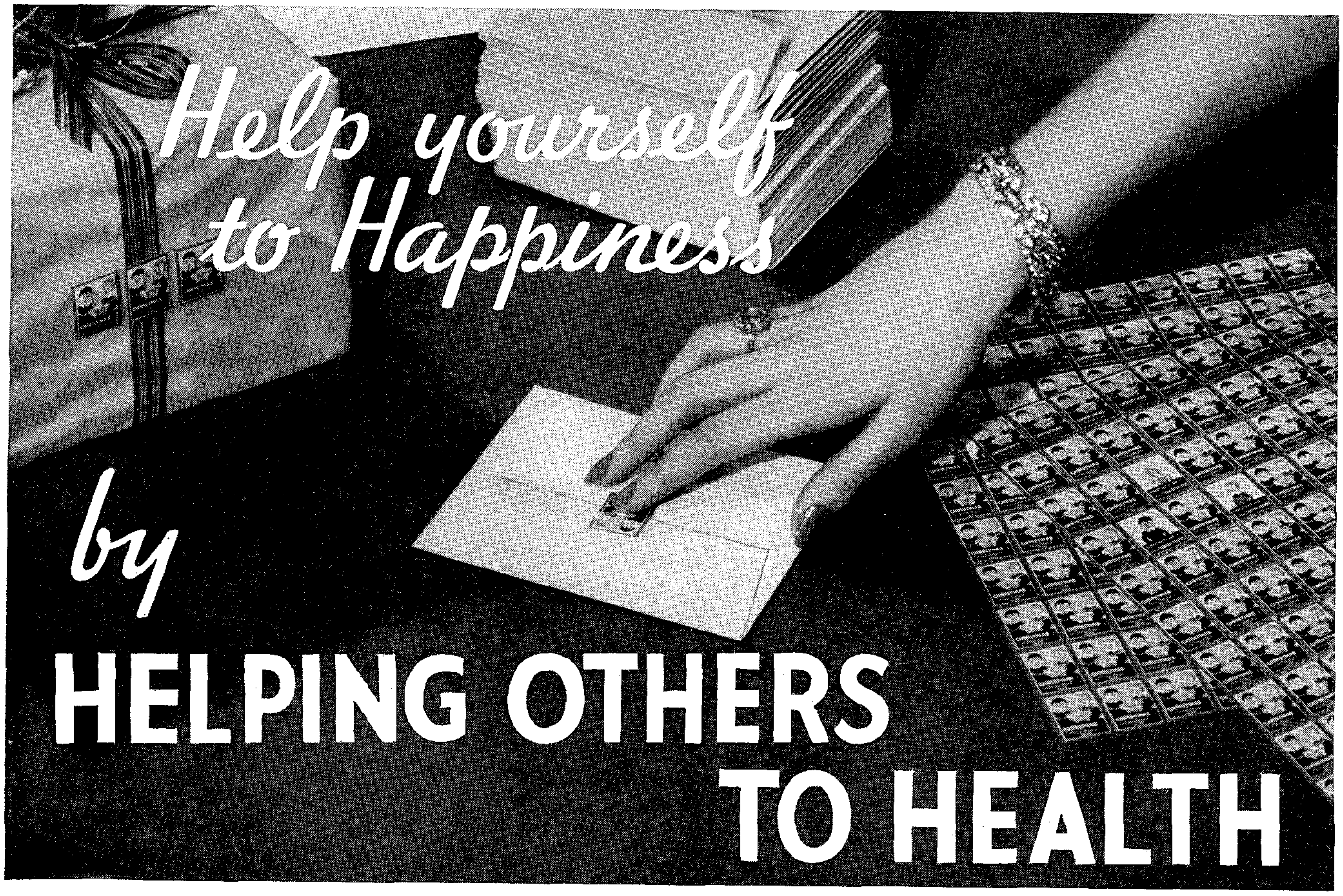
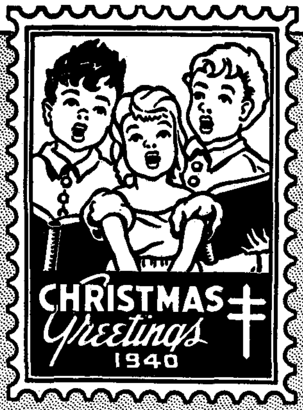

Help yourself
to Happiness
by
HELPING OTHERS
TO HEALTH

This Christmas—be a partner in a great life-saving campaign. Use plenty of Christmas Seals on your letters and packages. They are gay, colorful . . . and what's more important . . . they spread a message of Tuberculosis control and prevention that is vital to the good health of us all!

Since 1907, the annual sale of Christmas Seals has done its share in helping to reduce the death rate from Tuberculosis by 75%! Complete eradication is now in sight! But no one is safe from Tuberculosis until *everyone* is safe. So help yourself—by helping others!


CHRISTMAS
Greetings
1940

***BUY***

**CHRISTMAS SEALS**

**The National, State and Local**
**Tuberculosis Associations**
**in the United States**

is a minor thing in a ribald style which even people of position may enjoy, and, of course, they don't have to tell the rector they've seen it.

IT'S my duty now to warn mothers to be careful. I'm especially concerned about those literate matrons whose happiest girlhood memories are of their hours with Louisa May Alcott. They are very likely to want their offspring to enjoy the same advantages they had, and may therefore run them to any film named after their dearest books. Mothers, though, must watch their steps. "Jo's Boys" may be revised to suit the talents of the "Dead End" boys and "Under the Lilacs" screened with a setting in Hell's Kitchen. "Little Men," for instance, now comes to the front, full of such surprising words as "moochers" and "mush bags" and talk of stud poker and shooting a little pool. An underworld plot is arranged for the benefit of Jack Oakie and George Bancroft, and it isn't at all in the Louisa May Alcott fashion. The feminine leads are Kay Francis and Elsie the Cow. Miss Francis, of course, is Jo. I am sorry to report that even Elsie isn't quite as reserved as one might wish for the sake of the nursery public. Incidentally, departing from Miss Alcott and her profanation, I hear that the studios are excited out of their wits about a new find—none other than "The Peterkin Papers." Literate matrons will doubtless be breathless before the prospect of a movie version of "The Peterkin Papers," especially if instead of Philadelphia the reference is to some lively place like Red Hook.

OTHER modest offerings of the moment reveal Kenny Baker and Frances Langford, Hugh Herbert and Mary Boland in "Hit Parade of 1941" (very trifling and routine, with a story of radio society), Sigrid Gurie and Eddie Quillan in "Dark Streets of Cairo" (jewel thieves and mummy cases), and Dorothy Lamour in "Moon Over Burma." The last is the best of this unsensational trio. Miss Lamour is stranded in a teak camp, gets the men all wrought up, interferes with their work, dodges cobras, sees a forest fire, and finally intimates that she wants to be happy in Flatbush. The lady looks very spick-and-span in the jungle. —JOHN MOSHER

•

First four guests on the new Coca-Cola musical series starting Dec. 1 over CBS will be John Charles Thomas.—*Variety.*

That's only three.

FERNET BRANCA

When you eat too well . . When you drink too well . .

Try this WORLD-FAMED PICK-ME-UP

A jigger today... helps make tomorrow O. K.

SINCE 1845

At good Restaurants, Hotels, Bars. Keep a bottle at home—drug and grocery stores have it.
*In the United States*
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., New York
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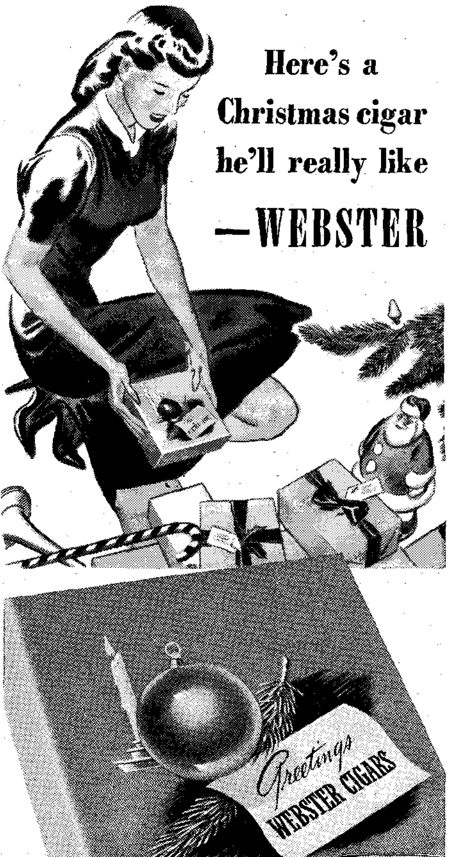
We don't know what this kind of folks read but,

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND READ THE

Atlantic

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

PIRIE MACDONALD
Photographer-of-Men.
576 FIFTH AV· COR· 47TH ST
TELEPHONE BRYANT 9-1074
Have them made this week
—FOR CHRISTMAS
Phone BRYANT 9-1074



Here's a Christmas cigar he'll really like
—WEBSTER

If he likes good cigars, you're in no quandary about what to give a man for Christmas—*Websters.* Don't worry about getting "duplicates"—no man ever gets too many Websters.

Websters have *flavor and mildness* to satisfy the most avid smoking instinct . . . and delicate bouquet to win women's most hearty approval.

Webster filler tobaccos are 100% *choice long Havana.* Finest craftsmanship. Dignified Holiday wrappings. Wherever fine cigars are sold.

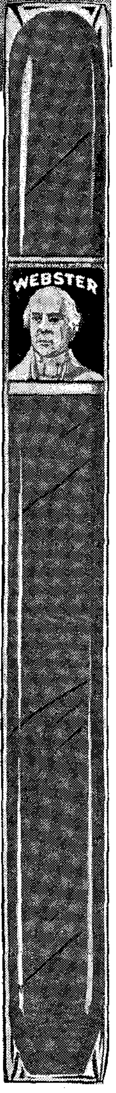
GOLDEN WEDDING—Voguish "streamlined" elegance. The young man's fancy!
BOX OF 25............$2.25
BOX OF 50............$4.50

KINGS—The classic new Corona shape.
BOX OF 25............$2.25
BOX OF 50............$4.50

QUEENS—The business man's favorite.
BOX OF 25............$2.90
BOX OF 50............$5.75

FANCY TALES—After-dinner size. The luxury cigar for leisure moments!
BOX OF 25............$3.40
BOX OF 50............$6.75

WEBSTER
CUSTOM-MADE CIGARS
First in the Social Register



# OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

## OKLAHOMA IDYLL

Ada, Oklahoma
November 25

THOUGH my trip eastward through the Southwest has been for the most part made up of the usual tourist's itinerary, I have just had the unique experience of stopping for an overnight visit at the home of a lady I'll call Mrs. Una Crouse. Mrs. Crouse is a full-blooded Creek Indian who a few years ago sold a tract of land, which she owned jointly with her father, to an oil company for eight million dollars. Some friends of mine in Westchester who had once been in the oil business in Ada and were old friends of Mrs. Crouse (Mr. Crouse being a white man from whom she is divorced) had written her to ask if she would put me up for the night. Mrs. Crouse wrote back saying it would be a pleasure, and my Westchester neighbors, though they declined to elaborate, promised me a rather extraordinary visit.

Leaving Arizona and New Mexico behind me, I turned north at Fort Worth and drove the hundred and some miles to Ada. I reached my destination in the middle of the afternoon, having crossed a sizable section of the depopulated dust-bowl area. After driving through these blasted districts, I was pleased by the typically Western appearance of Ada. On a wooden arch built over the road on the town's southern outskirts was the legend "ADA, NOT A LADY, BUT A DANDY PLACE TO LIVE." There was a hitching post outside the drugstore where I stopped to get a soda. The druggist told me Mrs. Crouse's house was about half a mile out from the other side of town, and told me how to get there. His casual manner left me quite unprepared for what I found.

I LOCATED Mrs. Crouse's place without any trouble. I couldn't, in fact, have missed it. Her grounds, which were surrounded by a stout, barbed-wire fence, occupied about five acres. The entrance was a rail gate, which I unlatched and drove through. The house was a huge pile of brick, stone, and marble, embodying the worst elements of, as near as I could make out, a half-dozen types of architecture. When Mrs. Crouse planned her dwelling, she must have been influenced by the Taj Mahal, the pueblo at Taos, the palace at Versailles, the Kremlin, the Vatican, and the old family tepee. Half a dozen horses and a few cows were keeping the brown lawn mowed, and a couple of evil-looking goats had invaded the haphazard, dying flower gardens. I noticed a big cage containing two restless animals that looked like wolves. They were, I found out later, wolves. There was a huge swimming pool that would have done credit to an Academy Award winner. It was made of bright red and yellow tiles and at each end of it a fountain was playing.

I parked my car and climbed a flight of stone steps to a bare stone porch that made me feel, as I stood there, strangely at the mercy of the house. Here I faced two tall and enormously thick metal doors, the kind one would expect to see at Sing Sing. Before I had a chance to ring the bell, the doors opened and a woman of about thirty-five, rangy and outrageously made up, appeared before me. She had black hair in a frizzly permanent wave, brown eyes, and bland features, and altogether didn't look much like an Indian. Her rather splayed feet were encased in sandals and she wore a striped bathing suit that made her look like a stick of peppermint.

"Are you Mrs. Crouse?" I asked.

She looked me up and down quite frankly. "Yeah, I'm Mrs. Crouse," she said. "I been expecting you. Come in and make yourself at home. The bedrooms are all on the second floor and you can pick out any one you want. I'm gonna have a swim now. See yah later." With that, she went off down the steps, leaving me standing there with my bag. I was halfway through the door before it struck me that it was pretty chilly weather for swimming.

I went inside the house and up to the second floor. The staircase I climbed was carpeted in lush red. The wall opposite the railing had a long mirror running from one floor to the other. The banister was of marble, with gilt trimmings. The bedroom I chose was, like the carpet, done in a nerve-racking red. I chose it, however, because it was the only one that had a bed in it. All the others simply had some sort of uncomfortable-appearing arrangement of mats laid out on the floor.

My bathroom filled me with awe. It was as big as a good-sized bedroom. It had two stall showers, one at either end, and what must have been a custom-built bathtub that was merely a modification of the swimming pool outside. I was so fascinated that I took two showers in succession, a hot one in the first stall and a cold one in the second.

While I was getting into fresh clothes, I heard shots outside. I looked out the window and saw Mrs. Crouse shooting a revolver at a flock of wooden ducks which were floating in the pool. She seemed to know by instinct that I was in the window. "I hope I didn't scare you," she said without looking up. "I get lonesome for the sound of a gun once in a while, and then I get one out and blaze away. I ain't done any shooting in a dog's age." She took careful aim and pulled the trigger. A wooden duck bobbed in the water. I heard a scuffle behind me and turned around just in time to see something that looked like a wildcat slither out my door and down the hall.

I went downstairs, thinking it would be polite to join my hostess and compliment her on her marksmanship. I needed a little fresh air, anyway. When I got out to the pool I found Mrs. Crouse putting a cellophane wrapper over her bathing suit. "I decided to postpone my swim," she said. "Maybe it's too cold. I don't know. I'm going over to see my father now. He lives down the road a way. Wanna come along?"

I hesitated. "Well, maybe you better not," Mrs. Crouse said. "He don't like strangers. He wouldn't like it one bit if he knew you was here, so I ain't gonna tell him. Besides that, he's having trouble with his house. Says he's gonna have all the floors taken out so's he can live on the ground."

Mrs. Crouse walked away, and I decided it might be interesting to look over the ground floor of her home. As I turned to go in, I noticed that she had left the revolver lying by the pool. I picked it up and put it in my pocket, just in case. The place, I felt, was rather too much like a menagerie for me to take any unnecessary chances.

I CAN well imagine Mrs. Crouse's living room a thousand years from now, preserved intact in the Hall of Anthropology in some museum. For one thing, there was a purple vase about six feet high, full of red hollyhocks. More striking ornaments included a mounted buffalo head, a stuffed grizzly bear that almost scared me to death when I suddenly came on it in a dark nook, a life-size chalk statue of the Virgin, and a bronze replica of Cellini's Perseus. On one wall hung about a hundred enormous dried rattlesnake skins. There was also a steel safe that went right up to the ceiling.

I spent about an hour going through

the rooms. There was a player piano in every room I explored. I counted five of them. Too, every room had about fifty gaily colored pillows strewed over its floor. Vases and ashtrays were cunningly, and horribly, contrived out of skulls and bones, animal and human. I wouldn't have been surprised to find a wigwam pitched before one of the tall windows. Several of the rooms were wallpapered, always with the same paper. The leitmotiv was an endless prairie going up in smoke, with roaring herds of buffalo crashing out at you.

While I was trying to adjust myself to these surroundings the doorbell rang. There seemed to be no servant to answer it, so I went to the door myself. I opened it and a dozen blank-faced, black-haired Indian men and women, very decently dressed in ordinary clothes, trooped past me into the living room. They registered absolutely no surprise at the sight of a stranger in the house; I concluded that Mrs. Crouse had told them about me. Without a word, they arranged themselves on the pillows on the floor, each visitor selecting what appeared to be his favorite. After they were satisfactorily established, they stared straight ahead, motionless. I had no idea what to say, but very soon my feeling of discomfort passed. The imposing silence infected me and I sat and stared as contentedly as any of them. In about fifteen minutes, Mrs. Crouse appeared in the cellophane wrapper and her bathing suit.

She dropped down on a pillow beside me and sat there looking blank. "Lucia will be here with something to eat in a few minutes, I hope," she said. Nobody else said anything. Not long after, Lucia, a white woman with an affronted look on her face, came in. She was carrying two paper picnic plates, their contents steaming hot, which she gingerly handed to the male guest nearest her. He took them and politely passed them on. Lucia, looking more affronted with each appearance she made, kept bringing in more plates until everyone was served. I had no idea what I was eating and didn't think it good Creek manners to ask, but it was excellent food, very spicy. Everybody ate in complete silence, and I noticed that no one put his empty plate on the floor. Each guest handed his plate to Lucia, who took it grudgingly. "She hates *it* here," Mrs. Crouse told me in a happy whisper, "but she loves the good money I pay her. Nobody in town pays as well as I do. She cooks, but she won't answer the doorbell. Keeps the kitchen door locked, too."

When Lucia had taken all the plates

Santa Fe

*for*

Phoenix

Palm Springs

● The friendly desert country of Arizona and Southern California is the sunniest spot in all these United States . . . and to this delightful winter vacation area, there is swift, convenient service via Santa Fe trains.

On the streamlined Santa Fe *Chief*, throughout the winter season, there is a through *daily* Pullman between Chicago, Kansas City, and Phoenix, Wickenburg, and Castle Hot Springs, Arizona.

For Palm Springs and Arrowhead Springs, California (via San Bernardino), and the Southern California *Sun Festival*, there is excellent service on the *Chief*, the *Super Chief*, and the other fine Santa Fe trains between Chicago and Los Angeles.

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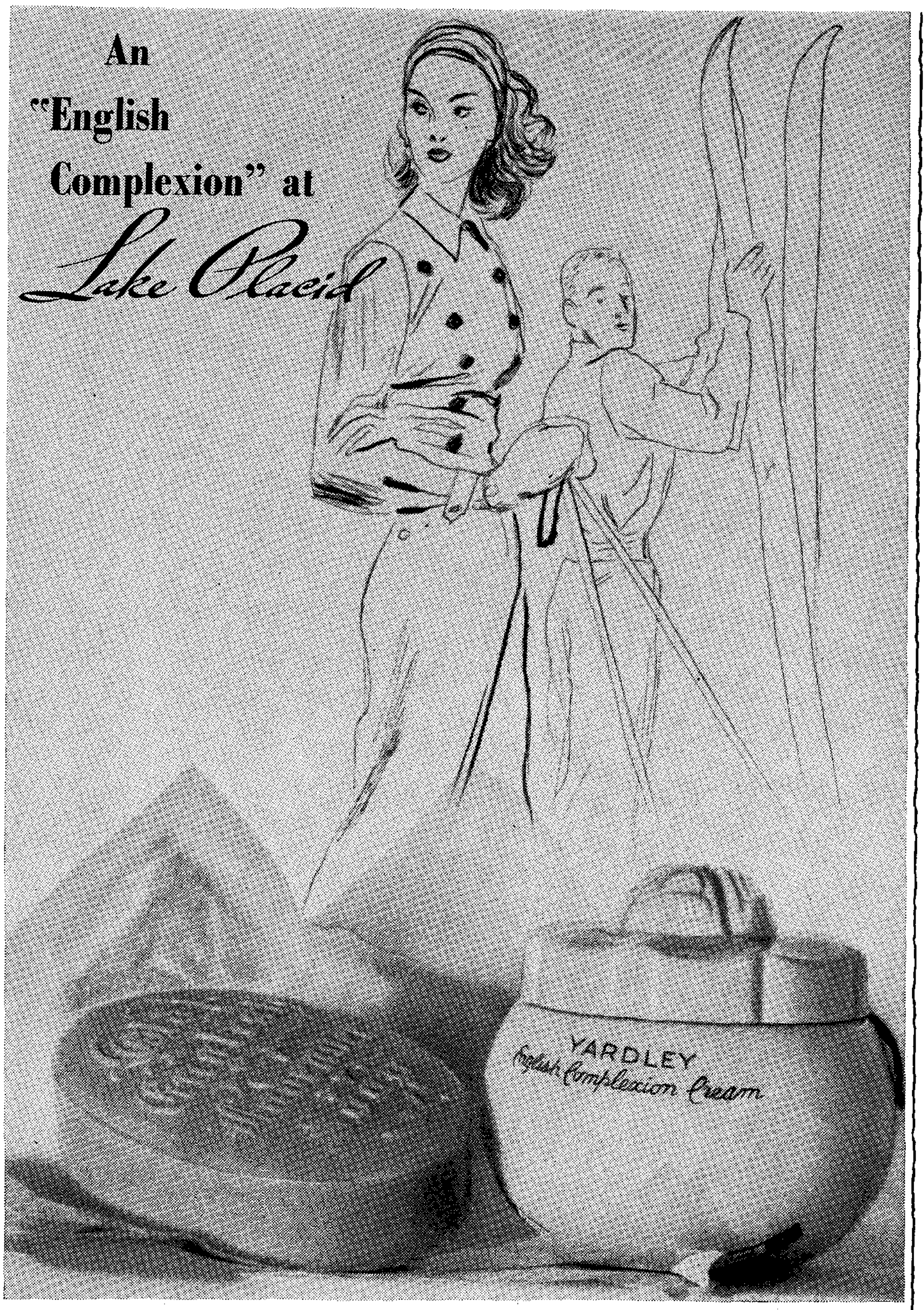
An "English Complexion" at Lake Placid
YARDLEY English Complexion Cream

Lovely against an ice-blue slope . . . a complexion sun-blessed, warm and radiant. Soft as an English rose . . . and cared for ever so tenderly with Yardley's few simple beauty aids.

Debutantes (and their younger sisters) need only the very simplest of Yardley beauty treatments. Start with Yardley's English Lavender Soap . . . the luxury soap of the world. The deliciously creamy lather leaves your skin feeling radiantly refreshed. The single tablet . . . 35c.

Then use Yardley's "English Complexion" Cream at least once a day. Its benign touch is youth itself, for its texture is rich and soft and utterly luxurious. Perfect for cleansing, and as a powder base, too . . . $1.

You may purchase these famous Yardley aids to complexion loveliness at any finer drug or department store. And at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Write to this address for our book, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street." Quite free.

● *As one gets away from the debutante age, one should cleanse with Yardley's luxuriously smooth Cleansing Cream,* **$1;** *refresh the skin with Yardley's mild Toning Lotion,* **85c;** *and combat dryness with Yardley's rich texture Night Cream,* **$1.**

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YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND FINISHED IN THE U. S. A. FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULAE, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS

away, she returned with a huge cardboard carton. A little hum of interest, which for these people probably amounted to an orgy of emotionalism, ran about the room. The carton, it seemed, was full of Good Humors, which were our dessert. As Lucia passed them around, Mrs. Crouse spoke to me for the second and last time during dinner. "I used to entertain society quite a bit," she said, "but they all turned out to be leeches. They never got a dime out of me, though. Now I have only my own people. I never wear my pearls any more."

AFTER the Good Humor carton had been passed around three or four times and Lucia had collected the wooden sticks, the guests, as one person, drew their cushions over to a phonograph in a corner of the room and arranged them in a circle around the machine, as if it were a campfire. Then Mrs. Crouse got out an album of records. They were all, it turned out, of old-time opera singers—Melba, Caruso, even Patti. When, after three hours of music, Mrs. Crouse finished the concert with a number by Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, the stony faces around me lightened into a look that was almost like gaiety. The guests rose in unison and trotted out of the house in single file without emitting so much as a grunt. I wondered if they lived in huts on some reservation and were rendered speechless by the magnificence of Mrs. Crouse's mansion. As for me, it had seemed good to be at a party and not to have to talk. Somehow I felt that I had been royally entertained. I enjoyed the sensation of being in a house and camping on the prairie at the same time. All evening long I had smelled sagebrush, and it was only when Mrs. Crouse followed her guests out of the room that I realized the smell came from yellowed sheaves of the stuff stuck behind pictures on the walls.

Mrs. Crouse locked and bolted the massive front doors after her guests. "I'm tired and I'm going to bed," she said when she came back into the living room. "I had a tough day. My father simply gets me down. I just put some of his money in the bank for him. He thought he'd hafta pay them for taking care of it, but when he learned they paid him instead, even if it's only two per cent, he got suspicious. Thinks there's a hitch somewhere." She started putting out lights. "You stay up as long as you wanna," she said graciously. "If you hear any funny noises in the night, just don't let 'em scare you. It might not be a bad idea to close your bedroom door, though. I don't feel at home unless I'm surrounded by animals, but most of 'em are practically harmless."

I thanked Mrs. Crouse and told her I thought I'd better go to bed myself. We went upstairs together. The funny noises started the minute I shut my bedroom door. The proximity of the caged wolves seemed to arouse atavistic memories in the cattle, making them restless. In the lower hall I could hear strange feline coughs and snarls, which I supposed came from the animal I had seen in the afternoon. Later in the night I heard scratches at my door. I got scared. Whatever was outside was quite obviously trying to get in, but whenever I got out of bed and opened the door to look, it was gone. Finally I detected a slightly fetid odor, and upon investigation found a gigantic, partly eaten T-bone steak behind a table near the door. I reasoned that it was probably this the creature wanted and not me. With a sudden surge of courage I picked the steak up and threw it out into the dark hall, then peered out. In a moment I caught the gleam of a pair of yellow eyes, shining like headlights. Then there was a scuffling sound as something pounced on the steak, snarled viciously, and dragged it away. I went back to bed and slept fitfully.

NEXT morning I came downstairs to find Mrs. Crouse arranging fresh hollyhocks in the purple vase. "I been up since sunrise," she said. "Lucia don't sleep here and she ain't come in yet, but you'll find some breakfast out in the kitchen on the stove. I don't see any sense in cooking food in one room and carrying it into another. I'd have fed my company in the kitchen last night, but they smell, and Lucia won't stand for it. Now I've got to go over and see my father again. He's buying a new car today and wants me to be around so's he don't get cheated."

I asked her what kind of car she thought her father would get. "So far," she said, "he's had *four* cars. He's had a Buick, a Cadillac, a La Salle, and a Lincoln, and he still thinks it's the steering wheel that makes 'em go. His new car's got to be a red one, he says. He thinks red cars go the fastest. Can you imagine *that?*" I said I couldn't, and soon afterward I thanked Mrs. Crouse for her unusual hospitality and sneaked away.

—AMBROSE FLACK

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Lansing State Journal*]

GOVERNOR TO STAY
HOME, NURSE COLD

HERE'S THE GIFT
*for your Santa Claus!*

HOLLOW GROUND

**NEW SCHICK COLONEL**—*with new 2-M Head. Executed in rich ivory plastic with gold-colored Whisk-Its. Built-in radio static suppressor. Complete with simulated alligator tuck-away case,* **$15.00.** *(Or, packed in de luxe Dress-Kit, $17.50.)*

• • •

**NEW SCHICK FLYER**—*has the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head. Styled in burgundy plastic with silver-colored Whisk-Its. Complete, with genuine leather case for only* **$12.50.**

Schick prices begin as low as $9.95 for the popular CAPTAIN model with straight Speed King Head and Whisk-Its. *Many Dealers Offer Easy Payment Terms.*

**Give him a New Schick with the 2-M Hollow-Ground Head**

**Beards are all right at Christmastime. But the rest of the year, your "Santa" should be clean-shaven.**

**So, we repeat, give him the slickest, quickest whisker-whipper any man can own—*a new Schick.***

**Its sensational 2-M Shearing Head is *hollow-ground*—makes the whiskers stand up to be snipped off.**

***That's* why it gives close shaves 30% quicker, easier, *better!***

**All Schick Shavers are sold on a 30-day trial plan—with a money-back guarantee!**

**SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN., U.S.A.**

**IF HE'S ALREADY A SCHICK OWNER** . . . *bring his Schick Shaver right up to date with the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Head. Only $3! Take the shaver to your dealer, send it to us at Stamford or take it to any Schick Shaver Service Office. (See Classified Telephone Directory for Service Office nearest you. In New York it's 17 East 42nd Street.)*

**Only Schick offers all this!**

- **NEW 2-M SHEARING HEAD**—hollow-ground to arch the skin surface—makes the whiskers stand up to be cut off. That's why it gives close shaves 30% quicker, easier, better.
- **FLYING SHUTTLE SHEARER**—powered by an improved, faster motor—performing more than 14,000 shaving operations per minute.
- **WHISK-ITS**—to catch all beard clippings. No other shaver offers this feature.
- **BRAND-NEW STYLING**—by Raymond Loewy—world-famous designer.

*nothing Quicker*
*nothing Slicker*
**NEW SCHICK SUPER SLICK SHAVER**

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS

IT'S hard to believe that we number among our readers anyone so dilatory as to have put off making a start on Christmas shopping until this late hour, but if there *are* some who are just now getting going, here is a synopsis of our previous installments, which we hope will help them in their frantic scrambles:

November 2nd.... Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs.
November 9th.... Custom gifts for men, de-luxe lingerie, gifts to order for the house, custom luggage.
November 16th.... Gifts for the house.
November 23rd.... Jewelry, wrappings for packages, art gifts, food from back home.
November 30th.... Toys, radios and musical instruments, Christmas spirits.
December 7th.... Accessories in the big shops, gifts for men, games for adults, Christmas trimmings, books for children, phonograph records.

While the put-off-for-tomorrow class is trying to catch up with the substantial items above, alert souls may, in a smug and leisurely manner, contemplate this week's batch of gift suggestions, which deals largely with the elusive subject of beauty and allure. We've grouped it thus:

Perfumes and the bath, below
Kits, compacts, etc., page 80
The man's shelf, page 82
Food for the holidays, page 83

You'll also find, starting on page 96, a résumé of the best of the year's books on special subjects.

Next week we bring down the curtain with a grab-bag full of quickie gift suggestions from all over town.

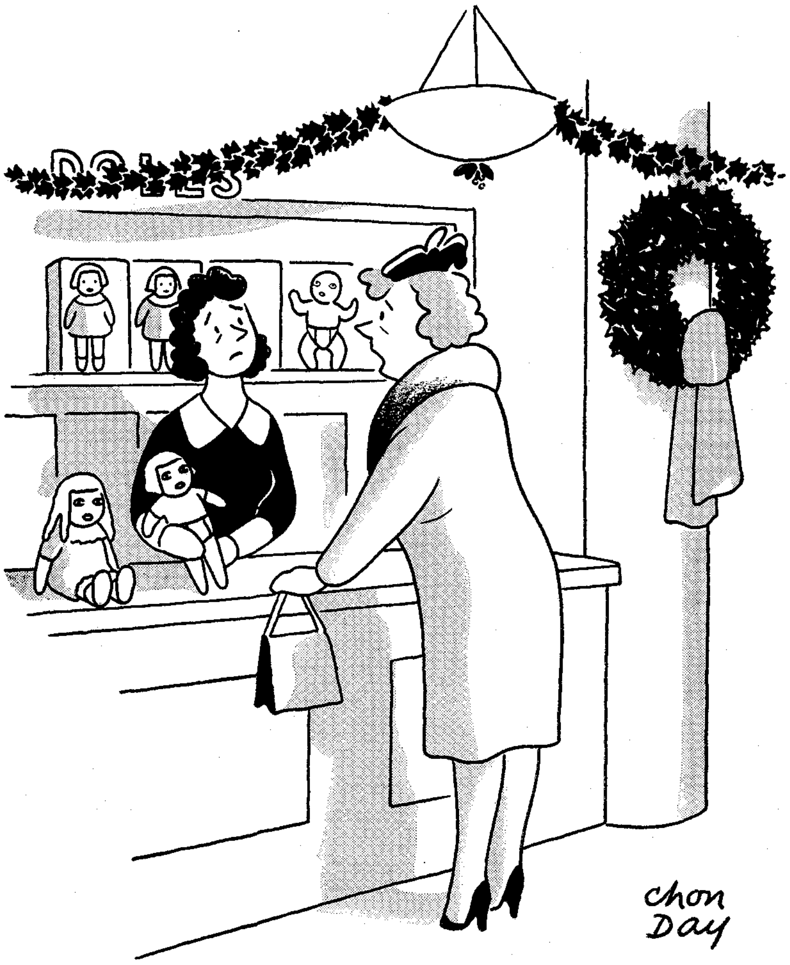
### *Perfumes and the Bath*

VICTORIAN maiden aunts and hoydens who croon into microphones both regard covetously fragile bottles of scent or mystic jars containing a surefire short cut to allure that would start Hedy Lamarr worrying. This year, naturally, there are no new offerings of such bottles and jars from many of the greatest French perfumers, but a number of the famous standbys are still to be had, like Guerlain's L'Heure Bleue and Shalimar, Lanvin's Arpège, Chanel's Gardenia and No. 5, Patou's Joy and Moment Suprême, Caron's Nuit de Noël and Bellodgia, Worth's lilting Je Reviens, and Millot's Crêpe de Chine. These are not yet collector's items, but scents by such perfumers *are* becoming rarer.

There is no lack of brilliant newcomers in this season's collection of scents, however. These have been created from essences brought to this country in better days, and many of them should be disconcerting escorts plenty during the months to come. Even hardboiled salesgirls melt with longing over Suzy's Scarlet, a sophisticated, insouciant fragrance. The bottle is shaped like the head of a show-window dummy, with a hat perched on top, and it can be bought either mounted on a miniature red satin dressing table in front of an oval looking glass or done up in a round box that resembles a bolt of red moiré ribbon—wonderful; $10 and $15. Lelong's new Tailspin, a fresh, feminine floral blend, is as good as the buoyant box it comes in, which seems to be made of a stack of red, white, and blue poker chips. Suzanne, whose Secret of Suzanne has been a favorite for years, offers her new Tout de Suite, a dry, sachet, haunting type. The yen that appears toward Christmas for a lush and opulent perfume will be easily satisfied by Charbert's new Amber, which is justifiably bowling the customers over. Corday's Jet, a rich, swathed-in-mink sort of thing, gains new devotees every day. Then there is Schiaparelli's Snuff, for men—for men, that is, if they tell no woman the combination of the safe they lock it in. It comes in a bottle shaped like a pipe resting in a cigar box, and would be swell with women's sports clothes; $10.

APPARENTLY the briskest women these days want to feel, when it comes to their baths, like the languishing heroine of an "Arabian Nights" tale. They start with soaps and mitts, proceed to bath scents, move on to scented colognes and toilet waters, and end up with sachets to scent their underthings.

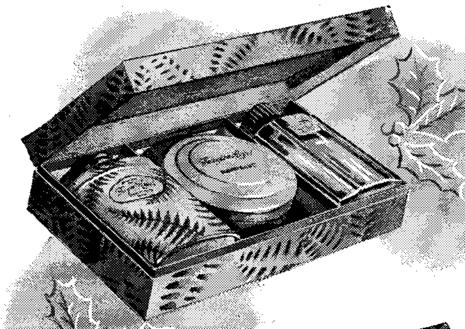
The passion for bubbling, foaming baths continues. Matchabelli has a new one that is called Sparkling Burgundy and looks it. This makes iridescent bubbles, smells of potpourri, and is presented



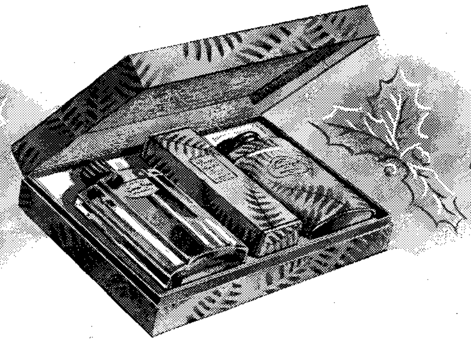
"*I want to buy a doll that doesn't do anything.*"

# Sportsman's wish: A white Christmas and Fougère Royale

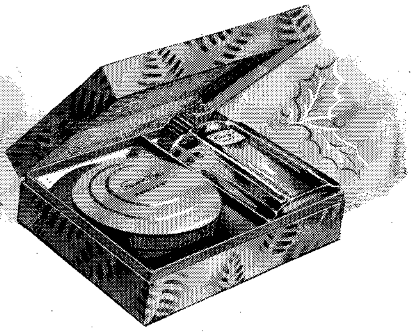
If only you could ask him . . . you'd learn why Fougère Royale is his white hope for champion of presents! ***Because:*** Fougère Royale shaving kits challenge a man's sporting blood . . . fragrant with the invigorating aroma of wood and field and wild fern. Fougère Royale is the gift for that baffling male who always seems to have "everything." Choose modestly if you wish . . . or if your purse is as big as your affection . . . you can make his morning shave not only an indoor sport, but the most luxurious moment of his day!



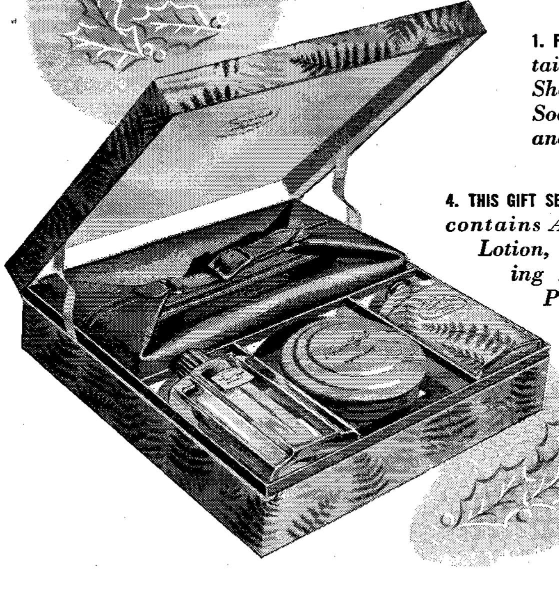
**1. FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET** *contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion, Shaving Soap in big wooden bowl and Talcum Powder. $2.75*



**2. FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET** *contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion, Shaving Cream and Talcum Powder . . . . . . . . . . $2.25*



**3. FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET** *contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion and wooden Shaving Bowl . . $2.00*



**4. THIS GIFT SET with LEATHER KIT** *contains After-Shaving Lotion, wooden Shaving Bowl, Talcum Powder and luxurious leather kit for traveling. $6.75*

Fougère Royale
FOR MEN

The SWING Is to St. PETERSBURG

Each year more and more travel-wise people are discovering that sunny St. Petersburg — on Florida's Gulf Coast—is one of the finest vacation places in the world. In climate, sports, entertainment and accommodations it has what you want. A beautiful pleasant city . . . a community of better living. For illustrated booklets write today to H. R. Neal, Chamber of Commerce—

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THE SUNSHINE CITY

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED TURKEY

For Glory for Gifts
For Holiday Hurrah!

Throw a party that will be long remembered for fine food. Serve Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey, the delectable delicacy for dinners, suppers, cocktail parties, canapes, and hors d'oeuvres. These choice birds are cured in imported spices and smoked over fragrant applewood embers by the Forst family.

A Delicious and Different Gift

Send us the names of your friends. The turkeys will be delivered on time. Smoked turkeys weigh 8 to 18 lbs.; cost $1.25 lb., express prepaid. Your money refunded if you are not pleased. Write or wire collect to The FORSTS, Rondout Station 1, Kingston, N. Y.

AFTER DINNER
Forbidden Fruit
LIQUEUR
80 PROOF
"GIFT OF THE GODS"
CHARLES JACQUIN Et Cie, Inc.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. • EST. 1884

in the new flat bottle with raised stars that is the current favorite of its creator. Matchabelli also has added another cologne to his notable collection—Christmas Rose, for $1.25. Various combinations of De Markoff's recently introduced Water Nymph products in romantic floral scents (foaming bath oils, toilet waters, skin creams, and bath mitts) appear in wicker baskets which will be used by whoever gets them for flowers or sewing later on; $5 and up. The bath mitts, incidentally, are brand-new. They *float*, for heaven's sake; cost seventy-five cents apiece; and are good for a dozen or so applications.

Mary Dunhill has recently brought out a perfume and toilet water, called White Hyacinth, that is divine (Wanamaker and Lord & Taylor). Germaine Monteil has a bath oil which mixes with water (sets of the oil and her sweet, flowery cologne are $5.25 and $9.50) and has worked out a fresh gardenia body sachet for $3.50. Antoine accompanies his Nuance bath products—things like dusting powders and eaux de cologne—with attractive little pink pastel enamel shelves, to hang in the bathroom; $4.75 and $9.50. For genuine ingénues in their early teens: Lenthéric's Pink Party, a fresh, lily-of-the-valley sort of scent in soaps, colognes, sachets, face powders, and so on. Charles of the Ritz's new Moss Rose offerings have the public daft; his slender white porcelain bottles with roses sprinkled tenderly over them hold an exceptionally feminine cologne; $2. Charbert puts his superb colognes in bottles shaped like trumpets, with military braid wound around their necks ($1.50 and $1.75); his gardenia bath salts come in replicas of those old dishes with setting-hen covers and are called Hen Party ($2.50 and $5 at Bonwit).

The mad inventors among the soap manufacturers have not been idle, either. Lightfoot offers a white soap hand on a long stick, rather like an antique back-scratcher ($1); two hefty dumbbells of soap called Wim and Wigor ($1.50); and a set of mighty convincing soap tenpins and bowling balls ($2.95). The Kerk Guild makes fat soap pigs with a rose pattern on their backs—you'll love them. The newest Guild idea for kids is Bobby the Hobby Horse, which is two hobby-horse heads of soap; $1, and Lord & Taylor have designed a bath towel to match. (While at L. & T., pine-fragrance lovers should inspect the shop's plain cakes of pine soap. We don't see how they can be beaten; three big ones for $1.)

There are many ingenious ways of presenting tiny bottles of perfume. One of the best is Matchabelli's three crown bottles in a holly-and-mistletoe wreath; $5. Schiaparelli's Scamp lapel pin, a gaga little figure flailing its flexible arms about, contains a dram of Shocking perfume and comes with two bottles of the stuff for refilling ($7.50); Charbert's pin of crossed skis and poles has a vial of perfume tied to it ($1.25). People collect Elizabeth Arden's small bottles of Blue Grass scent with the blown-glass figure of a horse inside ($2.95); her prancing blue wooden horse with ostrich plumes has a bottle of Blue Grass Flower Mist on his back ($3.50); and a giant striped candy cane contains a lipstick and lots of dusting powder ($2.50).

Unless otherwise indicated, the scents mentioned in the following list are to be found at department stores with comprehensive counters, like Saks-Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor, and Altman. Bonwit Teller and Jay-Thorpe have selective counters, where the salesgirls are unusually helpful to flounderers of either sex. There are so many good offerings we're bewildered ourselves. Look:

**Elizabeth Arden:** Surefire perfumes, like It's You and the perennial Night and Day. For the bath, Blue Grass is still perfect and comes in all sorts of getups and combinations at from $3 to $37.50 (a new triangular box with dusting powder, soap, and cologne is $4.25). There's no surpassing her bath mitts; her Fluffy Milk bath is always popular, as are her giant $5 bottles of Rose Geranium bath salts. Novelty: five paper sachets that look like stamped letters but have sentimental messages written on them instead of an address; $2.50.

**Harriet Hubbard Ayer:** Summery scents, like honeysuckle and pink clover, in lavish bottles, and dusting-powder and cologne sets with a delicate, Old World feeling; $2 a set.

**Bendel:** Exclusive, distinguished cosmetics, perfumes, toilet waters, and the famous floating bath soap. It's a shop that likes to make up every possible kind of bath or cosmetic basket; from $3.50, for miniatures, on upward. Sans Gêne, an all-things-to-all-women blend, has passionate followers; so has the jasmin. Sachets are notable here, too.

**Bonwit Teller Herb Shop:** Toilet

Get (*and give*) the right Holiday Spirit

The holidays call
for a rare spirit.
For 120 years
the answer
to many a tongue
has been smooth,
round-flavoured
Johnnie Walker.
For there's
no finer whisky
than Scotch and
Johnnie Walker
is Scotch at its
smooth, mellow best.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label
Blended Scotch Whisky
12 YEARS OLD
Johnnie Walker
Red Label

**JOHNNIE WALKER** BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

*BORN 1820 . . .*
*still going strong*

*RED LABEL, 8 YEARS OLD • BLACK LABEL, 12 YEARS OLD • BOTH 86.8 PROOF*

*CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer*

RICH BODY
DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER
DELICATE AROMA
LUXURIOUS FLAVOR
STIMULATING TANG
FINCH
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
BOTTLED BY JOS. S. FINCH & CO. INC. SCHENLEY PA.

*6-Year-Old*
*We use precisely two per cent of this whiskey to give you Body Richness.*

*4-Year-Old*
*Of this, we require just forty-six per cent for Distinctive Character.*

*11-Year-Old*
*It takes no more than one per cent of this to lend such Delicate Aroma.*

*4-Year-Old*
*Of this prized whiskey, we use forty per cent for Luxurious Flavor.*

*5-Year-Old*
*We add exactly eleven per cent of this whiskey for Stimulating Tang.*

# *This Yuletide Give him*
# Golden Wedding

## FIVE GREAT WHISKIES "WEDDED" INTO ONE

WHAT A GRACIOUS HOLIDAY GIFT—five distinguished whiskies "wedded" into one. As you see, these whiskies are 4 to 11 years old—each selected for excellence in one rare whiskey quality.

Any *one* of these whiskies alone would be superb. But, imagine tasting all five "wedded" into one! That's the exclusive gift of *Golden Wedding.*

**"Has Had No Peers for 50 Years"**

*A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof. As you prefer—in Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in* Golden Wedding *are 4 years or more old. 11%, one straight whiskey 5 years old. 2%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 86%, two straight whiskies 4 years old.* **Copyright 1940, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.**

waters, perfumes, sachets, soaps, powdered bath salts, and bath essences that uphold the best British tradition, in unusual garden scents like Green Moss, Night Scented Stock, a superb Verbena, Marigold, and English Rose. Toilet waters begin at $1.25. Potpourris and pomander balls as well.

Bourjois: Mais Oui is the newest scent, and a fresh, brisk affair it is. Eau Parfumée with atomizer top; $2.

Charbert: The new Amber scent is getting a rush; $5.50. Grand Prix, in the familiar leather-riding-boot package, remains popular. Beautiful colognes scented with Of Thee I Sing, mimosa, a swell carnation, or gardenia. The Bracer Bath, one of the best of the excitable, bubbling school of bath scents, comes in a glass bottle shaped like a stirrup, with a horse's head on it; $1.50. Similar bottles hold talc and cologne in Charbert's Grand Prix scent; a talc, cologne, and bath-oil set is $5.25.

Mary Chess: We never met a woman who wasn't mad about everything Chess does. Tapestry is a popular dry blend; Elizabethan, her most sophisticated. Among her single-flower scents, White Lilac cannot be topped. Any three perfumes in bottles resembling the king, queen, and castle of chess; $21.50. Heliotrope is especially liked in sachets. A little chest containing twenty-one vials of her Roman Bath oil in seventeen scents; $10. Flowers (real dried ones, or made of glass or feathers) are attached to small satin sachets, and can be removed and worn as boutonnières; $2.50 and up. Her Scented Lacquer is unique; you paint it on the inside of bureau drawers and it perfumes the contents for months and months; $3.75 and up, in nine scents.

Ciro: Danger, a lush winter scent, and the lighter Surrender.

Corday: That new Jet we spoke of, and Tzigane, a spicy gypsy odor.

Coty: The old master's favorites, like L'Aimant, L'Origan, and Paris, are still going great guns. Lazy Susan, with five perfumes on a revolving metal disc; $5.

D'Orsay: Here, as if you didn't know, it's Le Dandy and Belle de Jour. A triolet of toilet waters in light floral scents; $1.95. Huge, flat, round bottles of toilet water; $3.50.

Mary Dunhill: Frou Frou de Gardenia, available in all her products, is fervently backed by many gardenia-lovers, and there's no question but that it is way up near the top.

Elène of Vienna: A swell pine, in bath salts and rub and in an air-purifier ($1 and up) which you spray around a smoky room to take the stale smell out.

Fabergé: Slinkily come-hither, but feminine, too—Aphrodisia and Tigress (in a bottle with a top that looks as if it were made of tiger skin).

Florel: Fruit Vert, with, as you may have guessed, a good, fruity tang (Saks).

Floris: Inexpensive and lovely English single-flower scents—honeysuckle, violet, lily of the valley, and the like; from $2.95. The bath essence is wonderful, too.

Grénoville: Byzance, a sharp gardenia perfume which perennially represents glamour to girls-about-town; $6.

Ann Haviland: Second to none when it comes to gardenia. Hers is tangy but proper, and smells authentic even in bath oils and dusting powder. A huge box of the powder, with a lovely fabric gardenia on top, is $5. English garden scents, herby and smelling of dried roses, make sachets and toilet waters; lilac comes in a towering bottle of toilet water; $4.50. Her sachets, famous for years, are $3.75 and up (Jay-Thorpe).

Houbigant: The Chantilly Set is a box printed in a lace design and containing bottles of the familiar Quelques Fleurs, Country Club, and Idéal. A new perfume called Transparence is a mystic, woods-in-moonlight affair; $12.50. Essence Rare long ago proved itself a good winter perfume—nice and deep and dusky.

Jeurelle: This bath specialist offers a quilted satin box you'll use later for something else; in it there's a cake of soap and a cologne named For Him (with a pine-verbena freshness) and another called For Her (an attractive floral blend); a buy at $2.95. An exceptional bubble bath, too (Bloomingdale).

Lelong: Le Castel, a cardboard castle with turrets made of bottles of his perfumes; $5 and $10. Indiscret is still a popular scent; our favorite's that new Tailspin.

Lengyel: Essence Impériale Russe cologne, found everywhere and liked by both men and women; $2 and up.

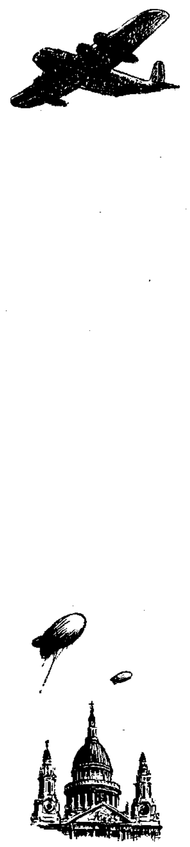
Lenthéric: Tweed remains in high favor with women of all types; A Bientôt is blithe, lemony, and gay, and both come in endless versions for bath and dressing table; $5.

Marton Frères: A great carton of bath salts with a sea-shell scoop makes a swell dollar offering. Good lavender, carnation, pine, and other fragrances in all kinds of bath products.

Matchabelli: Duchess of York, Ave Maria, Katherine the Great, and Princess of Wales. Year after year people who once bought them for the crown bottles they come in return to buy more for the scents themselves. Marvellous colognes.

Mem: Superb almond, sandalwood, and lemon-verbena soaps. A wonderful bath bowl on a little three-legged bamboo stand to place beside the tub; $5.95 (Bonwit Teller).

Morny: A British tradition in bath things. Floating bath bowls and whisks, bath tablets, salts, essences, and, of course,



GOOD NEWS FROM ENGLAND

**Despite the war conditions of London, the makers of Morny Bath Soap, the leading perfumers of England, are still shipping regular and plentiful supplies of their famous Bath Soap to America.**

**Morny Bath Soap—the choice of fastidious people.**

**Obtainable in many delightful fragrances including: French Fern, Rose Geranium, Lavender Flowers, Wild Rose, Eau-de-Cologne and Jasmin.**

MORNY

FINE QUALITY BATH SOAP

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Made in England by Morny Regent Street London
The Bath Soap

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Wholesale Distributors for U. S. A.
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ZELAN
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DURABLE REPELLENT FINISH
Approved for repellency by BETTER FABRICS TESTING BUREAU, Inc.
SKATE MATES TODAY—GOLF MATES TOMORROW
"TEMPO"—A PROFESSIONAL JACKET
BIG BLONDE BUMBERSHOOTS, TOO
SKI OR SEA PATROL
DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MADE MORE GIFTED

*by Du Pont "Zelan" Durable Repellent Finish*

You'll have no trouble finding sport clothes treated with "Zelan." America's best makers use it. Sport and gift shops everywhere are singing its many praises.

***That sport jacket you hope to receive or plan to give should be finished with Du Pont's new and durable water repellent—"Zelan." Fabrics treated with this invisible protector can be dry cleaned or washed many times without need of reprocessing. In addition to shedding showers, sleet, snow, and slushy falls, they resist non-oily spots—stay clean longer—can be cleaned easily.***

TEXTILE SERVICE SECTION, E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO. (INC.), NEW YORK CITY

soaps, all in Chaminade and flower odors like Wild Rose, Rose Geranium, and June Rose. Gigantic bottles of bath salts; $2 and $3.75. Cakes of Castile baby soap with gay, childish drawings in color on them; $3.60 for six.

KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN: Liberal bottles of her Flowers of Rain bath oil, one of the best of the bubblers, are $1.25 and $2. Cologne and dusting-powder sets in the same scent; $2.25.

REVILLON: Carnet de Bal would make any woman feel desirable. The bath essence, Eau Merveilleuse, is good to scent either water or skin; $19.50 at Bonwit and Revillon Frères.

RUBINSTEIN: A squat gold cardboard bell lifts up to disclose two perfumes and a box of face powder with a Marie Laurencin cover; $6.75. Tiny cardboard bells have small, knoblike bottles of perfume as clappers; $1.

SCHIAPARELLI: Shocking, the highly feminine perfume in that glass dress-form bottle, now appears in six tubes of bath oil put up as a kit ($2.50); it also perfumes minuscule cloth discs that expand into scented washcloths in the tub ($1.50 for ten). Salut is a tingling, fresh odor; Sleeping, in a bottle like a twisted candle with a blue snuffer over it, is properly dreamy.

SHULTON: The Early American Old Spice products, cinnamony in scent, have been enchanting the public for some time now because of their low price and the attractive way they're put up. Gaily printed boxes, which are supposed to be used later for makeup, are stocked with soaps, toilet water, and such. Something new, and very dainty in its appeal: Friendship's Garden, a flowered box full of little hobnail bottles, with a green-leaf decoration, that hold any number of things made by this house; as an extra endearing touch, the toilet-water bottle has a shaker top to prevent spilling. Charm, and only $1 up.

TUVACHÉ: Tremendously exciting perfumes by a comparative newcomer (Saks experts vote her one of the beginners Most Likely to Succeed). Jungle Gardenia is tangy and exotic, and Algiers has a predominantly musky fragrance; both sold in natural fibre boxes tied with bright suède; from $15. Exceptional bath oils, too.

XANDRA: Foamy-sea bath stuff, in scents like pine, white clover, and lime blossom—inexpensive and fun; from $1.

YARDLEY: The well-known lavender soaps and floating bath bowls, and Lavendomeal, which softens and perfumes the water—a classic, for either men or women. All kinds of gift sets, from $1.60. And, of course, April Violets.

## *Kits, Compacts, Etc.*

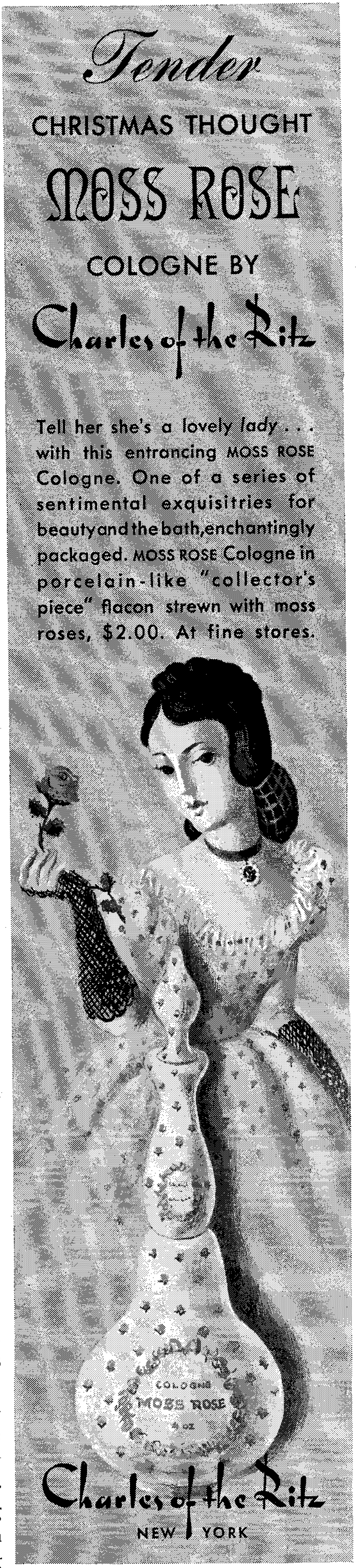
EACH year the traveller off on flying trips, the commuter who unexpectedly decides to spend the night in town, and the omnipresent weekend guest receive more and more intelligent thought from the cosmetic industry. Jacqueline Cochran, a newcomer in this field, has devised the Purse Kit, which contains a slender cylinder with what's needed for one complete emergency makeup; section after section of it unscrews to reveal tiny pots of creams, powder, and the like—a cute knickknack; $1.50. A larger cylinder (at Altman and Jay-Thorpe) unscrews to become three jars of cream and, with two lotions, rouge, and lipstick, fits into a simulated-lizard case; $5. For commuters, De Markoff has a lovely flat handbag in crocodile finish that holds amazingly liberal quantities of creams and makeup essentials; $7.50. Both Coty and Primrose House present $2.95 offerings for overnight travellers; Coty's looks like a camera case, Primrose's like a little plaid handbag with two handles.

The Tote-a-Bout (now, there's a name for you) is Lelong's gift to country weekends, cabaña life, or whatever. A corduroy affair resembling an oversized and elongated collar box, its rubber-lined inside is stocked with colognes, soaps, and other bath luxuries, as well as a toothbrush, and there's plenty of room in its depths for other gear. Outside, zippered pockets dangling tags labelled A, B, C, and so on mark pockets that contain various items of makeup. It's $16.50. For country weekends, Lord & Taylor cherish Pro-phy-lac-tic's giant plaid handbag, with plenty of brushes for hair, clothes, nails, and teeth, and all kinds of room for overnight necessities; $5.95.

As for more conventional cosmetic kits, a great battle has finally been won; now all of them provide space for your toothbrush, beloved bobbie pins, tweezers, aspirin, and the rest.

Dorothy Gray has, as usual, phenomenal kits, considering their cost: a $7.50 case of artificial ostrich leather has cosmetics lined across its back, an area for small clutter under a tray of creams, and lots of space for That nightgown and That book; a $10 case of imitation alligator is arranged in about the same way, except that the cosmetics are arrayed along a front which drops down and makes it easier to get at them; in her $15 kit, the cosmetics fit into a rubberized container which may be snapped into place at the back of the case, or spread out on your dressing table, or left home. Antoine's imitation-leather kit, with a handle at its top, is one of the most convenient for packing in a larger bag—it is flat, saddle-stitched, and has a bottle and two jars on each side and a centre section for "jewels;" $10. Rose Laird arranges her Young Skin offerings (they are superb) for children and adolescents in a similar kit of imitation rawhide; $7.50. Imitation alligator is used to cover grand cases by Germaine Monteil ($22.50, with a removable tray full of her cosmetics), by Charles of the Ritz (his $16.50 kit is nice and flat, but there's no room for anything except what you need for cleanliness and beauty), and by De Markoff (his $25 case has a centre section which lifts up to become a mirror, and the ends open outward). If you insist on real leather, look at Helena Rubinstein's deep, oblong reindeer case with nail-studded edges; cosmetics are held in place by loops around its red moiré interior. Smart as the devil, and more room for clothes than most; $37.50.

AMONG the dazzling array of compacts, a gay highlight is Lelong's $3.75 affair—a miniature of a child's tin paintbox with three lipsticks and powder on one side, round dabs of rouge and eyeshadow and mascara on the other, and a steel mirror which serves as a partition in between. Lifesize, for dressing-table makeup, this box is $10. Another of his compacts looks like a pack of cards and has a face card on its underside; $2.50. Mary Dunhill's Young America compact has the stars of the thirteen original states on its cover; $2. Her so-called Personalized lipstick, with two initials put on its side while you wait, is going strong ($1.25, at Lord & Taylor); so is her metal circle in which to carry a small bottle of perfume around in your purse ($2 in gold metal, $5 in sterling). Lenthéric always has good compacts with realistic jewelled corners and clasps; his gold-metal one this year has patterns etched on it and costs $5. Hudnut always does a good job with inexpensive and effective compacts. Purse kits, usually with a compact, lipstick, and a bit of perfume, have been designed to keep makeup away from the rest of the handbag clutter and are all over the place; among those we like are Coty's Pochette, in moiré with a zipper top like an evening


*Tender*
CHRISTMAS THOUGHT
MOSS ROSE
COLOGNE BY
Charles of the Ritz

Tell her she's a lovely *lady* . . . with this entrancing MOSS ROSE Cologne. One of a series of sentimental exquisitries for beauty and the bath, enchantingly packaged. MOSS ROSE Cologne in porcelain-like "collector's piece" flacon strewn with moss roses, $2.00. At fine stores.

Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK

"ASK ANY OLD TIMER"

A PERFECT "PASS"

C&G

OLD RESERVE STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—

"neat," or in Manhattan or Old Fashioned cocktails.

Distilled in Kentucky by

**CHAPIN & GORE** INC.

*Established 1865*

This fine Whiskey, made in the old fashioned, slow, costly way, justifies, by its flavor, the care bestowed on it. A whiskey of connoisseurs, it has been served with distinction for three quarters of a century.

QUALITY PLUS AGE

THIS WHISKEY IS 5 YEARS OLD 93 PROOF

Old Reserve Straight Bourbon Whiskey
CHAPIN & GORE
4/5 QUART

CHAPIN & GORE

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE. N.Y.

IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC.
2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK
NATIONAL DISTRIBUTORS

bag ($2.95 and $3.95), and Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Purse Proud, a flat, smart case made of leather ($7.50).

REAL handbags, equipped with lipstick, a compact, a vial of perfume, and often a place for a pack of cigarettes as well, are cherished by women who know. Rubinstein's evening bag of quilted, antique-looking brocade opens out wide and, at $16.50, couldn't be bettered. Elizabeth Arden's day bags are always as smart as anything. For sports, one of ginger pig has a strap handle and leather lining ($32.50); another is made of saddle-stitched red leather and has a green leather lining. Her classic flat suèdes and imitation alligators with simple clasps start at $18.50; for your minks and sables, there's a lovely case of imitation shell, fastened by two knobs at the top, which opens wide and has more space than you'd expect; $35.

MANICURE kits have never been so varied and attractive, and you'll find that kits at $5 and over are likely to include, for a change, a first-class pair of manicure scissors. Revlon's chief monkeyshine is doing up its nail enamel with a lipstick and its new Cheek Stick in a satiny oval box with a naughty pink garter around it; $2.60. Revlon has a fine $5 set which zips on two sides and looks like a handbag; a $15 one, saddle-stitched cowhide and resembling a man's utility kit, is complete to the nail-clippers. . . . Peggy Sage puts a removable manicure kit in a knockout little handbag of quilted crêpe that you could take anywhere; $6. Her Mollycoddle has cosmetics wrapped in a pillow that can be used during the manicure ($3.75); her Mademoiselle is a small, pink, quilted box containing manicure essentials ($3). . . . The Barbara Bates manicure sets at Altman usually include a buffer and dry nail polish, for women who mind their husbands and don't use varnish. The buffer often holds down the rack of bottles and makes a decorative top when the kit is closed; when it's opened, the sides fall out flat; $7.50 for one beauty we saw. . . . Cutex has a honey of a set at $2.98, and, for $6, a good brown alligator-type handbag with bottles standing primly across its back.

THE De Vilbiss atomizers should never be overlooked; they are inexpensive and in perfect taste. A travelling one in a leather case is $5; glass globes lined with crackled silver or gold metal cost $2 and $3; a third, a Swedish-glass globe that is faceted toward the bottom, is $12.50. Bendel has wonderful travelling atomizers in leather cases at $8.50 and $18.50.

It seems proper, too, to point out how wonderfully the plastic called Lucite can touch up utilitarian things on the dressing table. The Hughes brushes, even for nails and clothes, are backed with it and are beautiful as well as useful. Lucite also goes far toward restoring the vogue for mirror and brush-and-comb sets. Saks has its own Celares makeup things —lipsticks, mascara boxes, little jars for rouge, and big ones for face powder—encased in Lucite. They're good, too.

## *The Man's Shelf*

MANY of the colognes and bath fixings lyrically discussed a while back are as suitable for men as for women; we now concern ourselves, however, with things designed exclusively for man's comfort. Charbert's leather flasks of men's eau de cologne and after-shaving lotion were among the first to suggest to American males that soap can be just the beginning when it comes to using sensible scents; his new $5.50 kit includes these lotions, and shaving cream and hair pomade, in a supple, artificial-leather kit that snaps shut at the top and, although very flat, has room for razor, toothbrush, and all. . . . Seaforth puts up its goods, which smell vaguely of carnation, in miniature beige stone jugs (the shaving soap is in a deep stone skillet); $2 to $6 a set. . . . Saks is pretty proud of what Courtley has turned out. The scents are haunted by the odor of Russian leather; a shaving soap is sunk in a black or russet china humidor which will end up holding pipe tobacco ($3); colognes, after-shaving, talc, and so on, come in fine jugs with horse-head stoppers. . . . Moore-Mark offer their lotions in copies of Haig & Haig pinch bottles; $5 for the works, including a shaving bowl. . . . The Knize Ten cologne has a dry, Russian-leather-and-tobacco scent; $5.50. . . . Mary Chess's Chessmen run to un-

usual woods and outdoor scents, like Green Walnut, Sagebrush, and Desert Verbena.

And, while we are dreaming on this subject, let's not forget the Houbigant Fougère Royale fern-scented shaving sets, the traditional Morny products, or the lavender of Yardley. Shulton's dollar shaving mugs make good bar decorations when the fine soap in them is gone. Lenthéric has a wonderful, inexpensive set of cologne, talc, after-shave, and shaving soap in a bowl; $3.75.

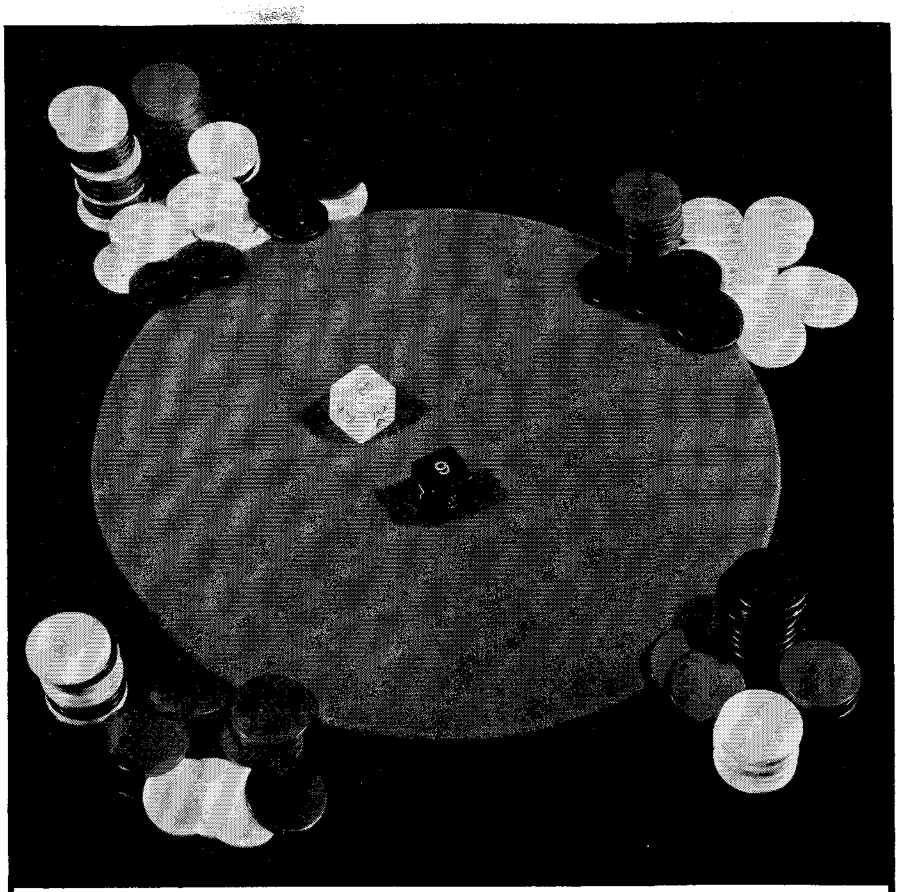
Kent brushes are, of course, a de-luxe gift for any man. So are those of London House—don't forget their Tweed clothesbrush, which is good for everything and unsurpassed for clingers, such as dog hairs. Whiting-Adams make excellent comb-and-brush sets at reasonable prices; a comb and a pair of satinwood military brushes are $5, for instance.

## *Food for the Holidays*

IF this isn't the heartiest and altogether most appetizing Christmas you and your friends ever tasted, it won't be the fault of the food shops around town. There is plenty of almost everything, and we, after nibbling conscientiously here and there, are ready to pass on our findings on what's what and what's best of the serious provender for Christmas tables, as well as those more trivial delicacies for Christmas stockings and trees.

Many of the shops where you may have been in the habit of ordering imported cheeses, caviar, *foie gras*, and such simply haven't a crumb of those delicious things left, but, happily, this isn't true everywhere. The Morvay Cheese Shop, for instance, at 15 East 59th Street, still has a remarkable collection of fine European cheeses (no Camembert or Brie) and a fair amount of *foie gras*. The people at Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop, at 12 Vanderbilt Avenue (43rd), took us into the treasure house they call an icebox and showed us enough Strasbourg *foie gras* to make our eyes bug. Maison Glass, at 15 East 47th Street, and Vendôme, at 415 Madison Avenue (48th), also have ample *foie gras* to get New Yorkers through the holidays, and both these shops boast impressive stocks of caviar—impressive, that is, considering the present situation.

As for more substantial and more easily found items on the Christmas menu, we can't remember the time when game was so plentiful. Nathan Schweitzer, at 409 West 14th Street, has very fine fresh-killed pheasant from



*Still Life?*.. A BAD DREAM?

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The Higbee Co.

**Dayton**
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**Detroit**
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**Indianapolis**
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**Los Angeles**
I. Magnin

**New Orleans**
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**Philadelphia**
Brentano's
Gimbel Brothers

**Pittsburgh**
Joseph Horne Co.
Kaufmann's

**Portland**
Meier & Frank

**Providence**
Providence Paper Co

**Richmond**
Miller & Rhoads

**Rochester**
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr

**St. Louis**
Famous-Barr
Stix, Baer & Fuller

**San Francisco**
A. Carlisle & Co.
I. Magnin

**Seattle**
Frederick & Nelson

**Washington**
Brentano's
Woodward & Lothrop

**THE DEADLY DOUBLE**

*is obtainable at many other fine Department Stores, Book, Gift, Stationery and Sporting Goods Shops. It is distributed to the stores exclusively by the Monarch Publishing Company, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

the Marshall Field estate on Long Island, mallard ducks from somewhere down South, Scotch grouse (which seem rather better than in other years), and excellent wild turkeys and wild geese from the Black Hills of South Dakota. Shaffer's Market, at 673 Madison Avenue (61st), is just as well supplied with the same things, and, what's more, carries elegant little quail from Connecticut and delicious chukar partridge from upstate New York. Superior Eastern pheasants and mallard ducks are also to be found at A. Tingaud & Sons, 1323 Sixth Avenue (53rd), and Solinger's Market, 53 University Place (10th). Among the game which Macy and some of the Gristede stores now have in stock, the native birds we have tried seemed very good. Fine barnyard poultry is so easy to come by that we won't bother going into the subject, except to mention Shaffer's exceptional cranberry-fed turkeys from Cape Cod. In case you receive more presents of game than you can accommodate in your icebox, you'll be glad to know that Solinger's is helpful about such problems; it will store and dress your surplus for a small charge.

To have fine, well-cooked Smithfield hams popping up all around is another consolation for the European delicacies we aren't getting. Maison Glass, Vendôme, and Bellows' Gourmets' Bazaar, 67 East 52nd Street, have long been famous for their hams, and now baked Smithfields are also to be had at Altman, Hammacher Schlemmer, and Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop. The price is around $1 a pound for hams weighing from ten to twelve pounds. Hors-d'Œuvres, Inc., 128 East 66th Street, carves its Virginia hams so expertly that they look as if they had never been touched—no extra charge. At the same place, you can order an extremely good, lightly smoked upstate New York ham, baked

This Christmas,
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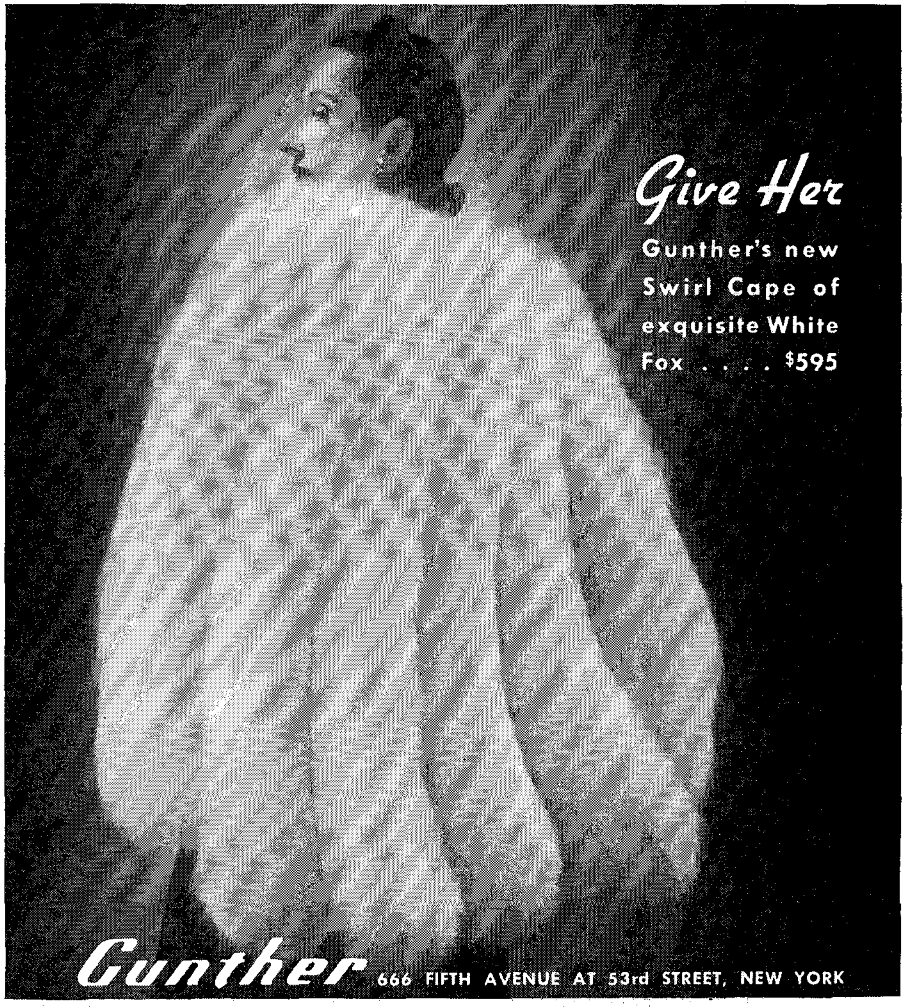
*Give Her*
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**Gunther** 666 FIFTH AVENUE AT 53rd STREET, NEW YORK

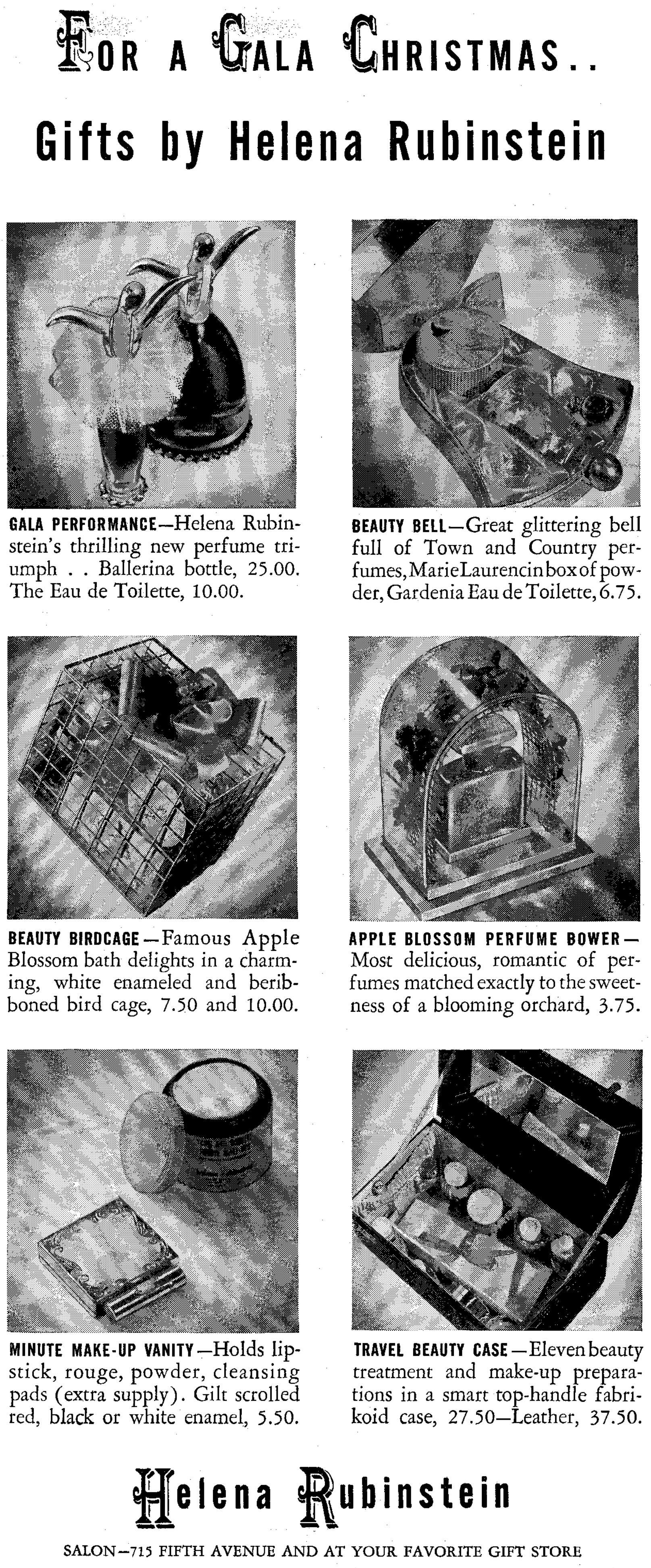
in claret, for eighty-five cents a pound. Hammacher Schlemmer pack their Smithfields with four dozen beaten biscuits and a good slicing knife in a nice, roomy dog basket—all for $12.85.

You'd do well to investigate Macy's new Squire's Corner, an appetizing little department got up like a country store, on the eighth floor. Here you'll find Irish hams and bacon, and such things as smoked Jersey suckling pigs, McIntosh apples, and the game which we have already mentioned.

We can't believe that you need—or want—to be told about all the shops carrying plum puddings, so we'll just reassure English-pudding fanciers that there are plenty of the popular St. Ivel confections still to be found at Bon Voyage, Hammacher Schlemmer, and Vendôme, among others. An American pudding made especially for Bellows is flavored with one of the shop's own superior cognacs; puddings prepared for the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, at 541 Madison Avenue (54th), are well thought of by that establishment's fussy clientele. To go with your pudding, wherever it's from, Hors-d'Œuvres will make good hard sauce flavored with Jamaica rum and molded in the shape of a star—ever so pretty and festive; sixty cents for a half-pound star.

If plum pudding seems too much, Trade Winds, at 56 East 55th Street (an exchange, as you probably know, for fine work by refugees), offers a gorgeous, exceedingly rich chocolate cake for $2.50, and a skillfully made *Baumkuchen*, suitable for filling with ice cream, for $1.60 a pound. Emma Bruns, at 965 Madison Avenue (75th), sells a delicate confection known as Palm Beach cake for $2.50; and the Drury Lane Restaurant, at 47 East 49th Street, will take orders for delicious white cakes with either a soft-caramel or a fresh-coconut icing ($1). Any of these would be as nice for presents as on your own table. This about settles the substantial side of Christmas refreshments, except that we should remind you that Henri, at 15 East 52nd Street; the two Sherrys, one in the Savoy-Plaza and the other at 300 Park (50th); Dean's, at 73 East 57th; Longchamps; and Schrafft's will cook and send around your whole Christmas dinner, or any part of it, very expertly.

AS for lighter items of Christmas fare, Schrafft's has thought up some entrancing edible decorations. Among them are lovely chains and bracelets made of Cellophane-wrapped hard can-



FOR A GALA CHRISTMAS..

Gifts by Helena Rubinstein

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**BEAUTY BELL**—Great glittering bell full of Town and Country perfumes, Marie Laurencin box of powder, Gardenia Eau de Toilette, 6.75.

**BEAUTY BIRDCAGE**—Famous Apple Blossom bath delights in a charming, white enameled and beribboned bird cage, 7.50 and 10.00.

**APPLE BLOSSOM PERFUME BOWER**—Most delicious, romantic of perfumes matched exactly to the sweetness of a blooming orchard, 3.75.

**MINUTE MAKE-UP VANITY**—Holds lipstick, rouge, powder, cleansing pads (extra supply). Gilt scrolled red, black or white enamel, 5.50.

**TRAVEL BEAUTY CASE**—Eleven beauty treatment and make-up preparations in a smart top-handle fabrikoid case, 27.50—Leather, 37.50.

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*Perfume, 4 sizes, $1.25 to $7.50. Homestead Box, containing 4-oz. bottle of Toilet Water and 4-oz. box of Dusting Powder, $2.00. Toilet Water, 3 sizes, $1.00 to $3.25. Bath Salts with scoop, 1-lb., $1.00.*

*EACH A SHULTON ORIGINAL*

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dies, in bright-cherry, lime, and orange colors, for the tree or a little girl's neck and wrist (fifteen and twenty-five cents each); and exquisite candy-filled tinsel balls, which probably are intended to hang on trees but would also look lovely on packages or pinned to a Christmas stocking (fifty cents). Schrafft's also has a beguiling collection of those old-fashioned transparent sugar candies that haven't been seen in these parts since heaven knows when—red or white ships, American spread eagles, mounted cavalry officers, dancing bears, and so on, from two to four inches high. Trade Winds offers fruit-shaped marzipan, the work of a talented Viennese refugee, that can be hung on a tree and are as beautiful as any we have ever seen; ten to twenty-five cents apiece. At the Drury Lane, you can order delicious cookies cut in the form of holly wreaths, Christmas trees, and Santa Claus, all decoratively iced and made with holes for stringing them up on the tree (sixty cents a dozen), and little boys and girls of uniced gingerbread from an old English recipe (fifteen cents apiece). The Whole World, at 104 East 56th Street, is taking orders for cookies prettily made by a Hungarian baker in the shapes of Hänsel and Gretel; sixty cents a dozen. Perugina, at 719 Fifth Avenue (56th), has some brand-new candy toys which ought to smarten up any tree: chocolate figures covered with a thin coating of wax which is easily removed and is colored to look like porcelain—very fetching; from a quarter for a small Santa Claus to $2.75 for an enormous pig. Alice Marks, at 6 East 52nd Street, offers jolly Cellophane-and-paper Santa Clauses filled with hard candies; and the Altman Candy Company, at 512 Seventh Avenue (38th), sells pretty and delicious little gold-and-silver-wrapped chocolate animals.

So far in this section we've dealt with things that you could as well serve on your own holiday table as give to a friend; now we turn to a few items that are recommended primarily as gifts. To begin with, there are the exquisite teas—Darjeeling, smoky Lapsang souchong, and Keemun—sold for the benefit of Chinese war orphans at Lord & Taylor and at the Drury Lane; ninety-five cents a half-pound. The Cresca Early American Buttery at Macy should by all means be investigated, for some of the crocks, jugs, and jars, containing jams, sauces, and such, are beautiful replicas of the earliest pottery made in this country, the sort of thing women sit through hours of country auctions to bid on. Any serious cook will bless you for some of the kitchen herbs—basil, parsley, thyme, marjoram, chives, sage, and winter savory—which you'll find at Bloomingdale. Herb vinegars and dried herbs, packed in elaborate jars by the House of Herbs, are sold by Hicks, at 660 Fifth Avenue (52nd), at from thirty cents to $5. Altman has so many lovely gifts in its food department that we can't begin to give you an idea of the collection. We especially liked there a gift called Subscription Cookies, for young friends at boarding school; it's a handsome wooden bucket filled with three pounds of cookies, which the shop will replenish by mail three times at monthly intervals; $5 plus postage.

We won't go into the matter of the familiar brands of candies, which you undoubtedly know as much about as we do, but we can't resist passing along word of some not-so-well-known sweets which we consider extra-special. The chocolates of Rosemary de Paris, at 152 East 53rd Street, are as delicious as anything you ever tasted; we think with particularly deep emotion of the Rosemary *pavés de Bruxelles* and the *café Viennois*. Henny Wyle's chocolates, new to us and utterly delicious, include very thin squares of chocolate—some flavored with coffee and hazelnut, others plain and bitter—that we could happily nibble at all day. McCreery, Lord & Taylor, Maison Glass, and Martin's Fruit Shop, 1042 Madison (79th), have these. Trade Winds has a De Luxe assortment of its beautiful chocolates which is just perfect; sugared almonds here, too. . . . Altman & Kuhne, at 700 Fifth Avenue (55th), specialize in turning out the very best Viennese chocolates and marzipan. . . . Unusual chocolates called Icycolds, which taste as if they were frozen but aren't, are to be had at Alice Marks and Hicks. . . . The Altman Candy Company offers exceedingly fine chocolates, rum cherries, and glacé fruits. . . . Anna Bibro, at 860 Madison Avenue (70th), is famous for her fine fondants, mints, etc. . . . And the homemade caramels and other candies of Emma Bruns are very special.

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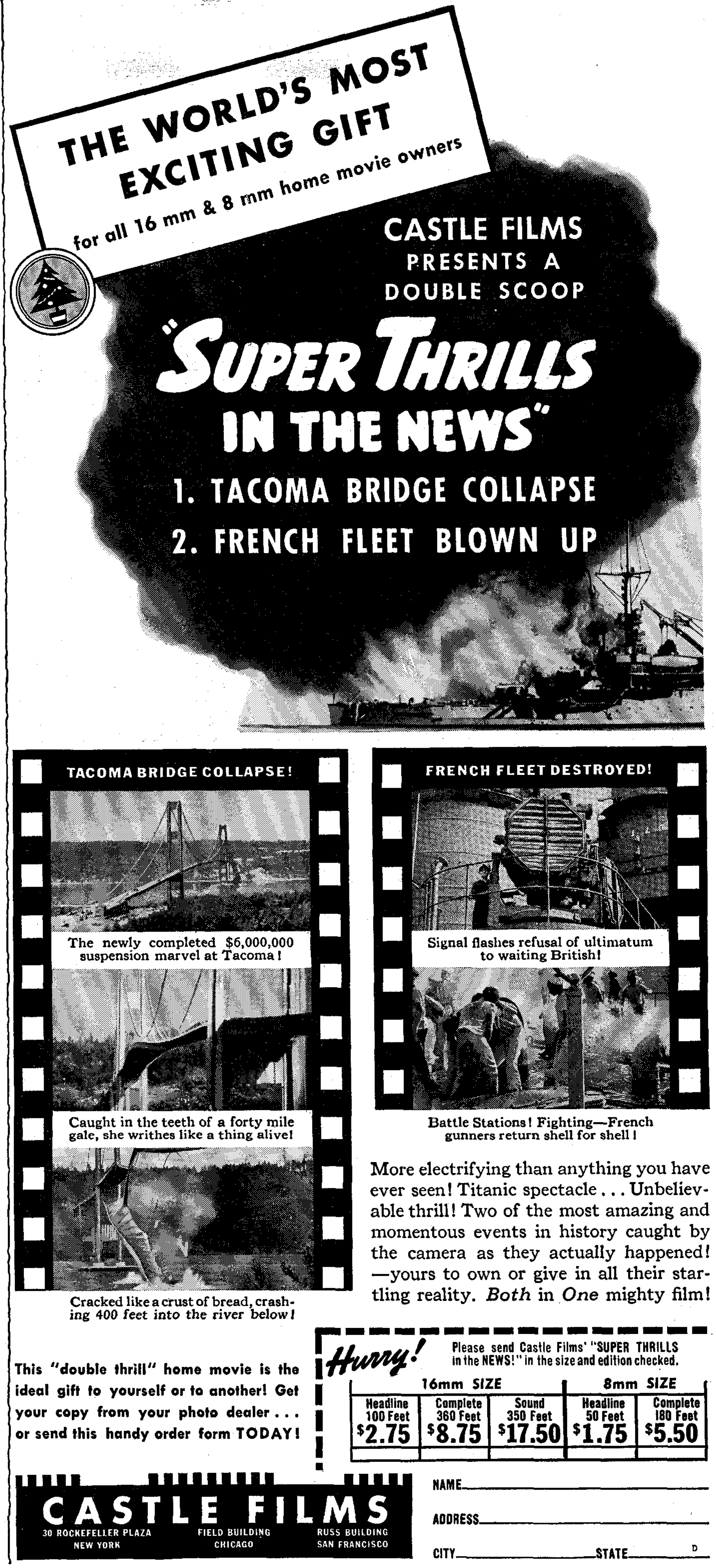
BABY SLEEPS SERENELY
IN STORM-TORN ROOM

West Valley, N.Y.—(U.P.)—Nine-months-old Isabelle Bobsien wails in a terrified manner when one of her older sisters awakens her by slamming a door during a nap time.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

These headline-writers—always coloring the news!



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# FANNY HOPLER LEADS THE WAY

Thirteen-Year-Old Fanny Hopler was doing her best to convert me.

"You're broad-minded," she said, staring at me blackly. "One of the broad-mindedest teachers in Central High, but—excuse it, please—you have bourgeois ideology." She paused to let this remark sink in. "I thought," she continued graciously, "you might like to have your perspective widened. There is a meeting of the Tip-Top Discussion Club Friday at four-thirty. It is the most advanced club in the school, and I am the most radical member." She smiled complacently. "I shall make a speech. Will you come?"

"I'd love to," I said.

On Friday afternoon, Fanny met me at the door of Classroom 408 and conducted me solemnly to the last row of desks. I sat meekly in the indicated seat, prepared for the worst.

On the platform, a diminutive blonde with plucked eyebrows presided as chairman. She spoke with immense assurance. "It was decided at our last meeting that the reading of minutes and other preliminaries should be dispensed with on this occasion in view of the topic under consideration. It was also voted that Miss Overman, Miss Kane, Miss Hopler, and Miss Klinger should lead the discussion today." The blonde consulted a slip of paper on the desk before her. "Miss Overman, please," she commanded.

A tall, lumpy girl, who looked about fourteen, with thick glasses and a pug nose got up hurriedly. She almost ran to the front of the room. When she turned to face her audience, I saw, clutched in her hand, the familiar white cards all orators use for reference. She began to speak immediately, with a terrible intentness and speed.

"Today's subject is 'What My School Life Has Meant to Me,'" she said. "It is like this. I have a happy family life. The proof of our harmony is to be found in the fact that we discuss all sorts of questions, including current events. Also, my mother is a good cook. Thus I should be happy. But I am not. This is because of my ideals, which have been realized only since I joined this club. I mean to say, my personal problems I can now get help in solving, whereas heretofore I got no help at all. Why? Namely, because many years ago I asked someone a personal question." Miss Overman paused dramatically. "That someone laughed at me! Since then I have never divulged any personal feelings—I mean not until I came to this school and was able to realize my ideal. The one who laughed was my aunt."

Abruptly, Miss Overman sat down, as if startled to find herself still alive.

"Any questions?" the chairman asked.

"Later," said Fanny Hopler. Her tone was ominous. No one else said anything.

"Miss Beryl Kane," announced the chairman.

Miss Kane was thin and small and had a pleasant voice. She patted her dark, wavy hair into place with a self-conscious gesture. "Nothing happened to me like Miss Overman," she began enviously. "I got an aunt in Rockville Centre, but we never see her. It's too far away." She drew her breath in sharply. "Well, the subject of my speech is 'What My School Life Has Meant to Me.' The first school I had the unhappiness of being in was a terrible place. One teacher said we should throw our radiators out from our apartments, break all the windows, but cover same with cheesecloth, to let in fresh air. She said we were puky-looking." Miss Kane inhaled deeply at this point. "Since coming to Central High," she continued, "I have realized my ideal. The teachers are lovely and beautiful." Miss Kane opened her eyes and smiled affectionately at me. "The only thing is they ought to give more A's." Miss Kane sat down.

"This is food for thought," the chairman remarked, looking at me meaningfully. "Miss Fanny Hopler is next."

Fanny strode to the front of the room. "My feeling is that Miss Overman is not fair. She has taken advantage," she stated bitterly. "I happen to know that her aunt is only three years older than she is."

"That is not important now, Miss Hopler," the chairman interrupted. "Would you continue with the topic of the day, please?"

"We ought to express our feelings," Fanny assured the chairman coldly. "Frequently, wrong information causes miscarriage of justice. I feel extremely about justice. It is one of our ideals. The subject of *my* speech," she continued without pause, "is 'What My School Life Has Meant to Me.' I am an atheist or an agnostic. I am a Communist as well. I believe in fair play. I think that prostitution is an economic problem." Fanny stopped abruptly, obviously searching her memory wildly for the next sentence. "I have forgotten the rest of my speech," she announced sourly. There was a long pause while she stood impatiently tapping her foot. "This was caused by emotional blocking, of course," she said finally. She glared at the chairman and Miss Overman, and sat down. Then she put her head on her arm and cried.

The chairman waited until Fanny had quieted down, then called on Miss Bertha Klinger.

Miss Klinger was athletic-looking—square, hefty, and amiable. "I have always attended good schools," she began. "Oh, I forgot to say today's subject is 'What My School Life Has Meant to Me.' This is one of the best, except, I must say, the basketball team is not everything I would like. I am an outdoor person. Since a child, I went to the pond to catch polliwogs and water snakes in season. I learned the phenomenon of metamorphosis at an early age. I not only knew where the sow bugs preferred to live but could also judge the distance when creeks had to be jumped, to say nothing of coördination if hedges had to be vaulted. I believe that with any well-rounded education it is necessary to acquire agility, accuracy of aim, muscular control, et cetera. I must close now, so I shall say this is one swell school and one swell club, and I think Miss Overman might take the next opportunity to come to gym and learn about fair play." Miss Klinger beamed on us all.

The club members began to clap loudly. It was clear that Miss Klinger had the most appeal. Almost at once, the meeting dispersed. The girls tumbled out into the corridor on Miss Klinger's heels. Only Miss Overman remained, and Fanny, who was still crying.

Miss Overman sauntered over to my desk in the rear of the room. "I think you are a good guest," she said graciously, "and I want to give you an explanation of the facts also. What

Fanny Hopler said about my aunt being only three years older than me is the truth. She was three exactly when I was born. My mother married very young, so she could not separate easily from my grandmother. My mother and my father came to live with my grandmother and my grandfather. Suddenly my *grandmother* had a baby! It was a shock to all." Miss Overman's thick glasses slipped a little on her small nose. "The disgrace and embarrassment this event caused cannot be exaggerated. Three years later I was born. Thus I grew up with my aunt. I call her Aunt Lily—in our house we are formal. But the fact that we are so near in age does not mean my aunt could not hurt my feelings. One of the ideals of this club is not to encourage people to dramatize theirselves. I am ready to accept the constructive criticism offered me today. But, nevertheless, my aunt wounded my feelings profoundly." Miss Overman peered at me earnestly. "Now, is it clear about my aunt and my ideals?" she asked.

I looked up to see that Fanny Hopler was also gazing at me over Miss Overman's shoulder. Her eyes were red. "I'm sorry about the emotional blocking," she said. "But I have some pamphlets at home. I prepared my speech from them. Now I will bring them to you to read instead." She gulped. "It's not the individual that counts," she concluded, "it's the Party."

—ELIZABETH DELEHANTY

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If we bow ourselves out of the reproductive picture, it will be hard to justify ourselves to the future generation.—*Dr. Howard Becker of the University of Wisconsin, quoted in the Wisconsin State Journal.*

Doctor, you said something!

•

The store clerks in New Orleans, in that last crushed, destroying week before Christmas, are sweeter and kinder than it is possible for humans to be. Some day I want to be in Quebec when the first snow comes.—*Ernie Pyle in the Los Angeles News.*

One gets so damned sick of sweetness.

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Harvard Club Bulletin*]

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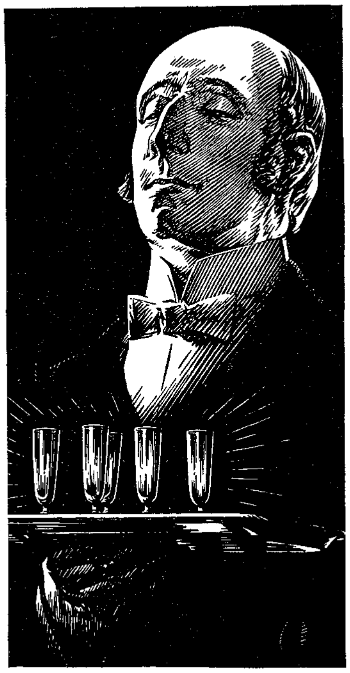

# THE WILSONS

## LEGPULL

CHESTER WILSON was intolerably bored. There was nothing in the playroom—not even the Big Little Books and the Sunday comics—that he wanted to read. His sister, Hilda, was out with Pop for the afternoon, and anyway she was too old now—sixteen—to be much fun. The electric train was broken and he couldn't get new parts on a Sunday even if he had the money to buy them. Staring moodily out the window at too-peaceful Providence, he saw the chauffeur, Hector Crandall, sitting on a chair outside the garage. But lately—and simply because he'd let the air out of all the tires that rainy Sunday two weeks ago, just to test those old valves—Chester had been forbidden to play in or near the garage on Sunday afternoons. Miss Friederichs, who, even if she was a governess, would do *something* with you, was having her Sunday Off, and his mother, who was *supposed* to be looking after him, was talking to that Mrs. Green—the one his mother made such a fuss over—in the living room. Phooey! There wasn't anything to *do*. My goodness!

Chester looked across the street at the old Bruce house, which the new people had moved into a month ago. Leaning against the low picket fence that bordered a small front lawn was a boy. He hasn't got anything to do, either, thought Chester. Just leaning there. In the old days, when we lived in Cranston—before Pop took this big house on the hill back of the university—I knew all the boys in the block, and Junior Frissell was right across the street, and I could always go over and play with him. Nowadays I practically never get to see Junie; it's too far, and Mother *never* seems to want to drive me down there or even let Hector drive me there. Sometimes Mother acts like she was *glad* I didn't see those Cranston kids any more.

The boy across the street looked about Chester's age, but his mother kept telling him he was not to go over and bother those people in the old Bruce house; she said she'd call on them someday, but she never did. She said they had just come and wouldn't want little boys over there; they were busy settling in. Well, heck, they'd had a month, hadn't they? They must be settled *now*, you'd think. They couldn't just settle, settle, settle every day, Sundays included. I don't know the boy, Chester thought, but I could go over and talk to him—there'd be no harm in talking to him, would there? *He* isn't settling. Just leaning. Bored to tears, thought Chester, remembering a phrase of Hilda's. Just like me. Well, I can try, anyway. Aloud, he said, "I suppose I got to ask Mother. She'll probably say no, probably." He went downstairs to the living room.

"Lookit," he said as he entered, "can I go out for a while?"

"You mustn't interrupt like that, Chester," said his mother, and turning to Mrs. Green, she said, "You must excuse him."

"Oh, that's all right," said Mrs. Green. "He's out of a job. He has that look in his eye."

"It's the governess's day off," said his mother, "and Mr. Wilson is out with Hilda. Where do you want to go, Chester?"

"Just out," he said. "I'll ride my bike, maybe."

"Well," his mother said, "all right. But don't you go near Hector, Chester. Mind."

"O.K.," he said. "I might talk to the boy across the street—in the Bruce house."

"I don't think I'd do that," said his mother.

"*He's* not settling," said Chester.

"This is all very dull for Mrs. Green," said his mother, rising. "She'll have to excuse us for a minute." She went out to the hall with Chester and across to the dining room and shut the door. "Now," she said, "I've told you about that, darling. I told you I'd call on Mrs. Dowd someday. But until I do, how are we to know what sort of children those are? How do you know, even, that you'd like them? You don't want to get involved with people you don't like, do you? People who are the wrong sort?"

"Well," said Chester, "when we lived in Cranston you never minded my going all around to *all* the houses."

"That was different."

"How different?"

"This is—well, a nicer neighborhood. People up here, where it's so much nicer, don't just behave quite like that. So, as we live here now, we do the way people do who live here. Go out and ride your bicycle if you want to, and come back at five-thirty, and we'll drive down to East Greenwich and pick up Hilda and your father. Have you got your watch?"

"Yes," said Chester. "But I might like that boy."

"On the whole, I'd rather you didn't go over there. Now run along, for I must go back and finish discussing the British Relief with Mrs. Green. It's awfully important."

She kissed him and left. Gee, he thought, nothing works out. Sundays are *horrible*.

CHESTER went out by the back door and down the brick path to the street. He didn't want to ride his bicycle, he decided. He walked up the street, past Hector, who never moved or even gave a sign of seeing him, and slowed down as he reached that part of the block opposite the Bruce house. The boy was still leaning on the fence, kicking it slowly but steadily. Chester walked on, but out of the corner of his eye he noted another, much taller boy working at something in the big stable-garage attached to the house.

At the end of the block, he crossed over and walked slowly back on the other side of the street. Mother didn't *forbid* me to speak to the boy, did she? he thought. I don't *have* to play with him if I don't like him, do I? I can just go home.

When Chester got near the boy by the fence, he stopped and said, "Hello."

"Hello," said the boy, and ceased kicking the fence.

"You settled yet?" asked Chester.

"Settled?" said the boy. "Oh yes. Rather. Until the war's over, I expect." He had a funny way of speaking, sort of a sissy voice. "You live across the street, don't you?"

"Yes," said Chester. "That's our house. That's our garage, the gray building."

"Is that your chauffeur then?"

"Yes," said Chester. "That's Hector."

"Hector?" said the boy. "Better like Hector in the field to die, than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly."

"What?" said Chester. "It's a shame about Hector. I can't talk to him on Sundays. He says it bothers him having me around on Sundays."

"Do you want to talk to him?"

"It's neat fun," said Chester. "He knows all there is to know about engines and like that."

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"Have you been forbidden to talk to him?"

"Yes," said Chester.

"How very odd!" said the boy. After a slight pause he said, "I'd like to talk to him myself, if it comes to that. Chauffeurs are splendid chaps."

"Have you got a chauffeur?"

"Rather!" The boy paused again and looked at Chester speculatively. "My father," he said, "was a chauffeur. At home—in England. Before the war."

"Oh," said Chester, "are you English?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"And your father was a chauffeur?"

"Yes. Then he opened a garage in the town of Leeds. You know Leeds?"

Chester shook his head.

"He was doing jolly well at it," the boy went on, "but now he's a mechanic with the R.A.F."

"Does he fly, too?"

"No. Just fixes the planes when they come home. Spitfires."

"Gosh!"

"He sent me here," said the boy, glumly.

"Did you know Mrs. Dowd in England?" asked Chester.

"Oh dear no," said the boy. "Just allotted here. You know? I say, I should like to talk to your chauffeur, seeing my father was one once. Do you think they'd mind if we did? Being a chauffeur's son sort of makes the difference, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Chester. "Sure. I bet Hector would be glad to talk to you."

"Shall we go over then?"

"Let's," said Chester. "What's your name? My name's Chester. Chester Wilson."

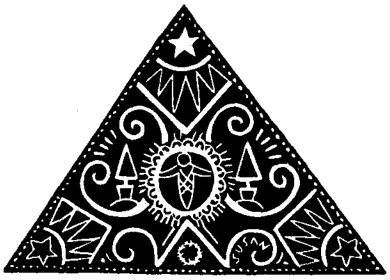
"Thomas Awkins," said the boy. "Used to be Hawkins, but the 'H' got dropped years ago. Often."

"Oh," said Chester. "I'm almost eleven."

"I'm going on for thirteen," said Thomas. "July. I'm rather old for my age."

"Who's the other boy in there?" asked Chester. "The big one. Your brother?"

"Oh dear no," said Thomas. "Absolutely no relation whatever. Utter



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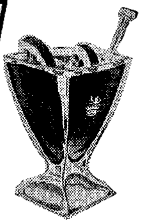

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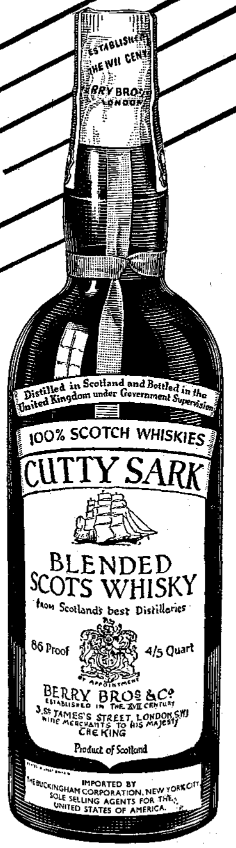
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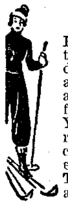

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stranger. Very strange boy, that. I don't like him."

"Why?"

"He's a by-blow," said Thomas.

"A what?"

"A by-blow—you know. Illegitimate. Born out of wedlock and that sort of thing."

"What's that mean?" said Chester.

"You know," said Thomas. "Surely now? Like Robert the Bastard."

"Who was Robert the Bastard?"

"Good God, Wilson, don't you know your Shakespeare?" said Thomas. "He's in 'King John.' Anyway, this chap here claims his father was a ruddy peer or something, and so we don't speak at all. Son of a peer and son of a chauffeur, you see. Pretty hard lines being cooped up together in America in the same house, isn't it? Bad staffwork."

"Well," said Chester, utterly confused. He looked back at the tall boy working in the garage. The tall boy had a withered arm, which he used awkwardly. "What's the matter with his arm?" he asked.

"Paralysis," said Thomas, but in quite a different voice. "Hard, isn't it? He's almost sixteen. It's because of his arm he was sent out, you see. He didn't a bit want to come." Then, in his first voice again, he said, "I say, Wilson, shall we go over now and talk to dear old Priam?"

"Hector," said Chester. "Yes, come on." Thomas vaulted the low fence and together they crossed the street and approached Hector.

"I thought," said Hector, "your ma had told you you wasn't to come bothering around me Sundays."

"Listen, Hector," said Chester rapidly. "This is different. This is Thomas Awkins—he's an English refugee and his father was a chauffeur, too, and now he's a mechanic in the Air Force in England for Spitfires and I thought you'd like to talk to him."

"Hmph," said Hector. "English, are you?"

"Right," said Thomas. "Father being a chauffeur once, I thought we'd have lots in common, as it were. Hope you don't mind?" He smiled. "One gets dashed lonely over here," he added in a melancholy tone. "Don't know a soul yet. Living with strangers. Have an absolute craving for a bit of a chin about wrenches and pistons and all that sort of thing. Make it seem like home."

"Well," said Hector, and cleared his throat and spat.

"Gosh," said Thomas, "I wish I could spit like that."

"Hrrmph," said Hector. "So your father was a chauffeur, eh?"

"Yes," said Thomas. "Worked for Lord John Blayne, you know, the Duke of Knockmuir's second son. Then he married the house parlormaid and started a garage. Did a whacking good business, too. All the really smart people in Blackpool came to him. Then the war came and now he's a mechanic. With the R.A.F."

"I thought you said the garage was in Leeds," said Chester.

"Yes, yes," said Thomas impatiently, "but people who had cars to mend came clear from Blackpool, he was so jolly good at mending. Awful lot of cars in Blackpool."

"Reelly?" said Hector. "Your ma in England, too?"

"With Father, yes. But not in service any more. She used to help him at the garage. Swished it out with a hose, you know. Have you a hose here?"

"Sure thing," said Hector.

"I'm jolly handy with a hose myself," said Thomas. "If you'd like the place swished out?"

"Not today," said Hector. "You the only child?"

"Yes," said Thomas, and sighed.

"Who's the other boy over there? Isn't he your brother?"

"No relation," said Thomas. "Absolute stranger."

"Tell Hector about the 'King John' business," said Chester.

"Oh no!" said Thomas. "I shouldn't have told you, really. Not fair, really. One mustn't spread that sort of thing *too* far, you know."

"What's all this about?" asked Hector.

"Nothing. Nothing at all," said Thomas. "I told young Wilson a secret and made him promise not to tell, and I can't very well tell myself, can I? He shouldn't have brought it up, of course."

Chester was about to open his mouth in indignant denial when he became aware of the fact that his mother was coming across the lawn toward them at a rapid pace.

"Gee," he said, "here comes Mother. Boy!"

"Chester!" she called out. "I thought I had told you *not* to bother Hector? And I told you something else, too, didn't I?"

"Well," said Chester uncomfortably, "it's just that this boy here, Thomas Awkins, is the son of a chauffeur in England and a garageman and now he's a mechanic with the Air Force and he was sort of lonely and wanted to

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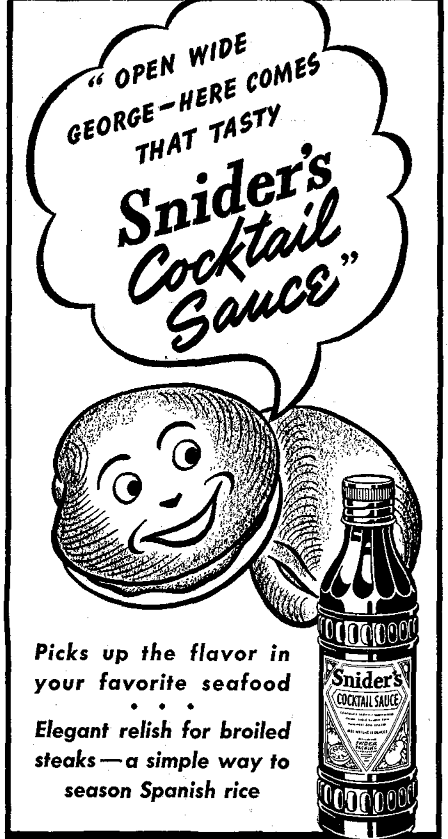
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talk to Hector because he's a chauffeur. That's all."

Hector rose slowly from his chair. "It's O.K., Mrs. Wilson," he said. "I didn't mind much."

"Oh," said Mrs. Wilson. She seemed slightly put out. "Oh," she repeated. "Well, you had best come back in, Chester, for it's almost time to get ready to go for Hilda, and I want to finish with Mrs. Green before I leave." To the other boy she said, "I think perhaps you'd better go back now. My son has got to come in."

"Quite," said Thomas. "Sorry if I did wrong. I was just rather lonely, you understand. Longing for a bit of talk about carburetors and valves and that. I'll go now."

"Well, I'm sorry you were lonely," said Mrs. Wilson, more kindly now. "But we must go soon, and it's all a little easier if these things have been arranged, as it were. When one has been invited," she added.

"Yes," said Thomas, "it's all quite clear." But he didn't move.

MRS. WILSON stood there, looking upset and perplexed and a little cross, and Hector shuffled his feet. Chester wished that Thomas would go. Suddenly all this was interrupted by another voice. "I say, Tom, what are you up to now?"

Turning round, Chester saw it was the tall boy with the withered arm.

"Charles," said Thomas. "Dash!"

"I'm so sorry," said the tall boy to Mrs. Wilson. "I expect my brother's been being a nuisance—he so often is."

"Your brother?" said Chester. He couldn't help it. "He said you were strangers."

"Oh, you mustn't pay any attention to what he says, for he's the most awful liar."

"Isn't he a chauffeur's son?" asked Chester. "And aren't you a—well, a—"

"Hush!" said Thomas.

"Oh, Tommy!" cried the tall boy. "What an awful story! You *are* the limit. Come along," he said. Turning to Chester's mother, he said, "I do apologize. Chauffeur's son indeed! I'm afraid it's just one of his legpulls. He loves to pull people's legs and get them to believe his whoppers. The truth isn't in him. I *am* so sorry."

"Whose son is he then?" asked Mrs. Wilson in a bewildered voice.

"Our father's name is Lord John Blayne," he said. "Mrs. Dowd is our aunt. Good day. Come along, you little beast." He seized Thomas by the arm

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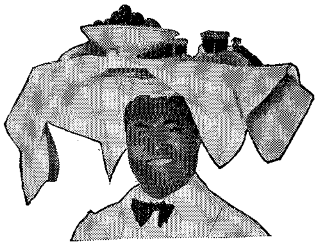

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and marched him off, saying, "I'll keep him home hereafter."

To Chester's amazement, his mother called out, "That's quite all right! Come over when you please, and let him come. I know it must be lonely for you both. Chester will love having him."

"Thanks!" called back the elder boy. "That's awfully good of you." They crossed the street and went into the Bruce house.

"Come, Chester," said his mother. In silence they went indoors. "Go up and get ready now," she said. "I *must* finish up with Mrs. Green." She turned at once and disappeared into the living room.

Utterly bewildered by all that had happened, but in particular by his mother's sudden leniency, Chester moved slowly toward the stairs, shaking his head. As he went, he heard his mother's clear voice saying to Mrs. Green, "Such a nice pair of English boys that Chester knows, across the street, at Mrs. Dowd's. The sons of Lord John Blayne. You know, he picked them up himself—he really has an eye for the nice sort of children." —Christopher La Farge

•

## SONNET WITH AN ALLERGY

O.K. Then we'll talk turkey. Take the
rap.
There is a me, old son, you never
guessed,
Who needs no extra problems in his lap
And has short patience with the social
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Among the boys I specially detest
Are who suppose I'm loafing when
I'm thinking,
Who publicize the hair upon the chest,
And think you must be drunk because
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# BOOKS

## For Christmas

THIS list of books for Christmas giving is not intended to be a list of the "best" books, or even of the "representative" books, of the year. The emphasis is placed on subject books, not on novels. Not many best-sellers are listed; to give only them would betray a lack of imagination. Items somewhat off the beaten track, or covering special interests, or of particularly attractive format, are listed in what we hope will prove helpful variety. A visit to a good bookstore will, of course, reveal many titles not here supplied. Some of the limited editions may be exhausted by the time this issue reaches you. Only prices over $5 are given. Here is the list:

### U.S.A.

#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, POLITICS

The Triumph of American Capitalism, by Louis M. Hacker. A new economic interpretation of American history—readable, thorough, well documented—from its European beginnings to 1900.

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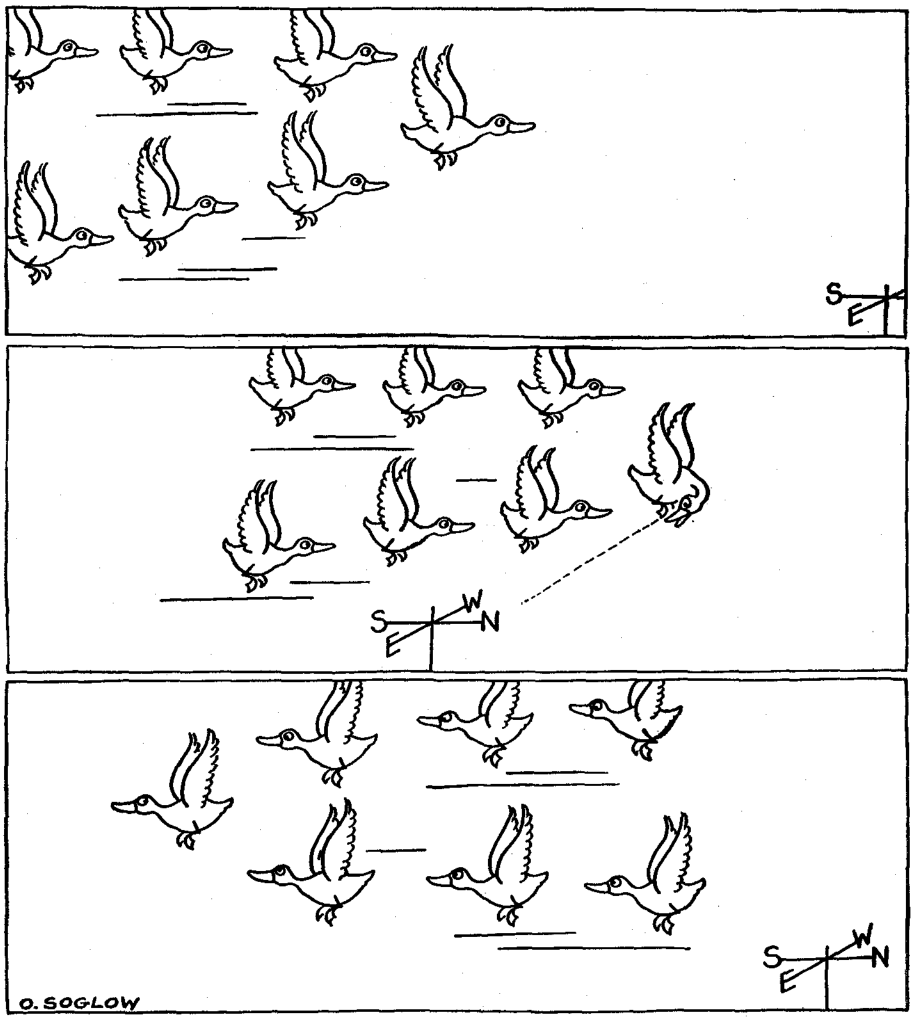

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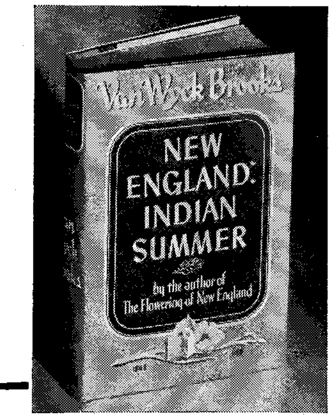
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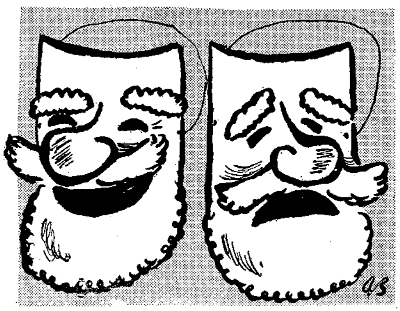

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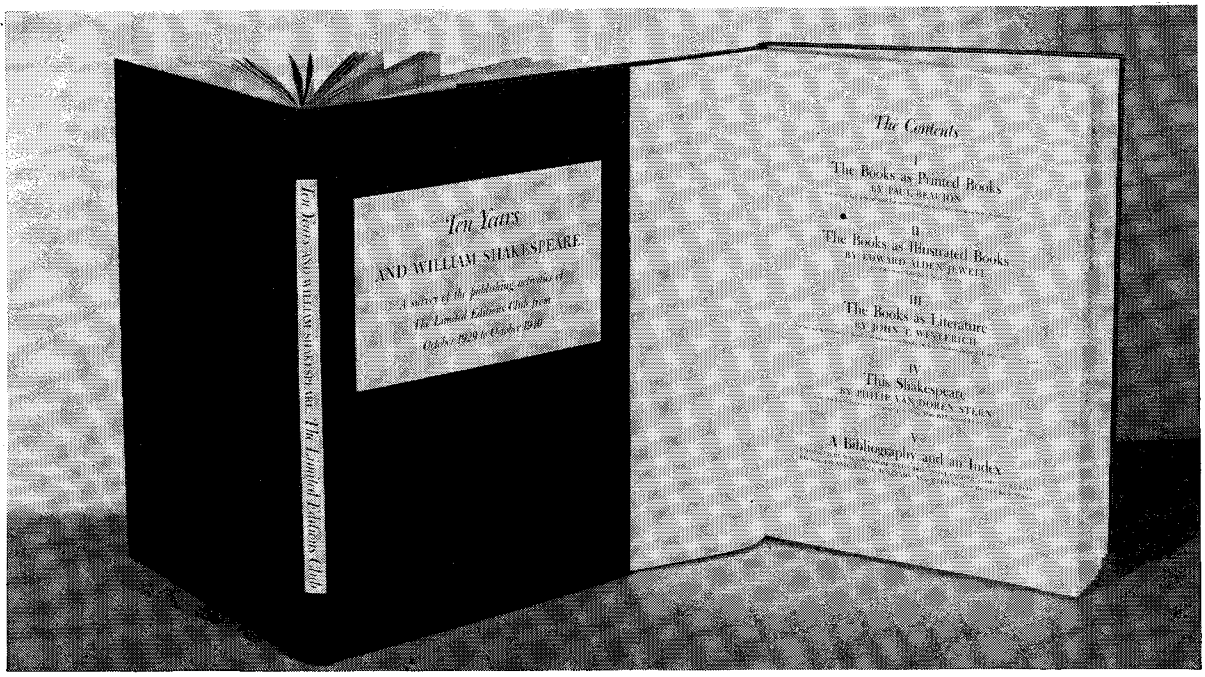
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III The Books as Literature BY JOHN T. WINTERICH
IV This Shakespeare BY PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN
V A Bibliography and an Index

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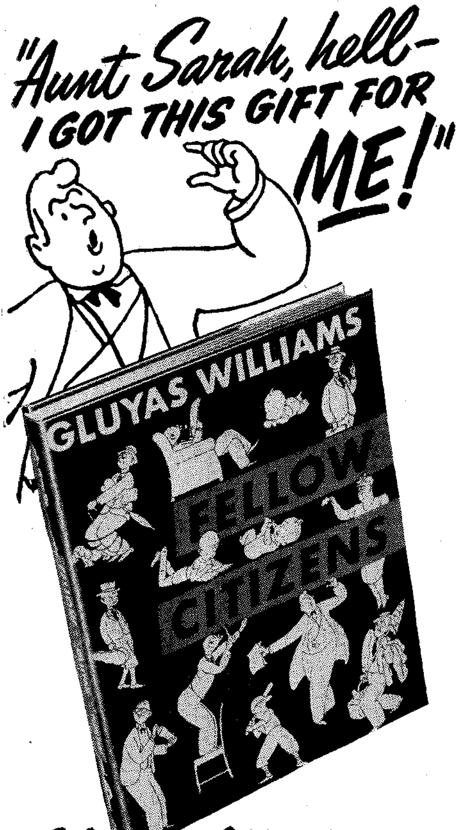

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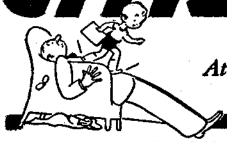

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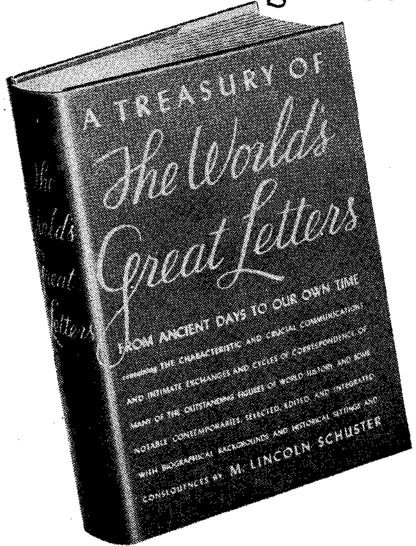

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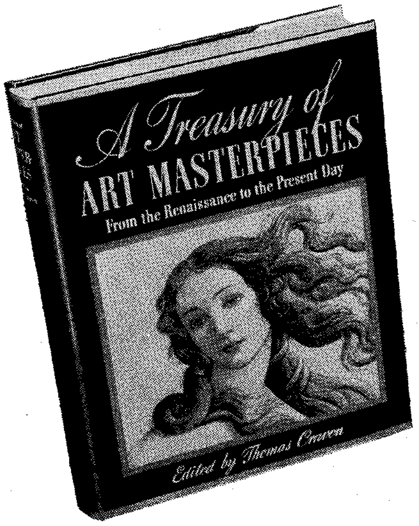

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Last Poems and Plays, by W. B. Yeats. The final, amazingly vigorous work of the great Irish poet, who died in 1939.

Letters on Poetry from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley. The detailed record of the last years of the poet's life. The correspondence is printed complete, and interesting first versions of Yeats' last poems are included.

A Season in Hell, by Arthur Rimbaud, translated by Delmore Schwartz. A corrected version of this translation is now available. The poem is one from which much modern poetry derives.

Blood Wedding, by Federico García Lorca, translated by Gilbert Neiman. A peasant tragedy, with lyrics, by one of the finest of modern poets.

The Poet in New York, by Federico García Lorca, translated by Rolfe Humphries. A selection from Lorca's surrealist period, together with some earlier ballads, sensitively rendered into English. With a memoir, portrait, and biographical note.

## Hobbies and Pets

Books Alive, by Vincent Starrett. Amiably written curiosities of literature for your bibliophile friend.

Highliners, by Lucius Beebe. One hundred and three action shots of American locomotives, nearly all by the author, who contributes the text and a rather hoity-toity foreword.

Model Railroads, by Edwin P. Alexander. A comprehensive work on their construction, operation, and maintenance. Just the thing for the serious hobbyist. Illustrated.

A History of the Colt Revolver, by Charles T. Haven and Frank A. Belden. What the title says. Over 700 pages, with more than 500 illustrations. A gun collector's item; $10.

Encyclopedia of Knots and Fancy Rope Work, by Raoul Graumont and John Hensel. "A complete history of knots from pre-historic times to the present and how to make them." Absolutely encyclopedic, and seems ideal for anyone crazy about knots. Extraordinary illustrations; $10.

Your Dog as a Hobby, by Irving C. Ackerman and Kyle Onstott. Two licenced judges and breeders of thoroughbreds tell you how to show dogs. Chapters on the toilet, diet, and diseases of dogs will also interest those who have only the best interests of their pets at heart. Photographs.

Bullterriers: The Biography of a Breed, by L. Cabot Briggs. The story of their early days as pit-ring fighters makes this as much a sportsman's book as a dog-fancier's. Sixty-six illustrations, some the most exotic prints of early pit fights you're likely to come across. Edition of 500 copies; $15.

Cleo for Short, by Brooks Atkinson. A brief, tender tribute to a dog, by the well-known dramatic critic. Just the thing for some people you know.

The Science and the Mystery of the Cat, by Ida M. Mellen. Not a manual, but lots of absorbing and up-to-date information for cat-lovers. Fine photographs.

## For the Sportsman

Red Coats in Chester County, by J. Stanley Reeve. Anecdotes of a Pennsylvania foxhunter, and gamy excerpts from his hunting journals. His experiences include coming upon a nude beauty in the woods. Photographs. A limited edition of 500 copies; $7.50.

The Story of American Foxhunting (1650-1861). First of a projected four-volume set, but complete in itself. Some 125 packs of hounds once hunted over the country, several on Manhattan Island. Conscientious hunters will crave this for their libraries. Seventy illustrations. Limited to 950 copies; $30.

Hobby Horses, by Amy Freeman Lee. Reminiscences of the show ring and a brief biography of Midnight Star, perhaps the greatest of all five-gaited horses, told quite simply by his owner. Photographs. Two hundred numbered and autographed copies; $5.

Good Luck and Bad, by Paul Brown. Recent displays of amateur horsemanship preserved in pencil sketches from memory by an artist whose work has a genteel but nonetheless realistic charm. A limited and autographed edition of 750 copies; $10.

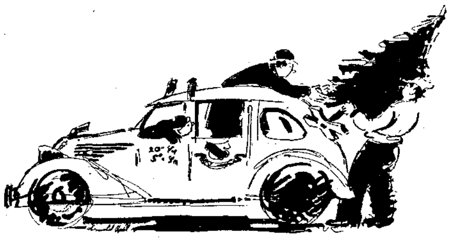
Horses in the Blue Grass, by Bert Clark Thayer, Joe H. Palmer, John Hervey, and W. Jefferson Harris. Informal but authoritative information about Kentucky thoroughbreds, trotters, and saddle horses, with plenty of pleasant photographs by Mr. Thayer that bring the horse country to life.

The Hunting Rifle, by Colonel Townsend Whelen. Four hundred and fifty-eight pages about the modern American hunting rifle. Illustrated.

Big Stony, by Howard T. Walden II. The author's life begins when April south winds sough over this stream and ends there amid the brief September twilights. Trout anglers will love it, anyhow. Illustrations by Milton C. Weiler. Limited to 550 copies; $10.

The Theory and Technique of Fresh Water Angling, by John Alden Knight. Sounds like the last word and has plenty of illustrations, four in color.

Tranquillity Revisited, by Colonel Harold P. Sheldon. Companion volume



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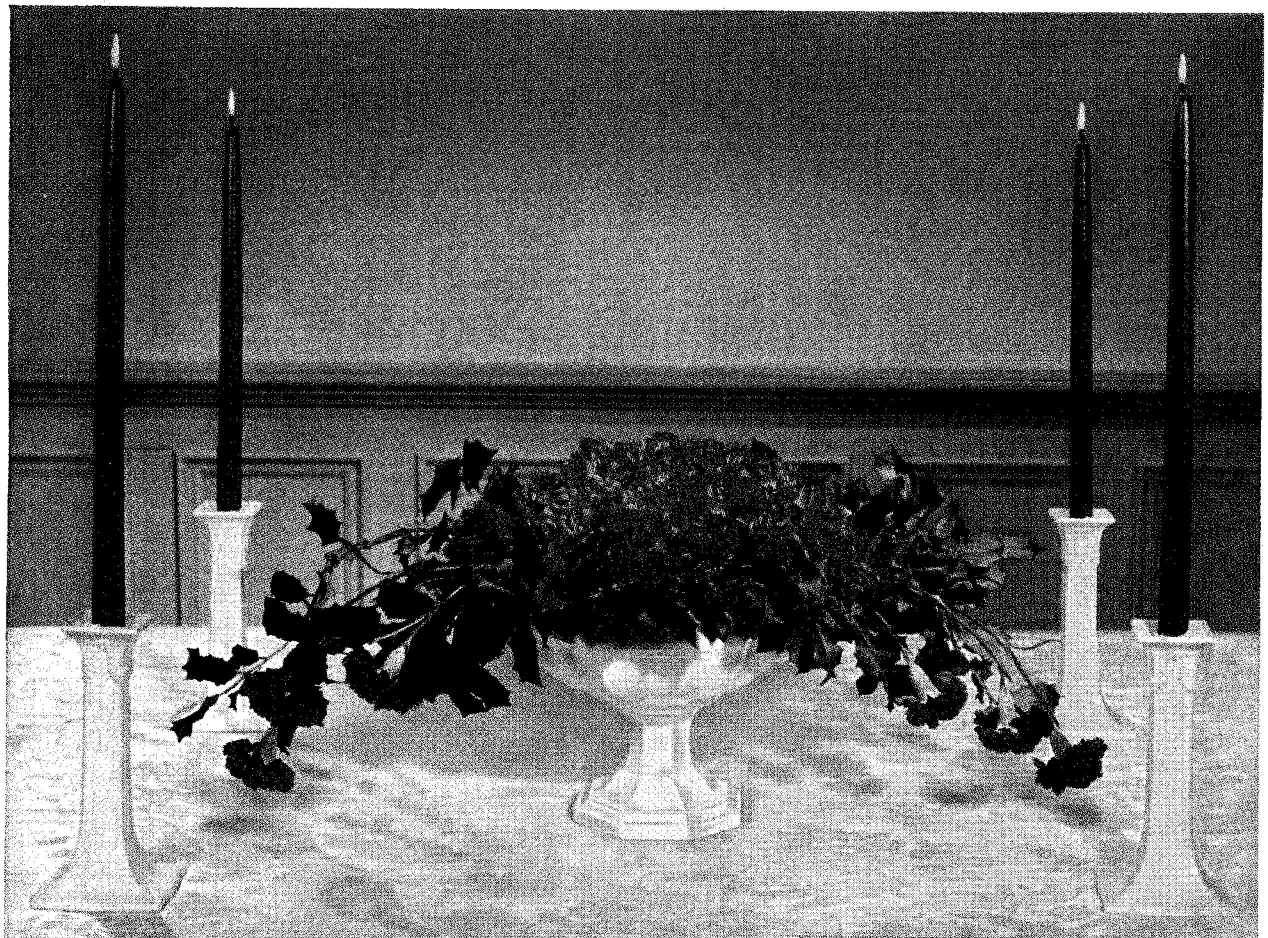

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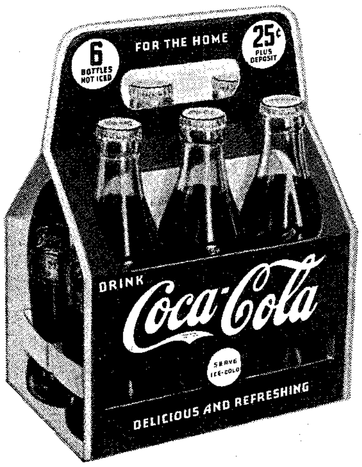
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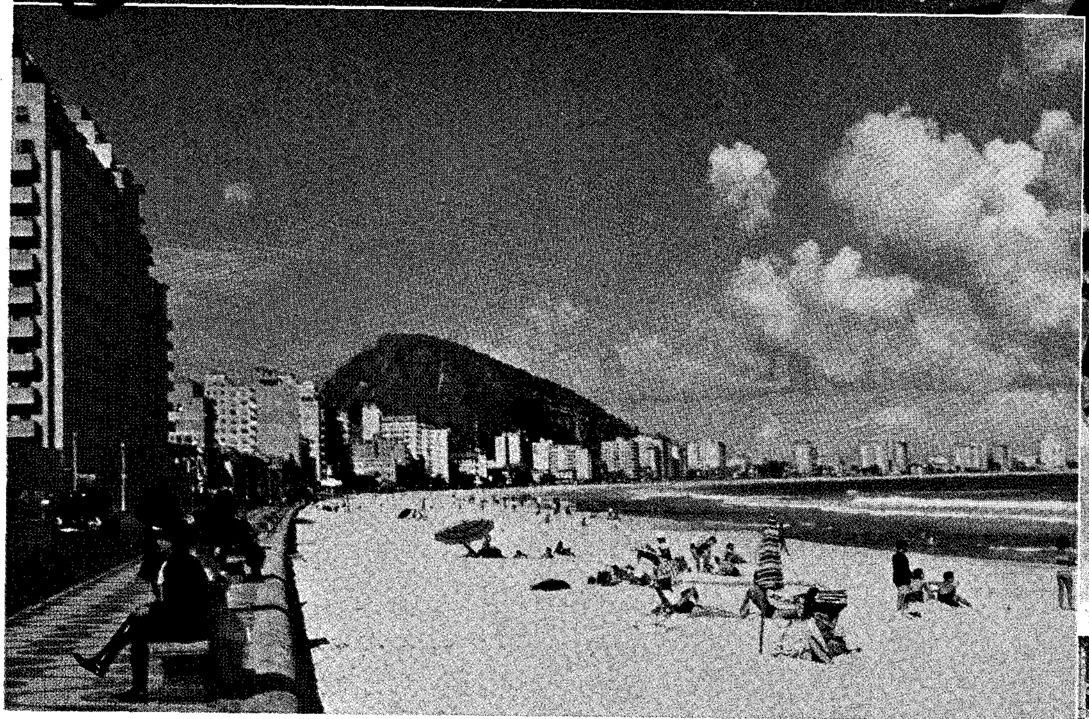

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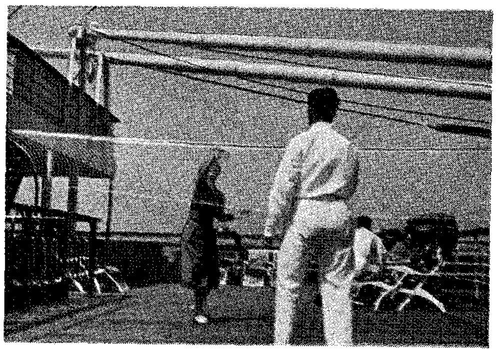

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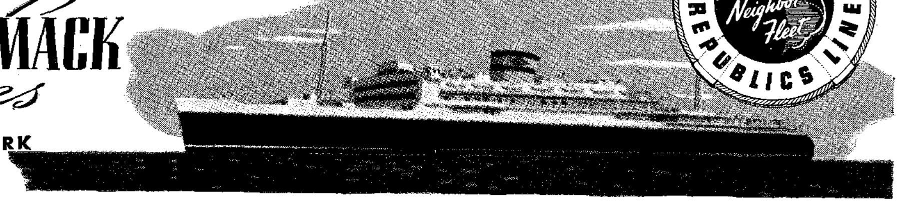

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### Camera

**U. S. Camera Annual** 1941, edited by T. J. Maloney. More ambitious than its predecessors, this comes in two volumes, boxed. The first contains a series of special subjects and accompanying text, illuminating aspects of the American scene; the second comprises the usual individual pictures by individual photographers. Fine job. Selections, as always, by Steichen.

**Modern Photography,** 1940-41, edited by C. G. Holme. This year's issue contains an introduction by Alexander King and about 200 photographs, a few in color, representing all the schools except the highly experimental.

**Table Top Photography,** by Norris Harkness and Ernest E. Draper. Exposition of the satisfying and little-known art of preparing, lighting, and photographing miniature scenes, by which the cameraman creates his own effects, many of them charming past belief. Over 100 illustrations.

**Victorian Snapshots,** by Paul Martin. Curious notes on early photography by an English pioneer who ranks with Stieglitz in America and Atget in Paris. A hundred and fifty documentary photographs.

**California and the West,** by Charis Wilson Weston and Edward Weston. A text-and-picture portrait of the Southwest. Ninety-six beautiful photographs and technical data.

### The Sea

**The Anatomy of British Sea Power,** by Arthur J. Marder. Britain's part in the naval race of the "pre-dreadnaught era" (1880-1905), the evolutionary period of the modern steel navy. Absorbing and scholarly. Appendices and end-leaf maps.

**Toward a New Order of Sea Power,** by Harold and Margaret Sprout. The changing world naval situation, in all its facets, between 1890 and 1922. Readable and evidently authoritative. Maps, tables, and illustrations.

**Fore-and-Afters,** by B. B. Crowninshield. The whole history of fore-and-afters, from the fifth century B.C. to the America's Cup boats. Over 100 illustrations; $7.50.

**Watch Below,** by William McFee. A case history, almost a novel, of a British tramp steamer in the golden age of steam. A natural for anyone interested in sea literature. Illustrated by Gordon Grant.

**Conquest of the Seas,** by Frank C. Bowen. Uninspired but highly informative chronicle of "the history and adventure of Sea and Ships," from the Phoenicians to about the middle of the nineteenth century. The illustrations are the thing—over 200 of them.

### The Garden

**The Art of Japanese Gardens,** by Loraine E. Kuck. A delightful and hand-

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES

BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

*(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.)*

**An American in Paris,** by Janet Flanner. *(Simon & Schuster, $2.50.)*

Witty, knowing, and to the point, each of these biographical articles serves to increase one's comprehension of the Europe of the last twenty years, whether it be the story of Queen Mary, of Hitler, of Lady Mendl, or of Elsa Maxwell.

**Gossip: The Life and Times of Walter Winchell,** by St. Clair McKelway. *(Viking, $1.75.)*

An audacious and valuable biography of one of the astonishing figures in modern journalism, explaining much about him and much about the editorial tendencies of the day.

**Celibate at Twilight,** by John Mosher. *(Random House, $2.)*

Bachelor memoirs, not untouched by a gentle note of sentiment, ranging from a quiet evening with a dress shirt to moments of violent panic on Fire Island, by a man who knows and forgives a lot. With a number of illustrations by Mary Petty that set a suitable tone for the whole collection.

**Fables for Our Time** and **Famous Poems Illustrated,** by James Thurber. *(Harper, $2.50.)*

Pictures and prose to delight the souls of the innocent and disenchanted alike, with an interpretation of household poems that gives them an unexpected freshness. Essential, of course, to all Thurberites.

**A Pocketful of Wry,** by Phyllis McGinley. *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.)*

A volume of epicurean light verse, a great deal of it having to do with the ways of life in New York, and all enlightening and inspiriting.

**Letter from England,** by Mollie Panter-Downes. *(Little, Brown, $2.)*

What life has been like in London from September, 1939, to September, 1940, described in a series of letters which are direct, candid, and thorough.

**Look Who's Talking,** by S. J. Perelman. *(Random House, $2.)*

"Is There an Osteosynchrondroitrician in the House?" is a question put and expertly answered in one of the articles in this book, a string of gems collected from the works of this quite lunatic humorist.

**Pal Joey,** by John O'Hara. *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.)*

That remarkable series of letters which reveal the slippery soul of a rowdy night-club singer and tickle the minds of readers who occasionally go out nights.

**The Face Is Familiar: The Selected Verse of Ogden Nash** *(Little, Brown, $2.75.)*

A big tome of perhaps the lightest and flightiest rhymes turned out these days by a master in his own school of verse, including such diverse matters as "A Child's Guide to Parents" and "Bankers Are Just Like Anybody Else, Except Richer."

**Fellow Citizens,** by Gluyas Williams. *(Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.)*

The Inner Man, Literary Renegades, Club Life in America, Industrial Crises, and other such series, many from this magazine, as pictured and interpreted by this illuminating and observant artist. An introduction by Robert Benchley is properly appreciative.

**Good Humor Man,** by George Price. *(Farrar & Rinehart, $2.)*

Over two hundred cartoons, most of them from *The New Yorker,* including, of course, Mother's Day in the subway and many of those razzle-dazzle domestic scenes which befuddle social investigators. Also a diary of studio life by the artist himself.

**Short Stories from The New Yorker.** *(Simon & Schuster, $3.)*

Some hilarious stories and some grim ones, all distinguished, selected from the fiction published in this magazine during its first fifteen years.

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TRELAWNY: A MAN'S LIFE

By Margaret Armstrong

Sea-king, swordsman, hater of wrong, arch-adventurer of all time—Edward Trelawny was the product and epitome of the romantic era. Here is his story, told with all the fascinating color and virility that Miss Armstrong gave to her FANNY KEMBLE. $3.00

Ultima Thule
FURTHER MYSTERIES OF THE ARCTIC
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More fascinating mysteries of the Arctic; all the evidence, illuminated by the knowledge and experience of an expert. $3.50

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How Dear To My Heart
*By Mary Margaret McBride*

The universal appeal of these reminiscences of the Old Home Place is evidenced by the wide range of critical comparison: "The rarefied sunlight of ONE MORE SPRING," "REMINDS OF SNOWBOUND." $2.00

Washington and the Revolution
*Bernhard Knollenberg*

A reappraisal of Washington, of other leaders, and of events which crowded the first four momentous years of the War for Independence. $3.00

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*Ray Kauffman*

For the stay-at-home and the salt-water sailor: this colorful account of a round-the-world voyage in a 45-foot ketch. By the captain himself, and illustrated with briny and romantic shots. $3.00

*FOR EVERY GARDENER:*
Green Enchantment
*By Rosetta E. Clarkson*
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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

some book, as well as an important one in its field. Miss Kuck treats the Oriental garden as the symbolic work of art it is, relating it to Chinese and Japanese history, religion, and philosophy, and to the tea ceremonial. More than 60 pages of illustrations, some of them quite lovely photographs. If you're lucky enough to get a first edition, you also acquire a frontispiece in the form of a full-color woodblock print.

GREEN ENCHANTMENT, by Rosetta E. Clarkson. Pleasant and learned chat about old herbals, rare flowers, early gardening tools, the use of flowers in food and medicine, and other gardening oddments. The quaint illustrations are from old gardening books and herbals.

FLOWER ARRANGEMENT IN COLOR, by F. F. Rockwell and Esther C. Grayson. The principles of creating design and combining colors, with 61 attractive natural-color photographs, plus useful diagrams. Good job.

COUNTRY NOTES, by V. Sackville-West. Picture-book calendar of the English countryside (not under wartime conditions) in quietly observant prose, plus 83 exceptional nature photographs by Bryan and Norman Westwood.

### BEAUTIFUL FOOD

THE MARTHA WASHINGTON COOK BOOK, edited by Marie Kimball. Recipes taken from a MS. book of cooking "rules" in use in the Mount Vernon kitchens. The Gargantuan recipes of a more hospitable era have been whittled down to practical directions for present-day tables. The recipes are valuable in their own right, and the glimpses into the Washingtons' domestic life are delightful.

THE PHILADELPHIA COOK BOOK OF TOWN AND COUNTRY, by Anna Wetherill Reed. Directions for all the fine old Philadelphia dishes very clearly and simply given.

THE BOOK OF HERB COOKERY, by Irene Botsford Hoffmann. Authoritative information about herbs, by the president of the Berkshire Garden Center. The kitchen range evidently comes second to the herb bed in the author's affections, but good recipes, all the same.

NEW ORLEANS COOK BOOK, by Lena Richard. Valuable recipes for New Orleans specialties, including oysters Rockefeller, crab gumbo, etc., by the talented Negro chef of the Bird & Bottle Inn at Garrison, N.Y.

YOUNG FOOD, by Helen Train Hilles. An answer to the prayer of every mother who conscientiously tries to reconcile her pediatrician's directions with her child's appetite. Written by a clever woman who doesn't see why children should not enjoy both good food and good health, or why mothers aren't entitled to as much peace as they can get.

THE WORLD WIDE COOK BOOK, by Pearl V. Metzelthin, decorations by Tony Sarg. An ambitious work, giving recipes from all parts of the globe except in the U.S.A., with short dissertations on the food habits of the countries concerned.

AMERICA COOKS, by Cora, Rose and Bob Brown. An anthology of American cooking in all forty-eight states, with a good deal of talk between recipes.

A WINE LOVER'S COOK BOOK, by Jeanne

Owen. Savory and rather elaborate dishes calling for wine, which would have been of considerably more interest before the present Great Drought set in.

Hors d'Œuvre and Canapés, by James Beard. A collection of recipes for extremely appetizing and imaginative cocktail tidbits.

### Art and Artists

Drawings in the Fogg Museum of Art, a critical catalogue by Agnes Mongan and Paul J. Sachs. Three magnificent volumes, one of text and two of illustrations, cover the Italian, German, Flemish, Dutch, French, Spanish, and miscellaneous schools. There are 404 reproductions in all, done in black-and-white. The whole getup is super-super, and the books, at $25 a set, would delight any art-lover. If your bookstore does *not* handle them, write the Harvard University Press.

Western European Painting of the Renaissance, by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. A cool, comprehensive study of the northern painters of the Renaissance, with emphasis on their sources and influences. Well illustrated; $6.

French Painting in the XIVth, XVth, and XVIth Centuries, by Louis Réau, translated by Mary Chamot. The text, dry and scholarly, may limit this book's appeal to those with special interests. But the illustrations, many in color, are charming enough for anyone.

American Painting Today, with an essay by Forbes Watson. A discussion of the functions of contemporary art and American artists, down-to-earth and authoritative. Many illustrations.

The Birth of the American Tradition in Art, by Oskar Hagen. Careful, documented study of Colonial painting from about 1650 to the Revolution. The considerable amount of new material should make it interesting to specialists in the period.

Persian Painting. Twelve examples of Persian miniature paintings, handsomely reproduced in full color, with an illuminating introduction and descriptive notes by Basil Gray.

The Artist's Handbook of Materials and Techniques, by Ralph Mayer. Ably written, informative treatise, covering everything the artist uses, from canvas to fixative. The author's chemical experience makes his discussion of modern pigments particularly valuable. Illustrated.

Modern French Painters, by R. H. Wilenski. Certainly the definitive work to date on the artists of the French movement, from Impressionism to the early years of this century and a thoroughly documented social history of the

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2. Yes — the role of peacemaker on several occasions.

3. Andrew Jackson.

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Roger Fry, by Virginia Woolf. A quietly skillful memoir of the author's friend, the late English art critic. Photographs.

The Sculptures of Michelangelo, edited by Ludwig Goldscheider. A Phaidon Press book, and beautifully done, as always. All the major works are covered, and the 145 illustrations are reproduced with extraordinary textural fidelity.

The Paintings of Michelangelo, edited by Ludwig Goldscheider. A companion to the foregoing. A hundred and seventy illustrations.

Let There Be Sculpture, by Jacob Epstein. Full-bodied, rambling autobiography of the Anglo-American sculptor whose work got itself violently talked about a few years ago. Illustrated.

Carl Milles, by Meyric R. Rogers. A handsomely designed and really sumptuously illustrated study of one of the outstanding monumental sculptors of the day; $15.

Roman Portraits, edited by Ludwig Goldscheider. A hundred and twenty fine examples, reproduced with exceptional clarity, of Roman portrait sculpture from the pre-Augustan era to the fourth century A.D.

Design This Day, by Walter Dorwin Teague. One of our top industrial designers explains how modern functional form will help to make a better society. Excellent illustrations and format; $6.

Picasso, by Jean Cassou, translated by Mary Chamot. The hundred-odd plates, though not particularly well reproduced, give a comprehensive survey of the artist's work, from earliest to latest. With a brief, rather adulatory, but perceptive introductory essay by the author.

### Music

A Treasury of American Song, edited by Olin Downes and Elie Siegmeister. Many samples of our own music, arranged so any pianist can play them and equipped with readable commentary. This would make an impressive gift, in appearance as well as in content.

Christmas Carols, by Hendrik Willem van Loon and Grace Castagnetta. The authors and publishers of this lovely illustrated book are donating the proceeds to the British American Ambulance Corps, 420 Lexington Avenue, from whom you may order copies.

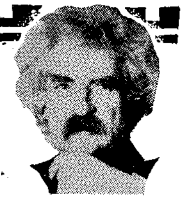
The Books of American Negro Spirituals, by James Weldon Johnson and J. Rosamond Johnson. Contains all the material hitherto included in two volumes. Handy, spiral-bound edition.

Enchanted Wanderer, by Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins. Carl Maria von Weber, early champion of German opera, in a smooth, well-documented biography. Illustrated.

Johann Strauss, Father and Son, by H. E. Jacob, translated by Marguerite Wolff. The story of the Viennese waltz interestingly related to historical, social, and musical events of the period. Illustrated.

Clara Schumann, by John N. Burk. Robert Schumann's pianist wife, in a solid biography by the program annotator of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Illustrated.

Music in History, by Howard D. Mc-



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Kinney and W. R. Anderson. Musical history against a world background. The relating of music to art is especially interesting, and there are many fascinating pictures that bear on the discussion.

MUSIC HERE AND NOW, by Ernst Křenek. Not strictly for the laymen. It is, nevertheless, a provocative work and replete with original opinion.

AN ALMANAC FOR MUSIC-LOVERS, by Elizabeth C. Moore. An assortment of birthdays and other musical anniversaries, such as the dates of important operatic premières, arranged in almanac style, with entertaining quotations from writings about music to fill out the shorter pages.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA, 1883-1939, by Irving Kolodin. A new edition of an important and lively chronicle. Illustrated.

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS: SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME, edited by H. C. Colles. Bringing up to date the latest complete edition of the most famous of musical reference books.

THE HISTORY OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, by Curt Sachs. The whole story, from the medicine man's rattles to the Theremin. Scholarly, comprehensive, and well organized for reference. Twenty-four full-page plates and rafts of minor illustrations.

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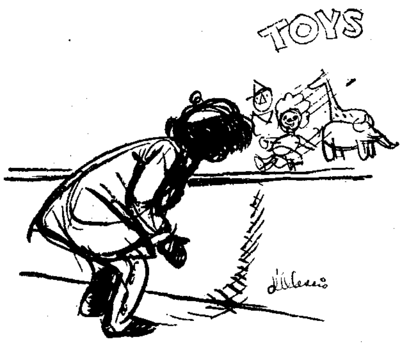

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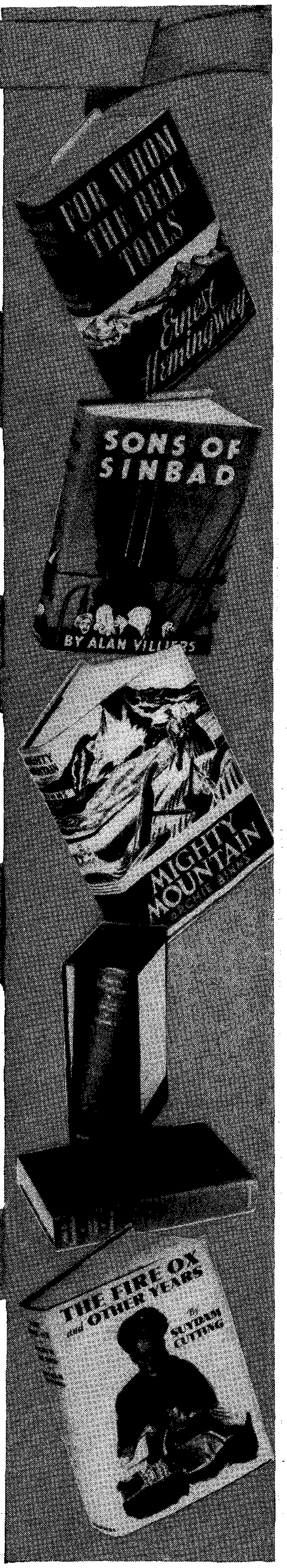

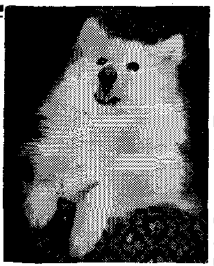

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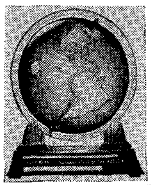

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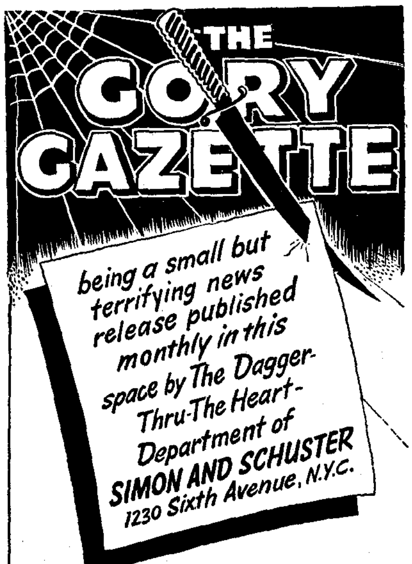
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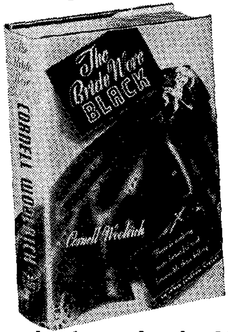
*The Gory Gazette's* Fashion Editor (specialist in shrouds) quivered with excitement when she heard about our December *Inner Sanctum Mystery: The Bride Wore Black* by Cornell Woolrich. She had the mistaken notion that it was a fashion note.

*The Gory Gazette,* being too honest for its own good, wants to make it perfectly clear that *The Bride Wore Black* has nothing whatsoever to do with June, moon, or Mendelssohn. In fact, it's a book we feel obliged to warn you against. Our printer, whose face is normally covered with black printer's ink, went visibly white as he set it up in type. And it has already scared the pants off several other readers—and at the same time kept them glued to the chair.



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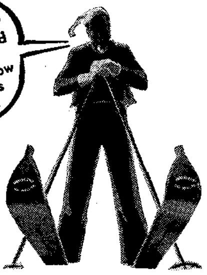

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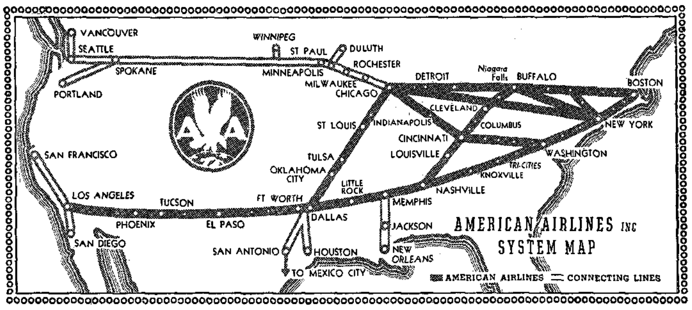
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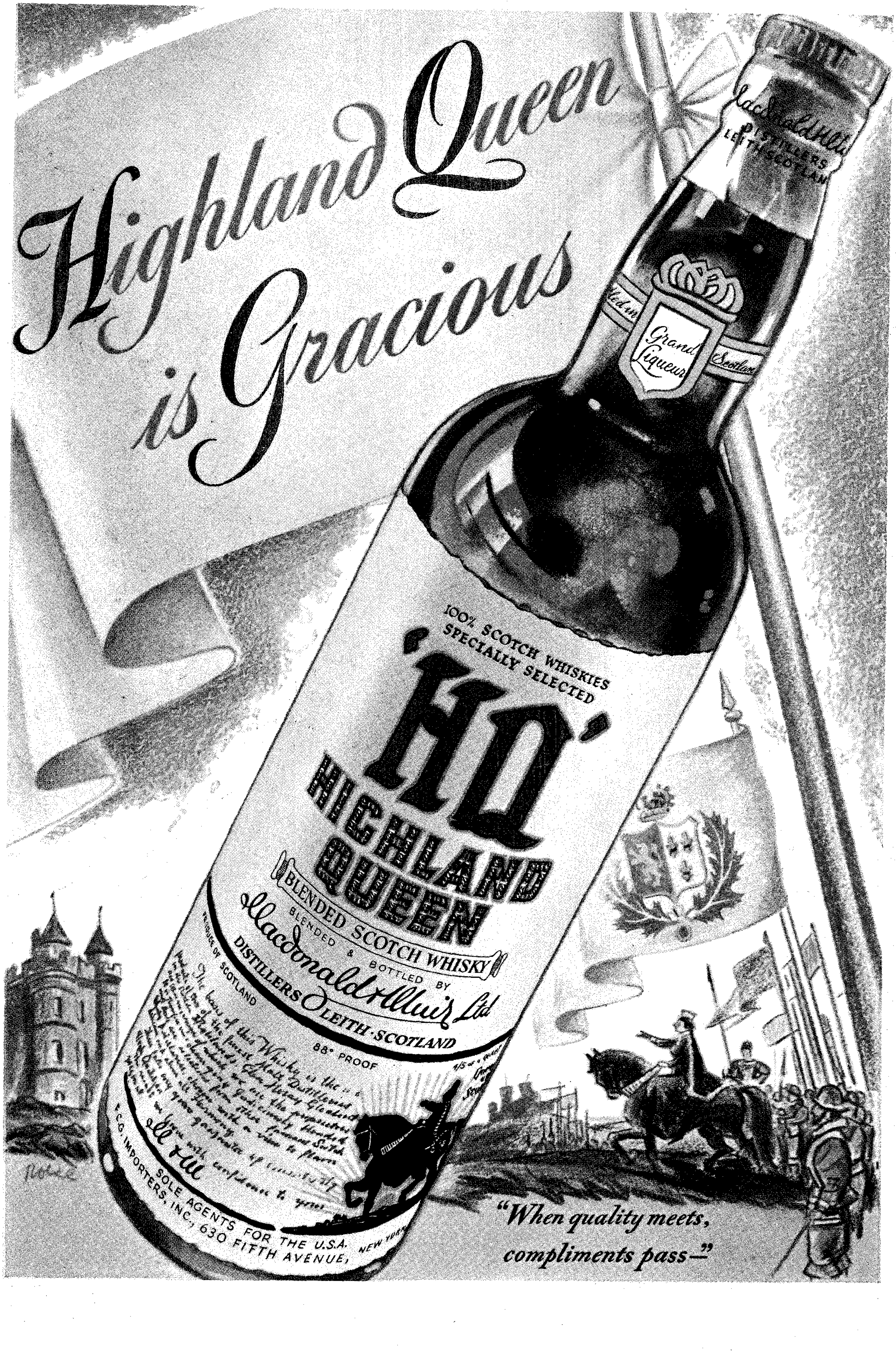
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